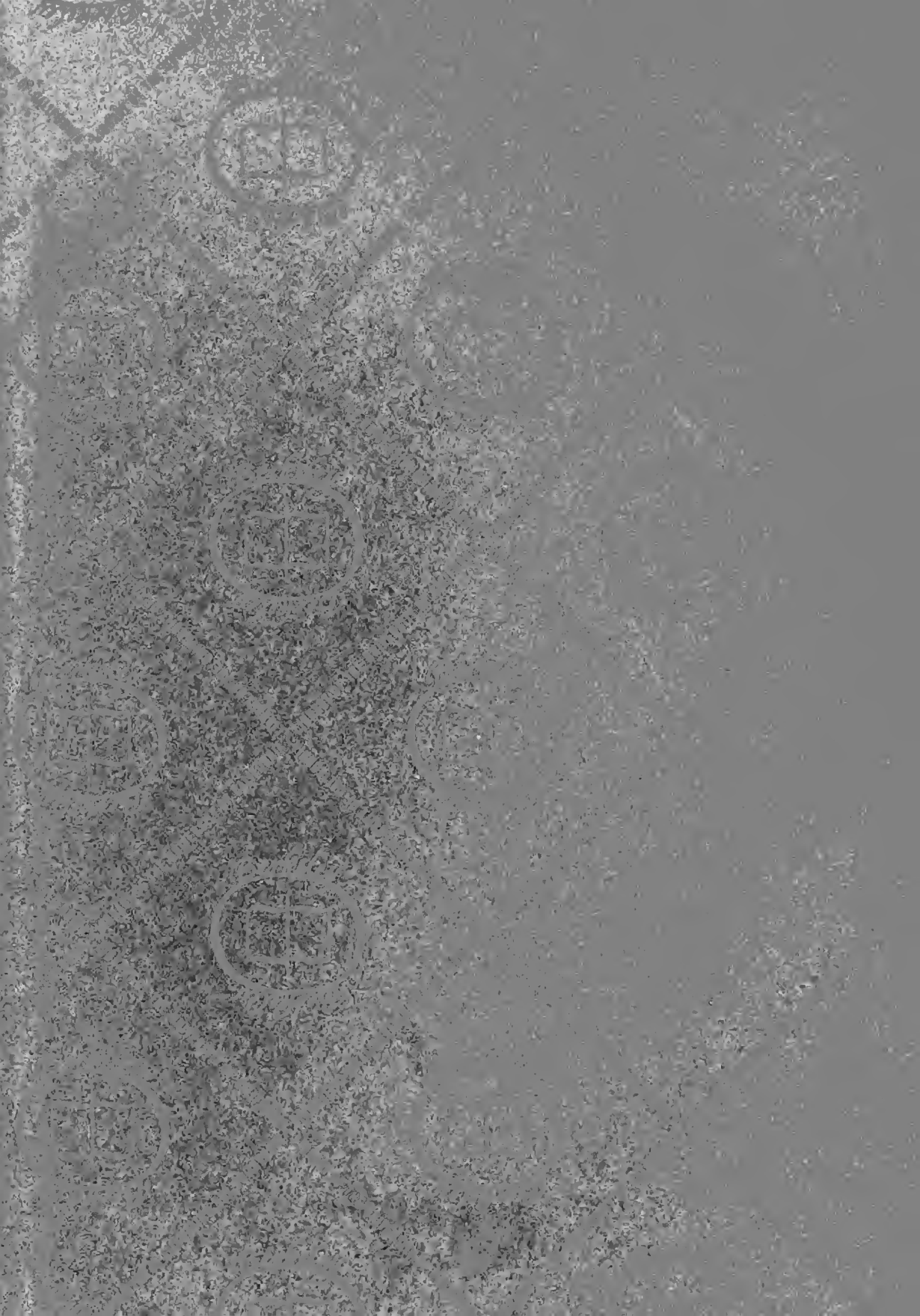
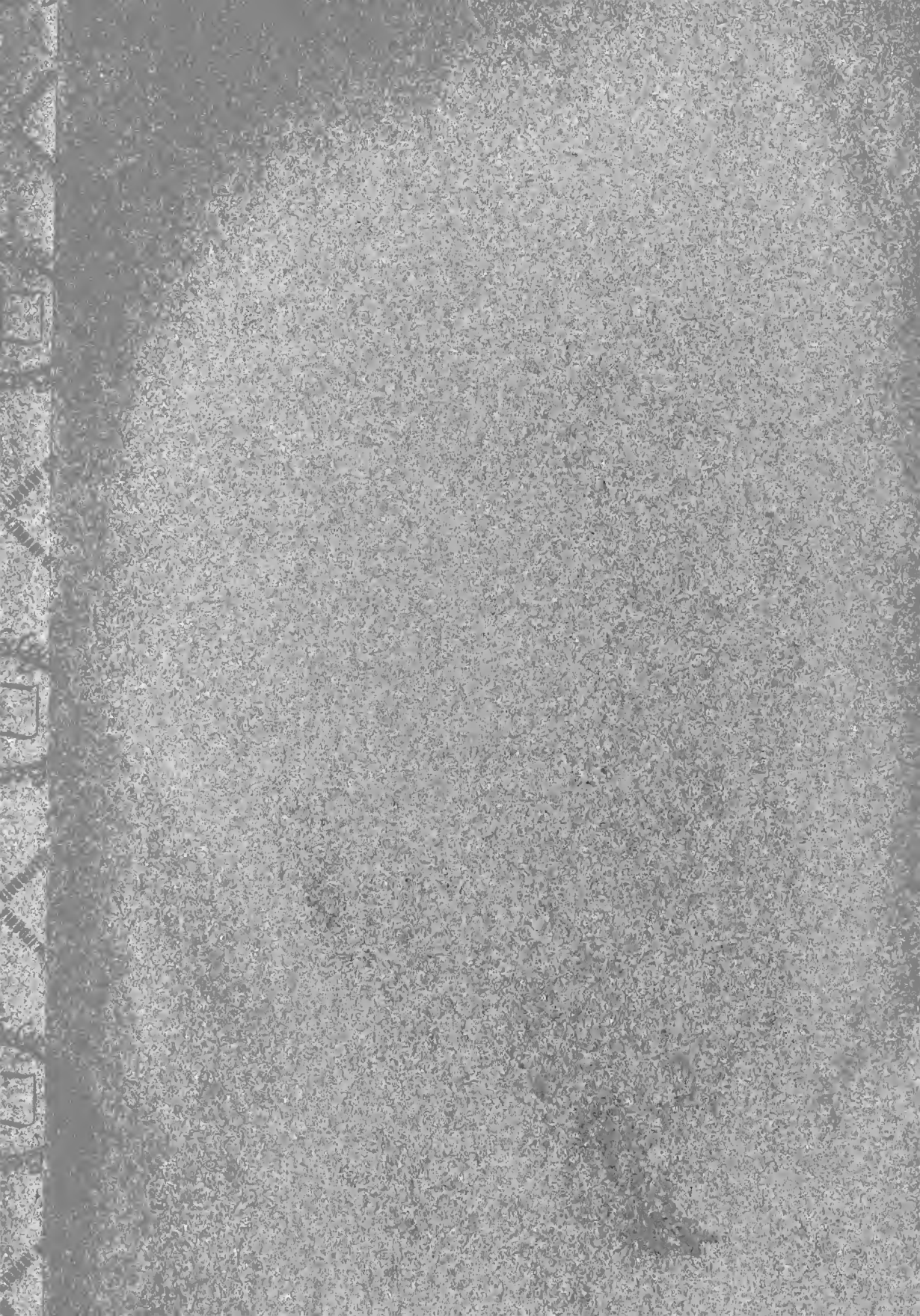




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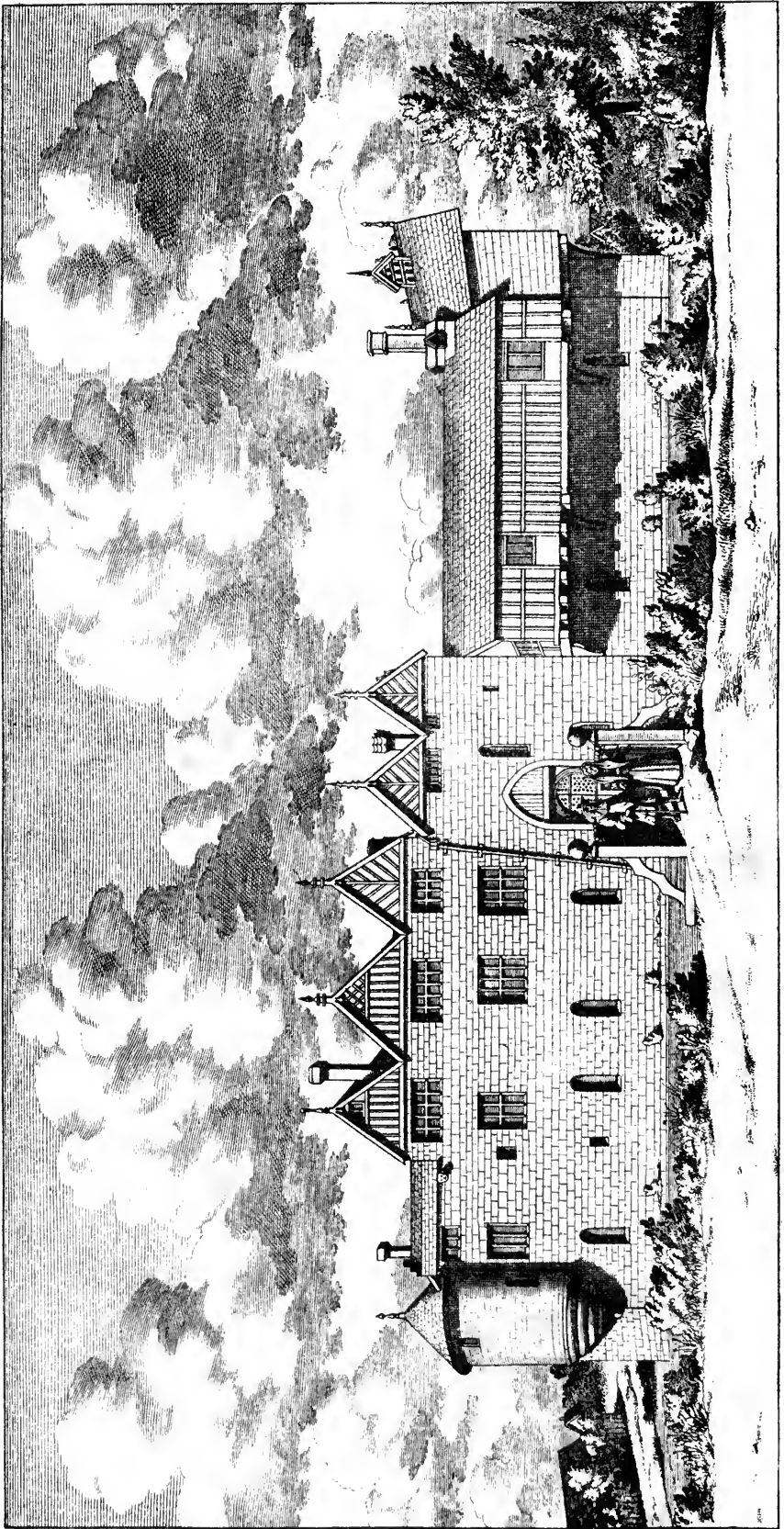




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THE
COMPLETE POEMS
OF
RICHARD BARNFIELD.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,
BY
THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

PRINTED FOR THE
Koxburghe Club.

LONDON :
J. B. NICHOLS AND SONS, 25, PARLIAMENT STREET.

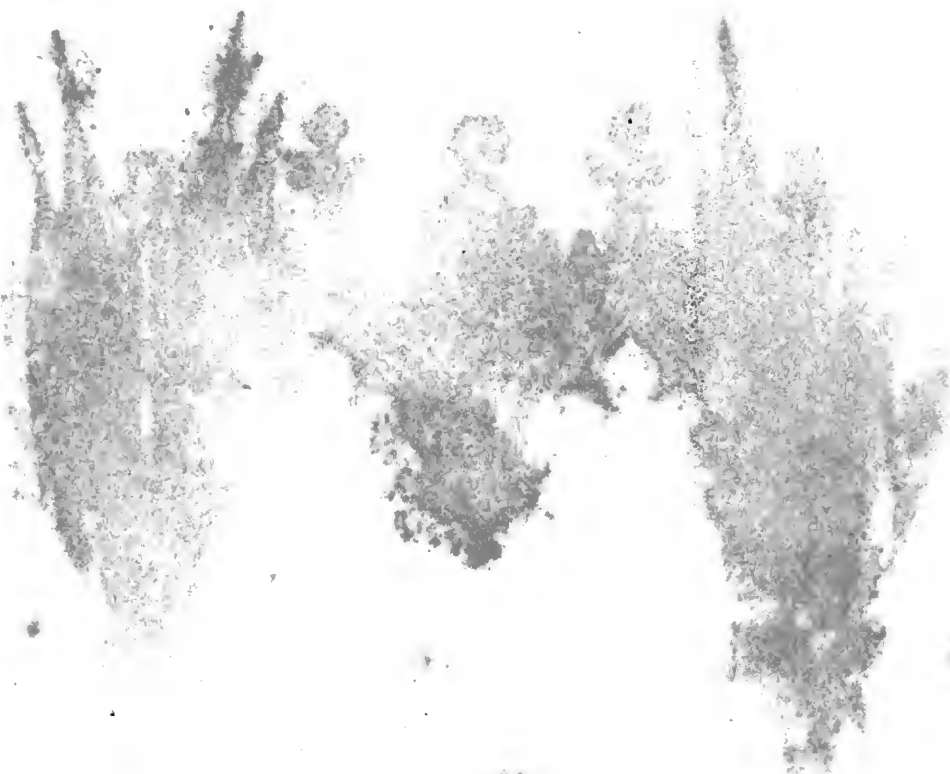
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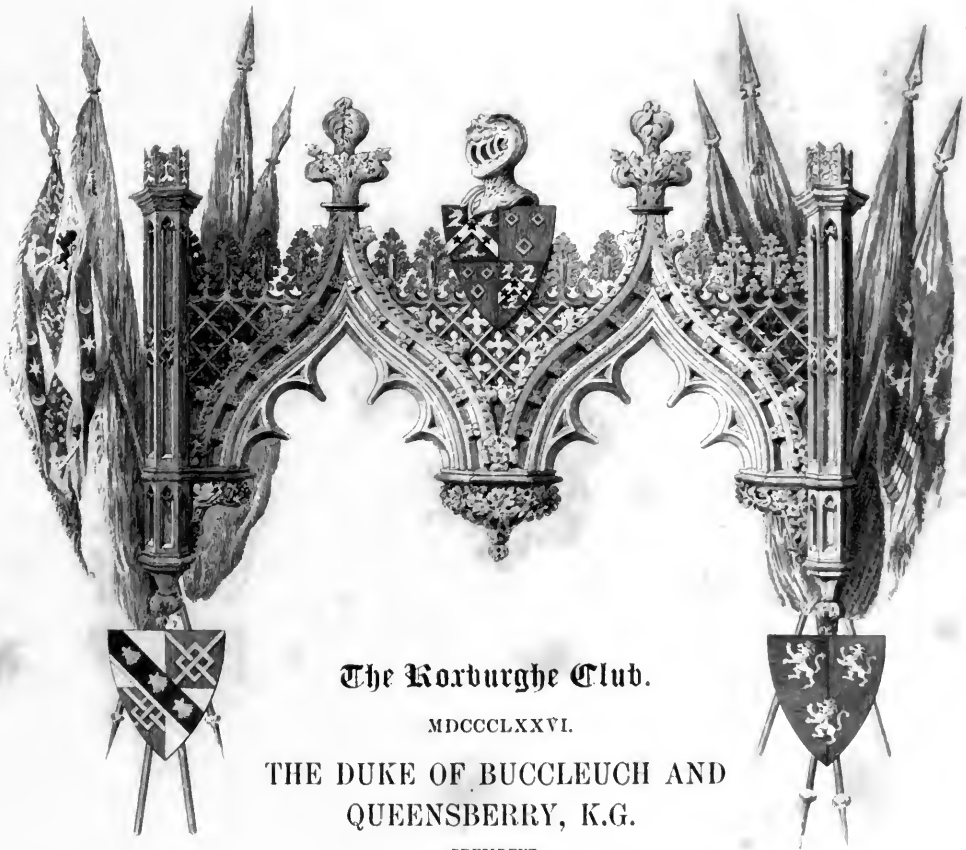


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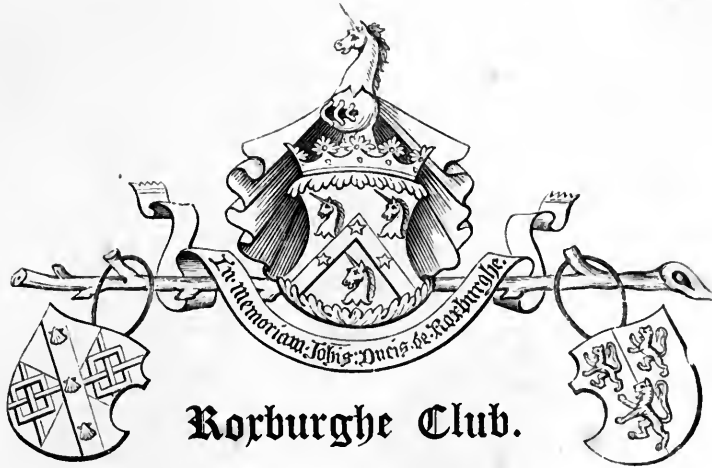
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The Itineraries of WILLIAM WEY, Fellow of Eton College, to Jerusalem, A.D. 1458 and A.D. 1462; and to Saint James of Compostella, A.D. 1456. From the original MS. in the Bodleian Library. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1857.

The Boke of Noblesse; Addressed to King Edward the Fourth on his Invasion of France in 1475. With an Introduction by JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS, F.S.A.

LORD DELAMERE. 1860.

Songs and Ballads, with other Short Poems, chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary. Edited, from a Manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum, by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. &c. ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq. 1860.

De Regimine Principum, a Poem by THOMAS OCCLEVE, written in the Reign of Henry IV. Edited for the first time by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. &c.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1860.

The History of the Holy Graal; partly in English Verse by Henry Lonelich, Skynner, and wholly in French Prose by Sires Robiers de Borron. In two volumes. Edited, from MSS. in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and the British Museum, by FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1861 AND 1863.

Roberd of Brunne's Handlyng Synne, written A.D. 1203; with the French Treatise on which it is founded, Le Manuel des Pechiez by William of Waddington. From MSS. in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries. Edited by FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A.

PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1862.

The Old English Version of Partonope of Blois. Edited for the first time from MSS. in University College Library and the Bodleian at Oxford, by the REV. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., Rector of Middleton Cheney, and formerly Fellow of Brasenose College. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1862.

Philosophaster, Comœdia; Poemata, auctore Roberto Burtono, S. Th. B., Democrito Juniore, Ex Æde Christi Oxon. REV. WILLIAM EDWARD BUCKLEY. 1862.

La Queste del Saint Graal. In the French Prose of Maistres Gautiers Map, or Walter Map. Edited by FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A., Trinity Hall, Cambridge. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1864.

A Royal Historie of the excellent Knight Generides. HENRY HUCKS GIBBS, Esq. 1865.

The Copy-Book of Sir Amias Poulet's Letters, written during his Embassy in France, A.D. 1577. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1866.

The Bokes of Nurture and Kervynge. HON. ROBERT CURZON. 1867.

A Map of the Holy Land, illustrating Wey's Itineraries. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1867.

Historia Quatuor Regum Angliæ, authore Johanne Herdo. SIMON WATSON TAYLOR, Esq. 1868.

Letters of Patrick Ruthven, Earl of Forth and Brentford, 1615—1662. DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, PRESIDENT. 1868.

The Pilgrimage of the Lyf of the Manhode, from the French of Guillaume de Deguileville. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1869.

Correspondence of Colonel N. Hooke, 1703—1707. Vol. I. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1870—1.

- Liber Regalis ; seu ordo Consecrandi Regem et Reginam.
EARL BEAUCHAMP. 1870.
- Le Mystère de Saint Louis, Roi de France.
PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1871.
- Correspondence of Colonel N. Hooke, 1703—1707. Vol. II.
PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1871.
- The History of the Most Noble Knight Plasidas, and other Pieces ;
from the Pepysian Library. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1873.
- Florian and Florete, a Metrical Romance.
MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN. 1873.
- A Fragment of Partonope of Blois, from a Manuscript at Vale
Royal. PRINTED FOR THE CLUB. 1873.
- The Legend of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.
PAUL BUTLER, ESQ. 1874.
- Correspondence of the First Earl of Ancram and the Third Earl
of Lothian. 1616—1687. 2 Vols.
MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN. 1875.
- The History of Grisild the Second.
JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, ESQ. 1875.

PREFACE.

The Introduction (§ III. Editorial) gives all the information that seemed to be required as to our reproduction of these Poems of RICHARD BARNFIELD—this, the spelling of his last title-page (1605) and of his Will, preferably to Barnefeild and other variations, being adopted—now for the first time collected; but, inasmuch as for the mere nothing of biographic fact hitherto furnished concerning him, we have the satisfaction of pretty fully elucidating and illustrating his Life (§ I. Biographical), it must be permitted us to thank here various friends who have greatly aided us in the task of love. Foremost among these is Miss C. S. Burne, Loynton Hall, Newport, Shropshire, whose indefatigable intelligence in exploring every available source of information cannot be sufficiently commended. Hearty acknowledgments are similarly due to the Incumbents of St. Michael's, Stone (Rev. Eldred Woodland, M.A.), and of Norbury (Rev. Thomas Burne, M.A.), and Colonel Chester of Bermondsey, for communication of Register entries and other items. To the Rev. W. E. Buckley, M.A., of Middleton Cheney, Banbury, I am indebted for the use of

various rare books and for useful references and suggestions, as well as for the pains he has taken in drawing up the tabular-statement of the Barnfield and Skrymsher Pedigrees from my materials. To the Custodians of the unique or extremely rare originals in Sion College Library, London, and the Bodleian, Oxford; and Sir Charles H. Isham, Bart. Lamport Hall, Northampton, we would offer our best thanks for the use of their several treasures. The Notes and Illustrations at close, as in nearly all our works on our early literature, are not a little indebted to Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, Woodlands Road, Redhill.

In our critical examination of Mr. J. P. Collier's erroneous (attempted) withdrawal of "As it fell upon a day," &c., from Barnfield, effective aid has been found in Mr. Charles Edmonds's most valuable and careful Introduction to his charming little fac-simile (in his Isham Reprints) of the 1593 *Venus and Adonis*. The fac-similes of the original title-pages and of Barnfield's autograph and monogram, and of the arms from a Harleian MS. (1241), may be accepted as literally faithful. Other points are elsewhere noticed.

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INTRODUCTION.

I. BIOGRAPHICAL.

II. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

III. EDITORIAL.

I. BIOGRAPHICAL. From apparently a confused recollection of the great historic name of Barnevelt—to whom MOTLEY has given such splendid resurrection in our day—the latest editor of WARTON'S "History of English Poetry" has hazarded the guess that RICHARD BARNFIELD was of "Dutch or Flemish" origin; and he tacks to it another guess, that, as the initials "R. B." occur at the end of some encomiastic verses prefixed to Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence* (1605), they must belong to Barnfield; and then succeeds still a third guess, as follows: "VERSTEGAN himself came from Flanders; possibly the two were brought into acquaintance in that way. But in Barnfield's case the change of residence must have been less immediate, for surely no author whom we could name has fairer pretensions to be regarded as a writer of genuine, untainted, vernacular English."¹ All this is without the shadow of authority. Barnevelt and Barnfield sound (to a bad ear) somewhat alike, but are not synonymous. As will appear, Barnfield is a very old and 'gentle' English name. The "encomiastic verses" to VERSTEGAN it is an outrage to attribute to the poet of "Nights

¹ Hazlitt's Warton, iv. pp. 439, 440—with every abatement of errors of omission and commission and of perplexing intermixture of former and later materials—a solid and useful work.

were short and dayes were long” and “As it fell upon a day”—so sorry are they; and why single out one of at least half-a-dozen “R. B.” contemporary pieces of the same kind that might be produced? The “genuine, untainted, vernacular English” (whatever ‘vernacular’ may or may not mean) ought to have suppressed these idle “Pleasures of Imagination.” But it is easier to indulge in such than diligently to search out Facts; and so in all too sorrowfully many cases traditionary blanks are left unfilled, and traditionary errors repeated and increased. MALONE’S extract from the Register of Brazenose College: “Richard Barnefield, *Stafford. gen. fil.*” ought to have sent any one professing to care for or to write intelligently of him to Staffordshire; and one poem among his “Poems in diuers humors”—certainly not in itself very memorable—viz. “An Epitaph vpon the Death of his Aunt, Mistresse Elizabeth Skrymsher,” might have still further helped.¹ Curiously enough too, from failing to remember this “Epitaph,” the late industrious and to-be-ever-gratefully-thought-of JOSEPH HUNTER had his finger on a MS. pedigree that would have opened up all that it is our privilege to do *for the first time*, but missed the discovery and passed on.²

Turning then to a volume of Shropshire Pedigrees in the British Museum entitled “The Visitation of Shropshire, taken and made by Richard Lee (alias) Richmond Herauld and Marshall to Robert Cooke (alias) Clarenceiaux Kinge of Armes, taken in the yeare of our Lord God 1564. Augmented by manye Notes and Gatherings of Lewis Dunne and others, by me Jacob Chaloner, of London, gent. vntill the year 1620. Copied by me Tho. Hanford of Wigmore Año 1661.” (Harleian MSS. 1241, p. 105), we find a somewhat

¹ See it on page 193.

² The Chorus Vatum MSS. (Add. MSS. 21487-21493.) The article on Barnfield is in 21487. As above, he mentions that in Harleian MS. 1241 is a pedigree of Barnfields, but adds he is unaware whether they are the Poet’s family.

full and careful pedigree of the Barnfields, which is confirmed by others, and in it discover our Worthy. These are the details.

Starting with a Walter Barnfeeld (*sic*), he married Grace, daughter to Sir Ralph Pudsey, Knt. They seem to have had a first-born son; but only the second son's name has been preserved, viz. Walter Barnfeeld, "2 sonne, of Powltsmore, in Deuon co." He married Ellen, daughter to Sir Nicholas Etton of Wildemore by the Earle of Salop's daughter. They again had a son Thomas Barnfeeld, who married Anne, daughter to Ward. Their eldest son was Robert Barnfeeld, who married Elinor, daughter to Taylor; and it is with this pair we are mainly concerned.¹ They had two sons, Richard and Robert. The former² is described as Richard Barnfeeld of Edgcombe, and married to Mary, youngest daughter to John Skrymsher of Norbury in co. Stafford. Their eldest son was our Poet, who is entered as Richard Barnfeeld, Son and Heir of Richard Barnfeeld of Edgcombe; and as having had

¹ The second son, William Barnfeeld, is designated "of Newport, 2 sonne," his wife being unnamed. His son was John (of Newport), married to Alice, daughter of Francis Palmer of Arcoll, and their family consisted of Frances: vxor Callcott: Habell, vxor Foulk Roberts: Jane, ob. s. p. [*i. e. sine prole*]: Elizabeth, vxor Thomas Nowell, and William (of Newport, 1623) who was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Pope Clerke of y^e Kitchen: and had sons Robert, Richard, and John,—all these apparently having died unmarried. Above, Arcoll should be Ercall, which name is borne still by two villages in Shropshire.

² Robert Barnfeeld, "2 sonne, 1604," married Ellen, daughter to Thurstan Woodecock. They had daughters (a) Joan vxor Walter Storey, (b) Ellen vxor John Grosuenor, (c) Anne, (d) Elizabeth, (e) Mary, (f) Robert. The last Robert "son and heire" married Alice, daughter to Aron Hewatt, and had a son Thomas, a Ward. A "2 sonne" Richard married Eliza, daughter to Egington, and had two sons, Robert and William. A "3 sonne" (of Newport) married Martha, daughter to John of Warr-shier [= Warwickshire], and had two daughters, Dorothy and Mary. Of these the Grosvenor family were seated, one branch at Norton in Hales co. Salop, another at Bushbury co Stafford.

two brothers, Robert and John.¹ Glancing back on this pedigree, Sir Nicholas Etton of Wildemore means Sir Nicholas Eyton of Eyton on the Wildmoors—one of the very oldest of the “proud Salopian” families, and which was so nobly represented recently by the late lamented J. W. K. Eyton, esq. Sir Nicholas Eyton married Margaret, daughter of John Talbot, second Earl of Shrewsbury, by Elizabeth, daughter of James Butler, Earl of Ormond. Margaret, another daughter, married Sir William Yonge (living in 1471) of Caynton, a manor in Edgmond parish—Eyton being about six miles from Edgmond. Such is a specimen of the ‘*blue blood*,’ that it were not hard to trace through many families for our Richard Barnfield if it were worth while, as it is not.

Two facts thus far demand specific notice, (*a*) That Richard Barnfield’s father is designated of “Edgcombe” in the pedigree. This should be Edgmond, a good-sized village to-day, adjoining the thriving town of Newport, Shropshire.² (*b*) That his mother was Mary, youngest daughter to John Skrymsher of Norbury, in the county of Stafford. The latter fact calls for similar examination of the maternal, as in the preceding of the paternal, descent,

¹ Robert Barnfeeld, brother of the Poet, is described as, in 1604, “2 sonne, of Edgcombe,” and married to Milburgh, third daughter of John Brooke of Madley, esq. [= Madeley, a village on the Severn, between Bridgnorth and Wellington.] They had two daughters, Anne and Mary, untraced, as is also John Barnfeeld the “3 sonne,” and another brother of our Poet. In the Canon Newland MSS. Salt Library, Stafford, of Shropshire Pedigrees, the Barnefields are also said to have belonged originally to co. Devon; but for Robert, brother of our Richard, read Roger. A Roger Barnfield, of Hinstock’s Will, is entered in the Act Books of the Diocese (as *supra*), as proved 1619; but it has disappeared at the Registry, as have other Barnfield Wills. The same MSS. agree with our text (*supra*) that nieces of our Worthy—daughters of his brother Robert—married, severally, Storey (spelled Sturrey) and Grosvenor; and Anne, Thomas Booth of Shifnall, co. Salop.; and other daughters, Francis Symonds and Edward Piers. The Symondsese were of Newport, Salop, ancestors of the Royalist antiquary, Col. Richard Symonds.

² See Appendix A. to this Introduction, p. xli.

especially as it is even more distinguished. The Skrymshers of Norbury Manor, co. Stafford, claimed in the seventeenth century to have come of "a noble Scotch family,"—meaning the Scrymgeours,—hereditary Standard-bearers of Scotland; and this gains some colour from the arms confirmed (not granted) to Thomas Skrymsher of Aqualate in 1584, which strongly resemble the royal arms of Scotland, being, Gules, a lion rampant or, within a Bordure Vair. The first Skrymsher proper was William Skrymsher of North Ditton, in co. York, esquire, who married Alice, daughter of Thomas Witherington, esquire. Their son was Thomas Skrymsher, a Prothonotary of the Common Pleas, who in 1540 completed the purchase of the manor from Sir Philip Boteler, to whose family it had belonged for at least four centuries. This Thomas Skrymsher also purchased very large adjoining estates, including Aqualate, Johnston Hall, High Offley, Orselow, and others, which were in course of time divided among his descendants, who soon formed a large clan scattered over the neighbourhood.

Thomas Skrymsher, the Prothonotary, died in 1551, and was buried at Norbury on the 18th September. His Will, which is dated 26th January 1550-1, was proved in London on the 12th February of the year following. In it he desires to be buried in a vault in the chancel of Norbury Church under an alabaster stone which he had caused to be laid there (now gone), and he reveals that he adhered to the Roman Catholic faith by a bequest of "20 marks for the wealth¹ of my sister Selman's soul, and of all Christian souls," and the residue of his estate "for the good of his soul," not forgetting, however, to leave 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for the poor of Norbury. Besides daughters, he left two sons, John and Thomas. John, the eldest, succeeded his father at Norbury Manor and Aqualate. He was Sheriff of Staffordshire in 1567, and married Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Talbot, Knt., who died in 1570-1. Her husband predeceased her, being buried at Norbury, November 6th, 1570.

¹ = weal. See Note, page 231, ll. 5-6.

He left three sons, the eldest, Thomas of Aqualate Hall, where his descendants continued till 1797. He married Alice, third daughter of James Starkey of Darley Hall, Oulton, co. Chester, esquire, and died 1595; buried at Forton, co. Stafford. The second son was James, of Norbury Manor, who, like his father, became Sheriff of Staffordshire 1608. He married, 1st. Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Collier of Darlaston and Stone, gentleman. This 'fair lady' (the aunt of the Epitaph already referred to) was his cousin (it is believed), daughter of his "aunt" Joyce, the daughter of Thomas Skrymsher, Prothonotary; married at Norbury, 1542—to whom her father leaves 20*l.* "for the preferment of her little daughter." Mrs. Elizabeth Skrymsher died childless, and was buried at Norbury 14th October 1594, and in a verse-Epitaph, or Lament, was celebrated affectionately by her nephew, our Poet, then (as will be seen) in his 19th-20th year. Her husband next married Margaret, third daughter of John Poole, of Nether Poole, Eastham, county Chester, esquire, which family had been seated at Poole since Henry III., and still resided there when Ormerod wrote his History of Cheshire in 1816. She also died childless, in 1597, and was buried at Norbury, 9th September. The second-time widowed husband married in 1598 Eleanor, youngest daughter of John Hocknell or Hockenhull, of Prenton, co. Chester, gentleman, by whom he had three sons and at least seven daughters,¹ one of whom (Katharine) is traditionally said to have been nurse to King James II.² The descendants of the elder son, John, con-

¹ Viz. (1) Dorothy, m. Francis Forster, of Watling-street, Salop, 1622; (2) Eleanor, m. Thomas Crompton; (3) Katharine, m. John Elliott, 1624, of Bellos in Essex; (4) Sara, m. Bowyer; (5) Elizabeth; (6) Martha, m. Francis Collier; (7) Grisell, m. Ralph Greene. More on these onward.

² Henry Hockenhull, of Prenton, great-grandfather of Eleanor Skrymsher, was second son of John Hockenhull, of Hockenhull, esq. The family continued at Prenton till the heiress of it, in the end of the eighteenth century, married Thomas Briscoe, of Clayley. Prenton belonged to the son of this couple in Ormerod's time.

tinued at Norbury till 1774, when Thomas Boothby Skrymsher sold it to Mr. Anson (formerly Adams), nephew of Admiral Lord Anson and father of the first Viscount Anson. James Skrymsher was buried at Norbury 1st July 1619. Of John Skrymsher's third son, Richard, nothing appears except his name. In all probability (*a*) Anne Skrymsher, married at Norbury to Edward Barber 11th July 1563; (*b*) Winifred, married 21st June 1566 to George Coyney of Chipnal, co. Salop (about six miles from Norbury), second son of John Coyney, of Weston Coyney; and by whom she had four daughters, Susan, Cassandra, Margerye, and Marie; (*c*) Isabel, married 21st July 1566 to William Wolnall [=Wettenhall of Lendring, co. Rutland. Visit. of Rutland, 1618],—were daughters of John Skrymsher; but the only one of his daughters whose baptism is recorded in the Register of Norbury is Jane, baptized 22nd August 1552—probably his youngest child, but of whom nothing more is known seemingly. The remaining daughter—mother of our “sweet Singer”—Mary, was in all likelihood born before 1551, in which year her father came to reside at Norbury on *his* father's death. John Skrymsher and his wife having died in 1570 and 1571, it may be pretty certainly assumed that Mary continued to live at the Manor House with her brother James and his childless first wife, her first cousin, Elizabeth Collier. At any rate, she was married from there in the following year (16th April 1572), being designated in the Harleian MSS. (*ante*) “of Norbury.” It is pleasant to find that Richard Barnfield and his wife Mary returned from their honeymoon jaunt (if such were the olden usage) and took up their residence in the grand old Manor House. Therein our Poet was born in 1574.¹ The entry of his baptism in Norbury

¹The engraving of Norbury Manor is admitted into Plot chiefly for the view underneath it of the haunt of the black-headed gulls, locally called pewits, in relation to his account of their singular habits and as singular ways of capturing them, &c. The building was pulled down within the memory of old people now living. A

Register thus runs: Ricardus Barnefield baptizatus fuit die mēsis [June] xiii. 1574.¹ Our reproduction from Plot's quaint folio on Staffordshire "Natural History" (1686) of the "Manor House of Norbury," shows it to have been the very *beau idéal* of an Elizabethan Poet's birth-place; while Norbury itself is even now a tiny out-of-the-way village, hiding itself away some miles from any town, and off the high road, and with a primitive population. The Brazenose College entry of November 27th 1589 gives "aetat 15," so carrying us back to 1574 as his birth-year, in agreement with the record of his baptism. Alas! The married life of Mary Barnfield was a (comparatively) brief one. Within seven years she was buried, only two days after the baptism of her daughter Dorothy, so that little Richard was motherless in his seventh-eighth year. But his "Aunt Elizabeth," being, as we have seen, childless herself, must have proved a second mother to him and his brothers (of whom before).²

Persistent search and research have failed to discover our Richard Barnfield's school and early education. It is manifest that, well-connected paternally and maternally, and cared for at Norbury Manor House, he would have every advantage that the family position could command. The register at Brazenose as "gen. fil." (*i.e. generosi filius*), is a simple matter-of-fact, but perchance showed also family oversight, that so he should be entered on his matriculation at the University. Strangely enough his name escaped the

neighbouring farm-house, mainly built of the fine squared sandstone of the old mansion, has had legends of ghost-haunting transferred to it.

¹ Norbury Reg.

² The following are the remaining Barnfield entries from the Norbury Register:—

1572. Richardus Barnefield et Maria Skrimsher matri. cōtraxere Aprillis xvi.

1581. Dorothea Barnefield filia Ricardi Barnefield baptizata fuit Martii xxv.

„ Maria Barnefield sepulta fuit die mēsis p^d [March] xxvii.^o

The spelling might read as "Barnsfield."

indefatigable ANTHONY A-WOOD; and his erudite Editor, Dr. PHILIP BLISS (vol. i. pp. 683-4), has really added nothing to our knowledge of him beyond (from Fuller's Worthies) his passing B.A. February 5th 1591-2, and his performing the exercises for M.A., though it does not appear that he proceeded to that degree. His "Encomion" (1598) bears that he was "Graduate in Oxford." Had he proceeded to M.A., most likely M.A. would have been substituted for "Graduate." I suspect that, as with the death of Barnabe Barnes's father, so with the death of his good aunt, on 14th October 1594, Barnfield's university career was arrested, albeit his final abiding-place and the details of his Will point to inheritance of means through his aunt (if not otherwise also).

What he intended to be when he went to the University, and what he actually became when he ceased residence, it is impossible to tell at this late day. From the "Epitaph" of 1594 onward, the only light obtained is from the title-pages of his successive publications. Under our next section full bibliographical details are furnished. Suffice it here biographically to recal that "The Affectionate Shepheard," published in 1594 anonymously, informs us that so early as his twentieth year he had gained access to the "magic circle" within which Sidney's Stella still burned and swayed with her magnificent intellect and beauty; for it is dedicated "To the right excellent and most beautifull Lady, the Lady Penelope Ritch" in a form declarative (*meo judicio*) of personal friendship, the subscription running "Your Honours most affectionate and perpetually deuoted Shepheard, Daphnis"—a very different style from John Ford in his dedication of "Fame's Memorial" as avowedly by a stranger. It is also to be remembered that in this same "Affectionate Shepheard" the young poet turns aside to celebrate Sir Philip Sidney, softly, tenderly, and goldenly; and, what has been very much overlooked, THOMAS WATSON; by the *sentiment* of which celebration one is impressed with a conviction that very early he must have moved in the great literary sphere.

We must pause to read the verse-tribute to Sidney, reserving that to Watson for a later page :—

O, fading Branches of decaying Bayes,
 Who now will water your dry wither'd Armes?
 Or where is he that sung the louely Layes
 Of simple Shepheards in their Countrey-Farmes?
 Ah he is dead, the cause of all our harmes :
 And with him dide my ioy and swete delight ;
 The cleare to Cloudes, the Day is turn'd to Night.

Sydney, The Syren of this latter Age ;
 Sydney, The Blasing starre of England's glory ;
 Sydney, The Wonder of the wise and sage ;
 Sydney, The Subiect of true Vertue's story ;
 This Syren, Starre, this Wonder, and this Subiect ;
 Is dumbe, dim, gone, and mard by Fortune's Obiect.

Encouraged by the reception of "The Affectionate Shepheard" in 1594, there appeared in the following year (1595) "Cynthia, with certaine Sonnets and the Legend of Cassandra," and to the epistle dedicatory "To the Right Honorable, and most noble-minded Lorde, William Stanley, Earle of Derby," &c., he adds his name—Richard Barnefeild. Herein too he modestly observes "My yeares being so young, my perfection cannot be great." Similarly he signs an epistle "To the curteous Gentlemen Readers." This epistle has a veiled reference to a lady who held supreme love-authority, who bore the same name with the great queen—Elizabeth; and of whom we wish in vain to know more. The Epigramme claims a place here :—

One name there is, which name aboue all other
 I most esteeme, as time and place shall proue :
 The one is Vesta, th' other Cupid's mother,
 The first my Goddesse is, the last my loue ;
 Subiect to Both I am ; to that by birth ;
 To this for beautie ; fairest of the earth.¹

¹ See Notes and Illustrations at close of the volume for elucidation of the wording here.

Three years later (1598) came "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia" and related Poems—on all of which onward. Biographically it is to be noted that in the 1605 edition of "The Encomion,"¹ &c. in the verse-dedicatory Sonnet, which the Isham MS. reveals was addressed to Sir John Spencer—he intimates willingness to receive of the famous Knight's "pecunia;" but it is semi-playfully and in keeping with the non-querulous spirit of "The Encomion" itself. The "Complaint of Poetrie for the Death of Liberalitie" is dedicated to "Maister EDWARD LEIGH, of Grayes Inne," one of a band of cultured and godly Puritan gentlemen who have left still quick books, of ripe learning and finest openeyed insight.² The "Combat between Conscience and Couetousnesse in the Minde of Man" is dedicated to "Maister John Steuenton, of Dothill, in the county of Salop, Esquire," and the "Poems in divers Humors" to "Maister Nicholas Blackleech, of Grayes Inne,"—both of these gentlemen being now unknown.³ The opening sonnet of the "Poems of divers Humors" is addressed to "Maister R. L.," who was perhaps Richard Lynch (or Linch), the poet of "Diella" (1596).³ Barnfield's position as a 'Maker' was recognised in 1600 by the insertion in "England's Helicon" of "Nights were long" and "The Shepheard's Sonnet," and semi-anonymously "The vnknown Shepheard's Complaint."

¹ Among the Ashmole MSS. (1153, folios 115-141) is a transcript in cipher of the 1605 text, with a key, that shows it to correspond exactly therewith. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt (*s. n.*) describes the title-page as all that is in cipher.

² A Sir Francis Leigh occurs in the Barnfield-Skrymsher Pedigrees (*ante*). These "Grayes Inne" friends suggest that Barnfield himself might have been connected therewith: but I have not succeeded in finding his name there, although helped by capable inquirers.

³ It is not known for certain. It is to be noted that while Barnfield says "and Both in thee remaine," in the rest he very distinctly and twice puts in apposition R. L.'s love for music and his own love for poetry. 'Diella,' however, is so slight a verse-attempt that it might be as nothing to his musical gifts and tastes.

With the publication of the second edition of “Lady Pecunia” in 1605 the name of our Poet disappears. It is extremely remarkable that one of his unquestionable poetic faculty should thus have become dumb, in so far as avowed publication went, thus suddenly and prematurely. It was prematurely, for in 1605 he was only in his 31st year, and, as we shall immediately find, he lived for fully twenty years thereafter. These intervening twenty years are all but an absolute blank—the one scintillation of light being the incidentally ascertained fact that in 1619 his father was still living. In 1619 James Skrymsher appointed *him* as one of his executors, naming him “my well-beloued in Christ my brother-in-law Mr. Richard Barnefield.” Our final memorial is his own Will, which it has been our rare good fortune to recover from the Diocesan Registry at Lichfield.¹ It and the accompanying Inventories are *verbatim* as follows:—

EXTRACTED FROM THE DISTRICT REGISTRY ATTACHED TO HER MAJESTY’S COURT
OF PROBATE AT LICHFIELD.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN, the 26th daye Februarie in the yeare of the Raigne of o^r Sovereigne Lord Charles by the Grace of God of England Scotland France & Ireland King Defender of the Faith &c. Anno Dⁿⁱ 1626.

I RICHARD BARNFIELD of Dorlestone in the Countie of Stafford Esq^{re} sicke in bodie but of p^{er}fect remembrance make this my last Will and testament in manner and fforme ffollowing. First I bequeath my soule to Almighty God my Creator and Maker and my Bodie to be buried in the p^{re}she church of Stone in the said Countie in full hope of salvation and of a ioyfull resurrection through Christ my onelie Saviour and as concerninge my worldly goods my will and mind is that Mr. John Skrimsher of Norburie Esquire his wife and sonne shall have iii l. beinge equally divided betwixt them. Item I give to Mr. Henrie Hockenull my purce Dagg one bedsteed one table my best saddle and bridle. Item I give to Mrs. Hockenull xx s. Item I give to Charles Skrimsher and Gerrate Skrimsher either of them xx s. Item I give to m^{is} Elenor Skrimsher

¹ The Registrar (William Fell, Esq.) was more than professionally obliging.

xx s. Item I give to Sarie Boeyer xx s. Item I give to Elizabeth Skrimsher xx s. and alsoe one goulde Ringe. Item I give to Martha xx s. and my gilte spoone. Item I give to Grisell Skrimsher xx s. Item I give my grandchilde Jane Barnefelde a gilte saulte which was Michill O'Ffeley's if hee doe not redeeme the same in some shorte tyme. But if hee doe redeeme it shee shall have the whole xi l. that he doth owe mee. Item I give to Mr. Martin x s. Item I give to my man Richard Cotterall x s. my hare coulred sute and Cloake and x s. that I owe him. Item I give to Mrs. Doodie my truckle bedd. Item I give to my Cozen Ranforde my two best sutes. Item, I give Margaret Richarsonne my gonne and x s. It. I give George Hill my ould servant my other saddle and bridle. Item I give to everie servant in the house xii d. It. I leave v l. to bestowe of a Dinner at my Burrial. Item I give to the poore of Darlestone xii d. a peece. It. I give to the poore of Stone xl s. It. I give to John Goodale of Waulton my blue breeches and first Jerkine. It. I give to my son Mr. Robert Barnefield xx s. Item the Residue of my goods being unbeckeathed I give to Mr. Robert Barnefield and m̄ris. Elinor Skrimsher whome I leave my sole Executors of this my last Will and Testament. In witness whereof the daie and yeare above written I have putt unto my hand and seale, R. B.

Scaled and published in p̄sence of us, Henry Hoekenhull, Thomas Daintrey, Richard Cotterell.

Proved on the 7 day of April 1627 by the oath of Eleanor Skrimsher one of the Exceutors, power reserved for Robert Barnefield the other Executor.

John Doodie Richard Challenor Thomas Daintrey Peter Serisante his x mark.	A true and p̄fecte Inventorie of all the goodes of Richard Barnefeild Esq ^r diseased prayed the xx th daie of Mareh Ann. Dom̄. 1626 by John Doodie Richard Challenor Thomas Daintrey Peter Serisante.
---	---

Iīm, tuw beddsteds	vi ^s viii ^d
item one flockbedd	iii ^s iiiii ^d
item one bedd one boulster one pillowe one coverlid one <i>cadwaw</i> ¹ three blanketts iii l.

¹ I am indebted to Mr. A. D. Parker, of the Registry Office, Lichfield, for the following in reference to this word, of which no other example, at least in this form,

item nine Sheetes three pillowberes [= pillow-case or pillow-slip, <i>i.e.</i> , the linen cover in which a pillow is placed on the bed] and one Towell	xxi ^s	
item fore Shirts	viii ^s	iii ^d
item sayd [= ditto]	iii ^s	
item bandes ruffes handcarchyes and sockes	v ^s	
item stuckens garters & sockes	v ^s	
item gloves	ii ^s	vi ^d
item all his waringe apperell	v l.	
item two saddes and bridles	v ^s	
item his bookes	v ^s	
item one guilt sault 3 spoone	2 l.	
item all his glasses	iii ^s	
item pewter	vii ^s	
item three chests one deske boxes and table	viii ^s	iii ^d
item warminge pan and one chest of toole	vi ^s	viii ^d
item fire shovel tunges and grate	i ^s	
item bootes shooes & slippers	v ^s	
item one locke and fetters	i ^s	
item one goon and pistall	viii ^s	iii ^d

has been yet discovered: "I cannot read this word in any other way than '*cadwaw*,' and am of opinion that it is either the contraction or corruption of the word '*cadurcum*,' and is applied to a quilt or some other article of bed-clothing."

In the Durham Wills and Inventories, printed by the Surtees Society in 1860 (vol. ii. p. 129), in will LXII. *Testamentum* Thomae Brickwell, there is this entry: "j whytte caddow and a read 13s. 4d;" and in the Lancashire and Cheshire Wills and Inventories, printed by the Chetham Society in 1861 (vol. iii. p. 135), in the Inventory appended to the Will of William Glaseor, Esq., Vice-Chamberlain of the city of Chester (dated January 17, 1588-9), mention is made of "a blankett and an Irishe caddow checked xij^s iij^d." Also in the volume of Richmondshire Wills, printed by the Surtees Society 1853, p. 287, in the Inventory of William Braythewaite of Kyrland in Kendal, is the following entry: "vj cotton blankets viij^s; ij fledg blankets v^s; ij *caddow blankets* ij^s iij^d." Probably '*cadwaw*' is a variant of '*caddow*.' Bullet, '*Memoires sur la Langue Celtique*,' Besançon, 1759, fol. (ii. 245), gives, "CADW, sauver, defendre, &c. Cadow en Anglois, couverture velue, manteau d'Irlande."—W. E. B.

item one brush and one eushen	i ^s vi ^d
item in moneys	xl. xv ^s ii ^d
	Some lxvi l. xv ^s ii ^d ¹

By this Will we are enabled to give the hitherto unknown year-date of Barnfield's death, viz. 1627; the date of proving and the neighbouring register-entries showing that 1626 was our 1627, *i.e.*, 1626-7;² and here is the entry from the Register of Stone of his burial under 1626-7.

Nomina eorum quis sepulti erant Anno Domini 1626.

Richardus Barnefeild generosus sepultus

fuit Sexto Die Martij Anno supradieto [?]

Barnabas Willatt Minister.

James Till

Thomas Amberye

Roger Bradburye

Christopher Dutton

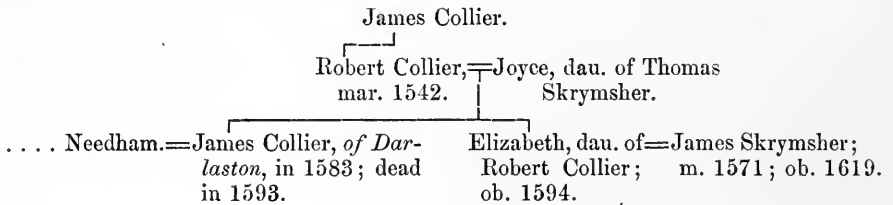
} Churchwardens.

The Dorleston (spelled Darlaston now, as in Dugdale [Mon. vi. p. 233, ed. 1830]) of this Will—one of two places thus named in Staffordshire—is “a liberty in the parish of Stone,” about one-and-a-half mile from “Stone” Station of the railway. According to Erdeswicke's Survey of Staffordshire—the worthy Antiquary himself having been a native of Sandon near Stone—Darlaston and almost all Stone were bought by James Collier, who had issue Robert Collier, who had issue James Collier (deceased when Erdeswicke wrote), who sold Stone and (probably) Burweston to his father-in-law Sir Robert Needham, of Shavington, co. Salop, and Earl's

¹ The ‘some’ of the items is only 56*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.* Perhaps the ‘guilt sault’ (on which xi *l.* was lent) and ‘3 spoone’ ought to have been entered at 12*l.* instead of 2*l.*, which with some other slight alterations would bring the value of the separate items to the “some” as given above.

² The very next column in the Reg. Book begins: Tertio Die Aprilis 1627, still further proving that the immediately preceding ‘6 March’ was also 1627.

Hyde (now called Yarlet, a good farm near Stone) to his brother Christopher Collier. Ninety years later James Collier of Darlaston (1686) sold Darlaston Manor to William Jervis of Meaford, ancestor of Lord St. Vincent, whose descendants still possess it (1875). The Collier pedigree supplies a little biographic fact,¹ *e. g.*



Thus our Richard Barnfield was first cousin once-removed to the owner of Darlaston Hall in Erdeswicke's Survey, and the owner of it in his time was his second cousin. Whatever our Poet was when he was publishing his Poems in London, it would appear that, like that supreme contemporary with whom his name has been imperishably associated through his "As it fell vpon a day," he retired early to the country. The relationship to the proprietors of Darlaston suggests that he in all likelihood leased some part of their farm-lands from the Colliers, if indeed his aunt (of the Epitaph) did not herself provide for his settlement there. It is to be regretted that the Registers yield no information on his wife, who must have pre-deceased him; nor is there anything as to either his son Robert or any others. The curious articles of legacies permit us to think

¹ There is a difficulty about the Collier pedigree, viz., that while Robert Collier certainly married Joyce Skrymsher in 1542 (Norbury Register), and her father's Will testifies that she had a daughter; yet the Chetwynd MSS. in the Salt Library and the Visitation of Staffordshire (1583) both make Robert Collier marry Agnes, dau. of Sir Thomas Venables of Kinderton (co. Chester), and make Elizabeth, wife of James Skrymsher (the Poet's aunt) his eldest daughter by her; saying nothing at all of his marriage to Joyce Skrymsher. He had five sons and six daughters, so that it seems as likely as not he may have had two wives.

that the Poet of the "Encomion of Lady Pecunia" was in easy circumstances. What would not his books valued at 5s. fetch to-day!

Other points suggested by the Will may now be briefly noticed. Mr. John Skrymsher of Norbury was the eldest son of Barnfield's uncle James Skrymsher by his third wife Eleanor Hocknel (or Hockenull). He was baptized at Norbury 23rd October, 1600, and was married before his father's death in 1619 to Alice, daughter of Sir Francis Leigh of King's Newnham, co. Warwick, by whom he had at least one son, John, afterwards Adjutant-General to Prince Rupert and Standard-bearer of the Pensioners to Charles II. John Skrymsher (*pater*) followed the example of his father in marrying three times, and had children by each marriage. He died 25th March, 1667, and was buried at Norbury on the 28th. Mr. Henric Hockenull was brother to Eleanor third wife of James Skrymsher—whose executor he had been along with Barnfield's father in 1619. Charles and Gerard Skrymsher were the younger sons of James and Eleanor Skrymsher already named. Charles was baptized at Norbury 29th March 1608. He is named thus in his father's Will: "To Charles my son my black nag and 10*l*. to go forward for him My Will is that Mr. Dudson of Bromley make my son Charles a scholar fit for Oxford or Cambridge." Gerard became a physician, and lived in Woodseaves near Norbury, dying there 2nd October 1700, in his eighty-third year. Mrs. Eleanor Skrymsher was the sister of Charles and Gerard; the second daughter, but eldest unmarried at this time. Baptized at Norbury 20th November 1603, she could only have been twenty-three years of age when the office of executrix was imposed upon her. This latter circumstance shows (or rather hides) a singular family-history, especially taken along with the entire omission in the Will of paternal relatives while appointing so young a lady as his cousin for co-executor and

residuary legatee with his son.¹ It is significant too that the lengthy list of bequests is to the children, brother, and sister-in-law of Eleanor (Hockenhull) Skrymsher. We are far off and the light dim. Perchance the Poet's own nearer relations were well-circumstanced and needed nothing.² Sara Bowyer (spelt Sarie Boeyer) is probably the same as Sara fourth daughter of James and

¹ This Eleanor (or Elinor), daughter of James Skrymsher of Norbury, became the second wife (out of four) of Thomas Crompton of Stone, ob. 167-, and had issue one daughter Eleanor, ob. s.p. Of a Richard Crompton, "Squire of Stone," it is recorded that in 1581 he came into church "with an arauunge [*sic*: Owen and Blakeway suggest = a sword named after the Prince of Orange] by his side, and a great bastingdow [*sic*: = a bastinado or cudgel] in his hand," and called to the minister as he was beginning the service, "Sir Hu, come hither; I must first talk with you ere you begin;" and sent him to gaol for not wearing a surplice, nor saying the prayers in the accustomed place, and for turning himself westward instead of eastward to perform the service. (Strype Ann. vol. iii. p. 24, quoted in Owen and Blakeway's Hist. of Shrewsbury, vol. ii. p. 350.) In the next century the family opinions had changed; for in Symonds's Diary of the Civil Wars, he says, "Thursday, May 22 (1645). Wee marched from Drayton to Stone in com. Stafford; his Majesty lay at Mr. Crompton's howse, a sweet place in a fyne parke—he a rebell. Friday the army rested. Satterday the 24. Wee marched to Uttoxeter." Be it noted that Mrs. Crompton's nephew, while her husband was making himself known as "a rebel," was acting as Standard-bearer to Prince Rupert and naming his sons Charles and Rupert.

² A variety of entries in the Edgmond register show the Barnfield family history to have been a chequered one. The name is found among respectable humble farmers of their own lands. *Generosus* even early is the highest, while the Skrymshers are always *armiger*. It is to be hoped Miss Burne may see her way to add an exceedingly interesting chapter to Shropshire county history from her extensive collections. The Edgmond Register commences in 1669 (preceding ones were burnt by inadvertence), and we regret that we cannot utilize entries of marriages, &c., of Barnfields extending from 1672 to 1826 and indeed onward, neither the Norbury Tithe Book entries of same dates. The Parish Clerk of Edgmond remembers "old John Barnfield, as lived where my brother George does," *i.e.* in a little homestead in the village with a few acres of land, a horse and cart, and perhaps a cow or two, all combined by the present owner with shoemaking. He most probably farmed his own lands, as did John Barnfield and his ancestors.

Eleanor Skrymsher, baptized at Norbury 14th February 1605-6 : married at Stone to Ludovic Bowier, 1624. Elizabeth was fifth daughter, baptized 29th March 1609 at Norbury. Martha was apparently another daughter, married at Stone to Francis Collier, 1638 ; and Grisell still another, and the same as Grisell Skrymsher married at Norbury to Ralph Greene 12th June 1634. He was (it is believed) of Loynton Hall, Norbury. James Skrymsher, father of all these fair sisters, left "my capital messuage in the parish of High Offley, co. Staff.," and "all debts owing to me, and all goods unbequeathed, to go to all my daughters equally." Cottrell was the name of a respectable family at Norbury—yeomen or farmers. Doody is a common name about Newport. "My cozen Ranford" is untraced. Hill is a very old Edgmond name. Walton is a hamlet close to Stone. Finally, the transaction with the Irishman starts questions that it is hopeless to try to answer.

It may be added that the Will as deposited in Lichfield Registry is throughout in the same handwriting, and that a professional one, not the testator's. The inference is that the original was merely exhibited, as was at the date a common practice, and afterwards returned, probably to the executors, the copy being filed. Here the name of Barnfield appears only as a monogram. It is gratifying that we have been enabled to give an exact facsimile of it, together with a page of the Isham MS. containing a (possible) full autograph. A tabular statement of the Barnfield and Skrymsher Pedigrees—embracing all the details of this Introduction—is given as an Appendix.¹

II. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL. In the preceding section of this Introduction the successive books of our Worthy have been necessarily mentioned. Here it is deemed well to enter into more minute details and to discuss certain matters involved

¹ See pages xlv.-v.

in dispute by a mistaken inference of Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER, whereby three of his finest poems have been mis-assigned to Shakespeare. The following is the chronological order of the several publications now collected, with notes of each, and in the place critical remarks and vindication of Barnfield's authorship of "As it fell vpon a day," &c. &c.

1. THE AFFECTIONATE SHEPHEARD. 1594. Sm. 4to. 28 leaves.¹ A fac-simile of the original title-page is given at page 2. It shows that the printer (Iohn Danter), who was also the printer for Thomas Watson, used a somewhat rude and primitive type. The quaint woodcut ornament occurs elsewhere in contemporary books. It were waste of pains to try to interpret it. Several misprints ("slips" the old apologists called them) of this original edition are pointed out in the relative Notes and Illustrations at close of our volume. The subsidiary title of "The Affectionate Shepheard," viz. "The Teares of an Affectionate Shepheard," &c. was probably suggested by Watson's "The Teares of Fancie, or Loue Disdained." (1593.) "The Affectionate Shepheard" was reprinted in 1845, as follows: "The Affectionate Shepheard: By Richard Barnfield, A.D. 1594. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S. London. Reprinted for the Percy Society, by T. Richards, 100 St. Martin's Lane. m.dccc.xlv. (Title-page, pp. vi. and 51.) For a few of our Notes we are indebted to Mr. Halliwell (now Phillipps). A number of errors of the Percy text are silently corrected from a careful collation of the original in Sion College Library. One other copy only is known, viz., that at Britwell. We have restored "Hellens Rape, or a Light Lanthorne for Light Ladies. Written in English hexameters;" which Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps excluded; but it is so pagged in succession to "The Affectionate Shepheard" that it can be removed without inter-

¹ Mr. Arber, in his introduction to Thomas Watson mis-dates this 1596.

rupting the pagination. Of the 'conceit' of "The Affectionate Shepheard" the Author himself furnishes an explanation in his epistle "To the curteous Gentleman Readers" of "Cynthia," &c.

2. CYNTHIA, WITH CERTAINE SONNETS, AND THE LEGEND OF CASSANDRA. 1595. Sm. 12mo. 36 leaves. A fac-simile of the original title-page is given at page 59. The publisher it will be noticed is Humfrey Lownes,—a name frequently met with in poetical title-pages. *e.g.* Spenser, &c. &c. The printing is neat, and on the whole creditably accurate. This tiny volume was reprinted not very accurately, and omitting the Sonnets and the celebrated Ode, by Mr. Utterson, in 1841. (16 copies). In four copies the omissions were in part supplied. All Mr. Utterson's errors have been corrected and the entire text is now reproduced in its integrity. But here it is necessary to call attention to a curious circumstance, *viz.*, that Mr. Collier, in marking Utterson's misprints, curiously enough himself falls into error in five out of the seven enumerated by him; *e.g.* He notes that Mr. Utterson misprints in the Epistle "breed" as "reed," whereas it is misprinted "need;" again, in T. T.'s commendatory verses the misprint is not "reave" but "reaves;" and for "reares" not "reare;" once more, in the same verse Utterson's misprint is said to be "waiving" while it is "wauing" for "waining;" and the much more serious error of "Here" for "Nere" is entirely overlooked—"here" implying an insult, "Nere" a fine compliment, to "Cynthia:" further, in the opening of Cynthia (st. vii. line 8) the very bad misprint of "Honour" is for "Horroure," not "horror;" finally, Mr. Utterson has not corrected, so far as appears, a misprint of "that" for "they." Other misprints Mr. Collier entirely misses, and, while justly reproving Mr. Utterson for omission of the twenty Sonnets, fails to observe the equally weighty omission of the famous Ode "Nights were short and daies were long," &c., between "Cynthia" and "Cassandra."

In the Epistle to the Readers—as noticed above—Barnfield avows the authorship of “The Affectionate Shepheard,” which had been published anonymously; and he disavows other “two books” that, having borne the initials of R. B., had been erroneously ascribed to him; which “two books” were probably “Greene’s Funerals” (1594) and “Orpheus, his Journey to Hell.” The ascription of the former to Barnfield was the more natural in that it too was from the press of Danter (publisher of “The Affectionate Shepheard”). Perhaps the change of publisher for “Cynthia” originated in Danter’s using of the initials R. B.—reverse probably of Barnabe Rich’s; albeit the mere use of R. B. can scarcely be described as “fraudently affixed.” (Collier’s *Bibl. Account*, i. 50; iii. 17.)

In the same Epistle he “vnshaddows” the “conceit” of “The Affectionate Shepheard” by explaining that it is “nothing else but an imitation of Virgill in the Second Eglogue of Alexis.” Of the wider bearing of this more elsewhere, in relation to Shakespeare’s Sonnets. Some errors of the original text are indicated in the Notes and Illustrations, as before.

3. (A) “The Encomion of Lady Pecunia;” (B) “The Complaint of Poetrie for the Death of Liberalitie;” (C) “The Combat betweene Conscience and Couetousnesse in the Mind of Man;” (D) “Poems in Divers Humors,” 1598, sm. 4to. 31 leaves. A fac-simile of each of these four (1598) title-pages, showing the symbol-hand of the publisher, John Jaggard, will be found in their places. At page 131 is given the title-page of the 1605 edition. Of the latter edition there is a slightly damaged copy in the Bodleian, and a fine copy at Bridgewater House. Mr. Collier imagined the Bridgewater exemplar was unique. Mr. James Boswell, of Auchinleck, reprinted the 1598 edition, and presented it to the “Roxburghe Club” (1 vol. 4to. 1816), the whole impression being limited to thirty-five copies, as the Editor has written in a gift copy to Barnfield’s

own college of Brazenose. Both the 1598 and 1605 editions of the "Encomion," &c., without the "Poems of Divers Humors," have been reprinted by Mr. Collier. The "Poems of Divers Humors" of 1598 contain "As it fell upon a day," and the two sonnets "To his Friend Maister R. L. In praise of Musique and Poetrie," and "Against the Dispraisers of Poetrie." Earlier, as Mr. Halliwell approvingly quoted (1845) in his preface to "The Affectionate Shepherd," Mr. Collier had accepted in his first collection of Shakespeare (1843) the fact of the publication of these three pieces in the volume of 1598 as proof of Barnfield's authorship. But later he changed his former opinion—without stating that former opinion—and now as Editor of Barnfield—for otherwise we appreciate too highly the venerable Worker's long and multiplied literary services, spontaneously to undertake the task—it is laid upon us to prove that throughout he is in error. That full justice may be done to Mr. Collier, his final statement of the case—repeated abbreviatedly in his Preface to the above-noted reprints of the "Encomion," &c.—from his "Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," 2 vols. 8vo. 1865, is here given as follows: "It is no small tribute to Barnfield that two poems printed by him, or for him, in 1598, having in the next year been inserted in Shakespeare's 'Passionate Pilgrim,' were long thought by many to be the property of Barnfield, on account of his priority of claim. In 1598 the fine sonnet in praise of Dowland and Spenser, 'If music and sweet poetry agree,' and the beautiful lyric, 'As it fell upon a day,' were first published as Barnfield's in a work which then bore the following title:—The Encomion of Lady Pecunia; or, The praise of Money—*quærenda pecunia primum est, Virtus post nummos*. London. Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to be solde at his shoppe, neere Temple-barre, at the Signe of the Hand and starre. 1598." 4to.

"John Jaggard, who published the above, was brother to William

Jaggard, who published Shakespeare's 'Passionate Pilgrim,' and in some unexplained manner the two poems we have designated, 'If music and sweet poetry agree,' and 'As it fell upon a day,' the authorship of our great dramatist, found their way out of the hands of W. Jaggard into those of John Jaggard, who, we may suppose, was in 1598 on the point of publishing Barnfield's 'Encomion of Lady Pecunia;' there he inserted them; but they, nevertheless, made their appearance in 1599 in 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' by which it was made to seem as if W. Jaggard had stolen the poems from J. Jaggard, because the latter had printed them as Barnfield's in the year preceding. The reverse was, however, the fact; and the matter stood thus doubtfully until the year 1605, when Barnfield (perhaps partly on this account), putting forth a new impression of his 'Encomion,' with a different title, and with many important changes, expressly excluded from that re-impression the two poems, which he knew did not belong to him, and which he presumed were the property of Shakespeare.

"Hence the especial value of the second edition of the 'Encomion,' since it may be said to ascertain that John Jaggard, wishing to swell Barnfield's small volume in 1598, did so by inserting in it two pieces that did not belong to the author of the rest. The second edition of Barnfield's 'Encomion,' under the title of 'Lady Pecunia, or, the praise of Money,' was not known at all until a comparatively recent date; and still more recently it was discovered that it did not contain the poems to which Barnfield seemed to have the earliest title. In 1605 Barnfield was too honest to retain what had been improperly attributed to him in 1598. The sonnet and the poem are therefore not to be traced in the volume in our hands, which forms part of the library at Bridgewater House." (Vol. i. pp. 57-8).

In this statement there are unhappily many mistakes, *e g.*

1. It is made to seem that the volume of 1598 bore the general title only of "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia," &c., whereas—as at page 186 of our volume is shown—there is a special section entitled "Poems In divers Humors," and therein and entirely distinct from the "Encomion" the poems in question appeared.

2. It is also made to seem, repeatedly, that the volume of 1598 was a venture of John Jaggard, and so, that "If musique and sweet poetry agree" and "As it fell upon a day" were inserted by him, and by him only ascribed to Barnfield. The simple matter-of-fact is that Barnfield himself not only entitles the section "Poems In divers Humors," but in a separate dedication of the section explicitly states that the poems belonging to it were his own, like all the volume, and intimates to his friend Nicholas Blackleech of Grayes Inne, that they were "fruits of vnriper years." It will be seen that this alters the entire character of the publication. Subsidiarily it is not very logical for Mr. Collier, first to tell us that the pieces involved were "two *small* poems" and then to argue that they were inserted to "*swell* Barnfield's small volume." If so "small"—and they are small—the "*swelling*" could not be very great. On the other hand, "The Passionate Pilgrim" was an *omnium gatherum* of floating poems which the publisher swelled out from every available source, *e.g.*, well-known poems of Marlowe, Raleigh, and Griffin, were all ascribed in it to Shakespeare.

3. It is further made to appear that the second impression of 1605 of the "Encomion" reprinted all of the volume of 1598 except the two poems "If musique and sweet poetry agree" and "As it fell upon a day;" whereas, as the Reader can see for himself, of the eight poems of "Poems In divers Humors" only two were reprinted by the Author in 1605, viz. "A Comparison of the Life of Man" and "A Remembrance of some English Poets;" *i.e.*, Lines "written at the request of a Gentleman, vnder a

Gentlewoman's Picture;" "An Epitaph vpon the Death of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, Lord-Governour of Vlissing;" "An Epitaph vpon the Death of his Aunt, Mistress Elizabeth Skrymsher," as well as the Sonnet to R. L., and the Ode, were not reprinted. Nor is it difficult to see why the two pieces were exceptionally added, for they fill up a vacant leaf at the end of the new edition of the "Encomion," &c.—a new edition of which alone was the *motif* of the reproduction; for the so-called "many important changes" of Mr. Collier are limited to the changes in praise of King James instead of the former praise of Elizabeth.

4. "As it fell upon a day" is really a lighter versification of the sentiments throughout of the "Encomion," as the hastiest reader will discern.

E. g. of the two. First from the "Encomion" :—

What can thy hart desire, but thou may'st haue it,
 If thou hast readie money to disburse?
 Then thanke thy Fortune; that so freely gaue it;
 For of all friends, the surest is thy purse.
 Friends may proue false, and leaue thee in thy need;
 But still thy Purse will bee thy friend indeed.

Admit thou come, into a place vnknowne;
 And no man knowes, of whome, or what thou art:
 If once thy faire *Pecunia*, shee bee showne,
 Thou art esteem'd a man of great Desart:
 And placèd at the Tabies vpper ende;
 Not for thine owne sake, but thy faithfull frende.

But if you want your Ladies louely grace,
 And haue not wherewithall to pay your shot,
 Your Hostes pressently will step in Place,
 You are a Stranger (Sir) I know you not:
 By trusting Diuers, I am run in Det;
 Therefore of mee, nor meate nor Bed you get.

O who can then, expresse the worthe praise,
Which faire *Pecunia* iustly doeth desarie?
That can the meanest man, to Honor raise ;
And feed the soule, that ready is to starue.
Affection, which was wont to bee so pure,
Against a golden Siege, may not endure.¹

Next for the "Ode" :—

Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,
Thou and I, were both beguilde.
Euerie one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miserie :
Words are easie, like the winde ;
Faithfull friends are hard to finde :
Euerie man will bee thy frend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend :
But if store of Crownes be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

5. Throughout Mr. Collier assumes it as certain that "The Passionate Pilgrim" of 1599 was published by Shakespeare himself, and that therefore it was "our great dramatist" himself who reclaimed the two poems, "If musique and sweet poetry agree," and "As it fell upon a day;" which of course necessitates that he equally claimed as his own the now admitted

¹ Long before Barnfield, Humfrey Gifford, in his "Posie of Gilloflowers" (1580), had said in his fine poem "In the praise of friendship" :—

"But nowadayes desire of worldly pelfe,
With all estates makes friendship very colde :
Few for their friendes, ech shifteth for himselfe :
If in thy purse thou hast good store of golde,
Full many a one, thy friendship will embrace :
Thy wealth once spent, they turne away their face."

pieces of Marlowe and Raleigh, Griffin, and others! This is so absurd, that one admires Mr. Collier was not prevented by it alone from publishing his inference. There is not a tittle of evidence that Shakespeare had any knowledge of Jaggard's volume entitled "The Passionate Pilgrim," and no one of any critical capacity will disagree with Mr. Dyce in his verdict: "*The Passionate Pilgrim* appeared in 1599, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, containing some pieces, which are known not to be his, and others, which it would be difficult to believe that he composed." (Poems of Shakespeare, p. xxxix., ed. 1857.) Earlier he had said, similarly: "The Passionate Pilgrim appears to have been given to the press without his consent or even his knowledge, and how much of it proceeded from his pen cannot be distinctly ascertained." (1832 edition of Poems, p. lxxvii.) Of the "pieces which we know not to be his" Mr. Collier stands alone in contesting that "If musique and sweet poetry agree" and "As it fell upon a day" were his and not Barnfield's.

6. Mr. Charles Edmonds in his Preface to his excellent reprint of the rare Isham copy of "The Passionate Pilgrim" (1599) observes effectively: "Although in that age literary plagiarism was freely practised, it is hardly likely that an author of repute like Barnfield would be so bold as to appropriate the whole of two compositions of peculiar merit written by another; or aggravate a fraud liable to instant detection by such an unequivocal claim to their authorship as he puts forth in his address to Blackleeche; and the improbability is still greater when we consider that the person whom he is accused of robbing was not only the most noted writer of the time, but then actually living, and the object, on the very next page, of his fervent eulogy. And that this good feeling was not interrupted is evidenced by his reprinting the same eulogy in his second impression, which would hardly have been the case had he, years

before, been guilty towards Shakespeare of so unblushing a wrong. Moreover, his disinclination to have the labours of others assigned to him is shown by his disavowal in his earlier production, 'Cynthia,' printed in 1595, of two books imputed to him (probably Greene's 'Funerals,' 1594, and "Orpheus his Journey to Hell," 1595), to which his initials R. B. seem to have been fraudulently affixed. Nor is it the case of an unknown or incapable poet robbing his neighbour of that which he was himself unable to produce, for sufficient poetic talent had been shown in his 'Affectionate Shepheard,' published in 1594, when only twenty-one years old, and his subsequent poems fully sustain this early promise." (pp. xviii. xix.)

7. Mr. Collier—as has been seen—examined Mr. Utterson's reprint of "Cynthia" so hastily, that while he missed the Sonnets he did not miss the relatively long, vivid, and memorable poem of "Nights were short, and daies were long." This it is the more important to emphasize, inasmuch as it is identical in its whole character with "As it fell vpon a day." Besides, internally, rhymes and rhythm and wording of "As it fell vpon a day" agree with this and his other pastoral pieces in England's Helicon.

Thus, 1. Barnfield himself, and not as alleged by Mr. Collier, John Jaggard, published the two poems in question. 2. Barnfield himself expressly states his authorship of them in his "unriper" years. 3. Barnfield himself, by the title-page of the 1605 reprint of the "Encomion" and by the character of the few changes and corrections therein, tacitly reveals that it was in order to address the King he reprinted it—not as caring to reproduce the whole, any more than did Drayton or Daniel or others, in similar new impressions of their poems. 4. "As it fell vpon a day" only repeats sentiments previously given in the "Encomion." 5. Shakespeare

never claimed the two poems; and the materials of the "Passionate Pilgrim" of 1599 are a miscellany from various writers. 6. Barnfield's fine praise of Shakespeare shows he had too high regard for his mighty contemporary to perpetrate such a wrong as to appropriate two of his poems, while his disavowal of other "two books" certifies his conscientiousness. Finally, 7. The two poems are exactly of the same type with his other poems. Thus the outward facts and circumstances and the internal evidence harmonize in utterly and without shadow of hesitation, setting aside Mr. Collier's inference from the "second impression" of 1605.

Besides these broader mistakes and mis-statements there are other errors in Mr. Collier's account; but it does not seem necessary to say more.

With reference to the Ode "As it fell vpon a day" itself, Mr. Collier has made other mistakes about it; *e. g.* because in "England's Helicon" (1600) it appears in a truncated form, viz. ending with the line

Careless of thy sorrowing,

he came to the conclusion that the lines as therein given formed and were intended to form, an independent poem, and that those which follow in Barnfield's own "Poems In diuers Humors" similarly formed, and were meant to form, a second poem. It is plain that the original collector of "England's Helicon" by an oversight stopped short at the bottom of a page when he transcribed his portion, not looking further; and it is also plain that he added the well-known couplet:

Even so, poore bird like thee,
None alive will pittie me.

as feeling the abruptness of the close as he had mutilated it. However good in itself, the couplet is not at all called for when the Ode

is read continuously. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Collier thus writes and re-writes: (a) In his first edition of Shakespeare, 1843, vol. viii. note, pp. 577-8: "Whilst as fickle fortune smiled"—"It is a separate production, both in subject and place, with a division between it and Barnfield's poem, which precedes it; nevertheless, they have been incautiously coupled in some modern editions;" (b) In his second edition, 1858, vol. vi. p. 692, note—after he had changed his opinion that Barnfield was the rightful owner of the first portion: "It is a separate production, both in subject and place, with a slight division (but no heading) between it and the poem which precedes it; nevertheless they have been coupled in some modern editions, most likely because they are found erroneously united in Barnfield's 'Encomion,' 1598."

We cannot agree with Mr. Collier in dividing into two this consummate Ode, or with his emendation in the Sonnet at end of "The Affectionate Shepheard." In line 4 he says, "Surely the last line ought to run 'Nipt with the *frost* of thy *rath* winter dies.'? (Bibl. Account, ii. 166.) But, in order to support his new reading, he alters "Wrath's winter" to "wrath winter," as though it read "wrath." Had it been so there might have been some show of reason, but as it is there surely is none. "Fresh" is=freshet, or the sudden tempestuousness (as in winter) of her wrath. The Author's own text is thus quite correct, viz. "Nipt with the fresh of thy wrath's winter dies."

4. From England's Helicon, 1600. See our Note at p. 196.

5. The Isham MS. See our Note at p. 200.

The Isham MS. seems to us to vary in the dates of its handwriting, but to be all, or nearly all, from one. Yet there are carelessnesses of writing that make one doubt that it was a copyist following a somewhat puzzling original MS. rather than the Author himself. The Lines to Sir John Spenser have the name "Rich. Barnfield" so very neatly executed that it seems no great risk to

pronounce it his autograph. Accordingly it is given in fac-simile beside the monogram in his Will.

It is impossible to say whether the Latin (incomplete) lines on Tarquin and Lucrece are original or extracted. Perchance he sought to celebrate the incident that Shakespeare had just made imperishable. There is a snatch of grace in the wording. "The Shepherdes Confession" so runs parallel with "The Affectionate Shepheard" and other pastoral pieces as to assert its originality. (Cf. the enumerated possible "gifts," II. St. vii.-xvii. &c.) There are regrettable touches in it. The quaint "Laws" (p. 209) of the "order of y^e Snuffe" was intended doubtless as a satire on the ceremonial of contemporary knighthood, which was then a venal honour. The poem of TICHBORNE (p. 210) gives noticeable variations from the common text (as in Dr. Hannah's "Courtly Poets"), while the answer is historically interesting if harder and harsher than at this softened distance we can approve. The Author's patriotic love for the great Queen explains his passionate retort. The lines of a "Wife" (p. 213) are found in several MSS. anonymously; but nowhere it is believed the "Answer." The Sonnet-like verses to Sir John Spenser, (slightly altered,) were prefixed to the 1605 impression of "The Encomion." The poem un-headed, "There is a thinge y^e much is vsd," has a familiar sound; but just now we cannot recall any prior copy of it. The "Epitaphium" is a not very correct copy of Ben Jonson's famous Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy, a child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel (Epigrams, cxx.) The closing Epigram is of the type of Sir John Davies's and Henry Hutton's.

Turning to these Poems of Richard Barnfield as such—not as mere bibliographical rarities—it is unnecessary to detain the Reader very long from them. The characterising element is a sweet breath of "pastoral," as his friend Meres noted. Whether in "The Affectionate Shepheard" or in the Odes "Nights were short" and

“As it fell vpon a day,” or “The Vnknowne Shepheard’s Complaint,” or “The Shepheard’s Sonnet,” or in his more purely ethical verse, or in the “Encomion” and “Legend of Cassandra,” his most spontaneous utterances are of rural sights, and sounds, and scents. It is like to taking a walk along a May-thorn hedged lane, or under a Lime-tree aisle, or couching beside a meadow sloping down to a nut-brown river, to take up the pastoral poems enumerated. The tranquillity of ancient life in this our England in the country comes over one, and very sweet and musical is the breaking of the silence. It were literary sacrilege to quote from any of the Odes. They are to be read and re-read in their dainty and freshening completeness. On so doing the felicity of T. T.’s commendatory designation of our Poet, “*Larke-mounting Muse*” will be felt. There is no little of the Lark’s trill and fine tremulousness in him. How inevitable was his penetrative vision of the outward world of visible things will appear, if in studying these poems heed be taken to incidental descriptions and occasional epithets. Even “The Affectionate Shepheard” has rare *bits* of colour: *e. g.*

Scaree had the Morning Starre hid from the light
Heauen’s crimson canopie with stars bespangled (St. i.)

Night her siluer light had lockt in prison,
Which gaue a glimmering on the christall fountaines.

— the Christall of a Pearle-bright brooke,
 Pauèd with dainty pibbles to the brims. (A. S. St. xxii.)

— dainty Shelters when the Welkin lowers:
 Sweet-smelling Beds of Lillies, and of Roses,
 Which Rosemary banks and Lauender incloses.
 There growes the Gilliflowre, the Mynt, the Dayzie,
 (Both red and white,) the blew-veynd-Violet;
 The purple Hyacinth, the Spyke to please thee,
 The scarlet dyed Carnation bleeding yet. (Ibid. St. xxix-xxx.)

In which delight feeding mine hungry eye. (Cynthia, St. viii.)

Like Pearles ycouched all in shining gold. (Ibid. St. xix.)

Rayning downe pearle from his immortall eies. (Cassandra, p. 106.)

Similarly throughout: in most unexpected places there is flush of transfiguring colour and carol as of a bird. Many of the epithets of these poems have since become trite through repetition; but our Poet was among the earliest to select them. It is then as the "sweet singer" of the two Odes, "Nights were short" and "As it fell vpon a day," and others manifesting the same qualities, that Barnfield is to be remembered in our poetic literature. Who values Daniell's, and Drayton's, and Constable's, and Herrick's fairy and rural poetry must value his Odes and shepherd-verse, alike for their dewy brightness and their idiomatic un-archaic English.

Another element of interest in these poems is his sympathetic allusions to illustrious contemporaries. We have already seen that "The Affectionate Shepheard" is dedicated to the Lady Rich, the "immortal Stella" of Sidney, and that prepares us for his tribute to Sir Philip Sidney. That tribute has been quoted (p. xii.) Its companion-praise of Thomas Watson is as follows. (St. xix.):

And thou, my sweete *Amintas*, vertuous minde,
Should I forget thy Learning or thy Loue,
Well might I be accounted but vnkinde,
Whose pure affection I so oft did proue:
Might my poore Plaints hard stones to pittie moue,
His losse should be lamented of each creature,
So great his Name, so gentle was his Nature.
But sleepe his soule in sweet Elysium

"Amintas" refers to his "*Amyntæ Gaudia*" (1592), and his "Love" as celebrated in his "Teares of Fancie, or Loue Disdained"¹

¹ It is the more important to reclaim 'Amyntas' for Thomas Watson and not Abraham Fraunce, who merely translated (and very badly) Watson, in that Mr. Charles Edmonds, in his Introduction to the Isham "Passionate Pilgrime" (pp. xxiii-iv.), has assigned the tribute to Fraunce. Beyond all doubt this is an error, as the whole allusions prove.

(1593).¹ It is pleasant to have this memorial of personal friendship "often proved" and of Watson's "*gentle* nature." But, passing from these almost accidental celebrations, there are the two Sonnets of "If musique and sweet poetry agree" and "Against the Dispraysers of Poetrie," with their hearty recognition of—not Dowland and Linch and King James merely, but—of the elder Singers, as Chaucer and Gower, Sidney and Gascoigne. Then there is the priceless "A Remembrance of some English Poets," to which DR. INGLEBY has assigned a deserved place in his "Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse" (1874). It must appear here :—

Liue *Spenser* euer, in thy *Fairy Queene* :
Whose like (for deepe Conceit) was neuer scene :
Crownd mayst thou bee, vnto thy more renowne,
(As King of Poets) with a Lawrell Crowne.

And *Daniell*, praised for thy sweet-chast Verse :
Whose Fame is grav'd on *Rosamonds* blaekke Herse.
Still mayst thou liue : and still be honored,
For that rare Workc, *The White Rose and the Red.*

And *Drayton*, whose wel-written Tragedies,
And sweete Epistles, soare thy fame to skies.
Thy learned Name, is æquall with the rest ;
Whose stately Numbers are so well adress.

And *Shakespeare* thou, whose honey-flowing Vaine,
(Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth obtaine.
Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece* (sweete, and chaste)
Thy Name in fames immortall Booke haue plac't.
Liue euer you, at least in Fame liue euer :
Well may the Bodye dye, but Fame dies neuer.

¹ Mr. Arber, like others, overlooked this fuller praise, and noticed only the incidental reference in St. xxxiii.

It is of moment to note two parallels in his other poems with the close of the "Remembrance."

—— Fame and Vertue neuer shall decay :
For Fame is toombles, Virtue liues for aye. (A. S. II. St. xxxvi.)

But Fame and Virtue neuer shall decay,
For Fame is Toomblesse, Virtue liues for aye. (L. of C. St. ix.)

From the "remembrance" of Shakespeare, simply as the "honey-flowing" poet of Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece, the date of this Sonnet must be placed much earlier than its publication (1598).

There are now and again memorable lines and couplets: *e.g.*—

O would to God (so I might haue my fee)
My lips were honey, and thy mouth a Bee. (A. S. I. St. xvi.)

Thus doo I honour thee that loue thee so,
And loue thee so, that so doo honour thee. (A. S. St. xxxix.)

Oh pittie him, that pittie craues so sweetly. (A. S. II. St. iv.)

With Phœnix feathers shall thy face be fand,
Cooling those Cheekes, that being cool'd were red,
Like Lillyes in a bed of Roses shed. (II. St. xvii.)

Oh let me then with Thy sweete lips b' inspired. (*Ibid.* St. xviii.)

Pride looks aloft, *still staring on the starres,*
Humility *looks lowly on the ground.* (II. St. xxxii.)

Humility in misery is relieu'd
But Pride, in neede, of no man is regarded. (*Ibid.* St. xxxiv.)

Thy talke will shew thy fame or els thy shame ;
(A prattling tongue doth often purchase blame.) (*Ibid.* St. lxii.)

Nothing more certaine than incertainties. (A. S. III. St. xi.)

Whose louely Cheeks (with rare vermilion tainted)
Can neuer blush, because their face is painted. (C. of C. St. i.)

A Saint in show, and yet indeed a deuill. (*Ibid.* St. v.)

Besides these there are occasional wise moral saws and counsels such as are found earlier in Thomas Tusser and later in George Herbert: *e.g.*—

Swear no vain oathes ; heare much, but little say ;
Speak ill of no man, tend thine owne affaires,
Bridle thy wrath, thine angrie mood delay ;
(So shall thy minde be seldom cloyd with cares :)
Be milde and gentle in thy speech to all,
Refuse no honest gaine when it doth fall.

Be not beguild with words, proue not vngratefull,
Releue thy neighbour in his greatest need,
Commit no action that to all is hatefull,
Their want with welth, the poore with plentie feed :
Twit no man in the teeth with what th' hast done ;
Remember flesh is fraile, and hatred shunne.

Leaue wicked things, which Men to mischiefe moue,
(Least crosse mis-hap may thee in danger bring,)
Craue no preferment of thy heauenly Ioue,
Nor anie honor of thy earthly King :
Boast not thyselfe before th' Almighty's sight,
(Who knowes thy hart, and anie wicked wight.)
(A. S. II. St. lvi.—lviii.)

It is scarcely probable, yet not impossible, that the "sweet Singer" of Bemerton knew "The Affectionate Shepheard," but sentiment, and form, and rhythm of these and many more that

immediately follow, unite in recalling "The Church Porch," as thus:—

Take not His name, Who made thy mouth, in vain :
 It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse,
 Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain :
 But the cheape swearer through his open sluice
 Lets his soul run for nought, as little fearing :
 Were I an Epicure, I could bate swearing,

Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,
 Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both ;
 Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod ;
 The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
 Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie :
 A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

Sir Philip Sidney might have put this into his "Arcadia," of the shepherd:—

He sits all Day lowd-piping on a Hill,
 The whilst his flocke about him daunce apace,
 His hart with ioy, his eares with Musique fill :
 Anon a bleating Weather beares the Bace,
 A lambe the Treble, and to his disgrace
 Another answers, like a middle Meane,
 Then euery one to beare a Part are faine. (A. S. III. St. xxi.)

And again of the same:—

What though with simple cheere he homely fares,
 He liues content,—a King can doo no more ;
 Nay, not so much, for Kings haue manie cares :
 But he hath none, except it be that sore
 Which yong and old, which vexeth ritch and poore,
 The pangs of loue. O! who can vanquish Loue ?
 That conquers Kingdomes, and the Gods aboue. (Ibid. St. xxxi.)

Robert Burns gave the same opinion in his "A man's a man for a' that," when he asked, "What though on homely fare we dine?"

Altogether it is surely to supply a real *desideratum* thus to collect the Poems of Richard Barnfield, and, without asserting 'great' claims for him, to count on his admission to the glorious company of England's "Makers." I say no more, for in the words of dear old Thomas Fuller, in his dedication of Joseph's Party-coloured Coat (1640),—"First, I account it beneath my calling to speak anything above the truth: secondly, because it is needless. Let deformed faces be beholden to the painter; Art hath nothing to do where Nature hath prevented it."

III. EDITORIAL. Our principle has been—as invariably—to reproduce the text of the Author in absolute integrity. The punctuation especially, but for this, we would have corrected in the text preferably. In the Notes and Illustrations errors of the original are recorded and elucidations given. Thither the Reader is referred for anything else requiring to be said. And so "gentle Reader" look lovingly on the volume put into your hands.

Care not how lowe your praises lye:
In labourers' ballats oft more pyety
God finds than in *Te Deum's* mellodye."¹

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

¹ Donne to Countess of Bedford. Poems in Fuller Worthies' Library, ii. 46.

APPENDIX.

A.

Edgcombe and Edgmond.—(page vi. line 15). From the circumstance that the Barnfields were originally of Devonshire, and from the thoroughly Devonian word 'combe' (in *Edgcombe*), some may be disposed to question the possibility of such a mistake as writing Edgmond for Edgcombe. But that Edgmond, and not the Devon Mount Edgcombe near Plymouth, was intended, appears unquestionably from the ascertained facts that the whole of the marriages of the Barnfield family point to Edgmond in Shropshire, not to Devonshire. Our many entries show that for centuries the Barnfields were settled at Edgmond. Moreover, in the Barnfield pedigree among the Morris MSS. at Eyton Hall the mistake of Edgcombe does not occur, nor in the Salt Library MSS.—G.

B.

I.—BARNFIELD PEDIGREES.

Walter Barnfield. = Grace, d^r to Sir Ralph Pudsey, Knt.*

Walter Barnfield, of Powltesmore, in = Ellen, d^r to Sir Nicholas Etton, of Wildemore, by Margaret, d^r of John Talbot, 2nd Earl of Shrewsbury, and Elizabeth, d^r of James Butler, Earl of Ormond.

James Barnfield. = Anne, d^r to Ward.

Robert Barnfield. = Elinor, d^r to Taylor. 2. William Barnfield. =

Richard Barnfield, of Edgecombe (Edgmond), married 15th April, 1572; living 1619.

1. RICHARD BARNFIELD, wife not known. b. 1574, bapt. June xliii. 1574, d. 1627.

Robert Barnfield. = Wife not known. mentioned in Will as son.

Jane Barnfield, mentioned in Will as "grandchild."

2. Robert = Milburgh, 3rd d^r of John Brook, of Madley, Esq^r. field.

3. John Barnfield.

Anne. Mary.

1. Thomas Barnfield, a ward.

Robert Barnfield.

Robert Barnfield, of Edgecombe (Edgmond), married 15th April, 1572; living 1619.

Robert = Alice, d^r to Aaron Hewatt.

2. Richard = Eliza, d^r to Barnfield.

3. Sonne = Martha, d^r to John of New-shire.

William Barnfield.

Robert Barnfield, of Edgecombe (Edgmond), married 15th April, 1572; living 1619.

1. Joan, uxor Walter Storey.

2. Ellen, uxor John Grosvenor.

3. Anne. = Thomas Booth, Sheriff, Salop.

4. Elizabeth. = Francis Symonds?

John Barnfield, of Newport (1623).

1. Frances. = Calcott.

2. Habel, uxor Fonk Roberts.

3. Jane, o. s. p.

4. Elizabeth. = Thos. Nowell.

John Barnfield, of Newport (1623).

1. Frances. = Calcott.

2. Habel, uxor Fonk Roberts.

3. Jane, o. s. p.

4. Elizabeth. = Thos. Nowell.

William Barnfield, of Newport, 1623.

Elizabeth, d^r of Nicholas Pope, Clerke of y^e Kitchen.

Robert, o. s. p.

Richard, o. s. p.

John, o. s. p.

II.—SKRYMSHER PEDIGREES.

William Skrymsher, of North Ditton, = Alice, d^r of Thomas Witherington, Esq.

Thomas Skrymsher, Prothonotary of the Common Pleas, ob. 1551. =
Purchased Norbury Manor, &c.

James Collier.

John Skrymsher, of Norbury and Aqualate, Sheriff = Dorothy, d^r of Sir John Talbot, K^t ob. 1571.
of Staffordshire 1567, ob. 1570.

Thomas Skrymsher.

Joyce Skrymsher = Robert Collier, mar. 1542.

Jane, bapt. Aug^t 22, 1554.
the mother of the Poet.

Ann = Barber.
Winifred = Coyne.
Isabel = Wolball.
(See text, p. ix.)

3. Richard Skrymsher, of whom nothing is known.

1. Thomas Skrymsher, of Aqualate, ob. 1595.

Alice, 3^d d^r of James Starkey, of Darley Hall, Oulton, co. Chester.

2. James Skrymsher, of Elizabeth Collier, = Margaret, 3^d d^r of John = Eleanor, yst d^r of Norbury Manor, She- buried at Nor- John Hoekenhull, of Prenton, co. Chester.
riff of Staffordshire, bury, Oct. 14, Chester. Second wife, o. s. p.
1608, buried at Nor- 1594; first wife, o. s. p.
bury, July 1st, 1619. o. s. p.

Descendants continuing at Aqualate Hall till 1797.

Seven daughters. See note, p. viii.

John Skrymsher (eldest of 3 sons), whose descendants continued at Norbury till 1774.

* He was of Bolton, co. York, and living in 1452. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Tunstall, of Seargill, knt., and had a son, Sir John, who married Grace, daughter of Lawrence Hammerton, of Hammerton.—G.





I. THE AFFECTIONATE SHEPHEARD.

1594.

NOTE.—The original title-page of “The Affectionate Shepherd,” &c., is given opposite in fac-simile. Our text is from the copy preserved in Sion College Library. A comparison will reveal that, independent of its mutilations, our revision of the “Percy Society” reprint has not been without advantage.—G.

THE AFFECTIONATE SHEPHEARD.

CONTAINING THE COMPLAINT OF DAPHNIS FOR
THE LOUE OF GANYMEDE.

Amor plus mellis, quam fellis, est.

LONDON,

Printed by IOHN DANTER for T. G. and E. N.,
and are to bee sold in Saint Dunstones
Church-yard in Fleetstreet.

1594.



TO THE RIGHT EXCEL-
LENT AND MOST BEAUTIFULL LADY, THE LADIE PENELOPE
RITCH.

FAYRE louely Ladie, whose Angelique eyes
Are Vestall Candles of sweet Beauties Treasure,
Whose speech is able to inchaunt the wise,
Converting Ioy to Paine, and Paine to Pleasure ;
Accept this simple Toy of my Soules Dutie,
Which I present vnto thy matchles Beautie.

And albeit the gift be all too meane,
Too meane an offering for thine ivorie shrine ;
Yet must thy Beautie my iust blame susteane,
Since it is mortall, but thy selfe diuine.
Then (Noble Ladie) take in gentle worth
This new-borne Babe which here my Muse brings forth.

Your Honours most affectionate
and perpetually deuoted Shepheard :
DAPHNIS.



THE TEARES OF AN

AFFECTIONATE SHEPHEARD SICKE

FOR LOUE, OR THE COMPLAINT OF *DAPHNIS* FOR THE LOUE
OF *GANIMEDE*.

I.

Scarce had the morning Starre hid from the light
Heauens crimson Canopie with stars bespangled,
But I began to rue th' vnhappy sight
Of that faire Boy that had my hart intangled;
Cursing the Time, the Place, the sense, the sin;
I came, I saw, I viewd, I slipped in.

II.

If it be sinne to loue a sweet-fac'd Boy,
(Whose amber locks trust vp in golden tramels
Dangle adowne his louely cheekes with ioy,
When pearle and flowers his faire haire enamels)
If it be sinne to loue a louely Lad;
Oh then sinne I, for whom my soule is sad.

III.

His Iuory-white and Alabaster skin
 Is staind throughout with rare Vermillion red,
 Whose twinkling starrie lights doe neuer blin
 To shine on louely Venus (Beauties bed) :

But as the Lillie and the blushing Rose,
 So white and red on him in order growes.

IV.

Vpon a time the Nymphs bestird them-selues
 To trie who could his beautie soonest win :
 But he accounted them but all as Elues,
 Except it were the faire Queene *Guendolen*,
 Her he embrac'd, of her was beloued,
 With plaints he proued, and with teares he moued.

V.

But her an Old-Man had beene sutor too,
 That in his age began to doate againe ;
 Her would he often pray, and often woo,
 When through old age enfeebled was his Braine :
 But she before had lou'd a lustie youth
 That now was dead, the cause of all her ruth.

VI.

And thus it hapned, Death and *Cupid* met
 Vpon a time at swilling *Bacchus* house,
 Where daintie cates vpon the Boord were set,
 And Goblets full of wine to drinke carouse :
 Where Loue and Death did loue the licor so,
 That out they fall and to the fray they goe.

VII.

And hauing both their quiuers at their backe
Fild full of Arrows; Th' one of fatall steele,
The other all of gold; Deaths shaft was black,
But Loues was yellow: Fortune turnd her wheele,
 And from Deaths Quiuer fell a fatall shaft,
 That under *Cupid* by the winde was waft.

VIII.

And at the same time by ill hap there fell
Another Arrow out of *Cupids* Quiuer;
The which was carried by the winde at will,
And vnder Death the amorous shaft did shiner:
 They being parted, Loue tooke vp Deaths dart,
 And Death tooke vp Loues Arrow (for his part).

IX.

Thus as they wandred both about the world,
At last Death met with one of feeble age:
Wherewith he drew a shaft and at him hurld
The vnknowne Arrow; (with a furious rage)
 Thinking to strike him dead with Deaths blacke dart,
 But he (alas), with Loue did wound his hart.

X.

This was the doting foole, this was the man
That lou'd faire *Guendolena*, Queene of Beautie;
Shee cannot shake him off, doo what she can,
For he hath vowd to her his soules last duety:
 Making him trim vpon the holy-daies,
 And crownes his Loue with Garlands made of Baies.

XI.

Now doth he stroke his Beard ; and now (again)

He wipes the driuel from his filthy chin ;

Now offers he a kisse ; but high Disdaine

Will not permit her hart to pity him :

Her hart more hard than Adamant or steele,

Her hart more changeable than Fortunes wheele.

XII.

But leaue we him in loue (vp to the eares)

And tell how Loue behau'd himselfe abroad ;

Who seeing one that mourned still in teares,

(A young man groaning under Loues great Load)

Thinking to ease his Burden, rid his paines :

For men haue grieffe as long as life remains.

XIII.

Alas (the while) that vnawares he drue

The fatall shaft that Death had dropt before ;

By which deceit great harme did then insue,

Stayning his face with blood and filthy goare.

His face, that was to *Guendolen* more deere

Than loue of Lords, or any lordly Peere.

XIV.

This was that faire and beautifull young-man,

Whom *Guendolena* so lamented for ;

This is that Loue whom she doth curse and ban,

Because she doth that dismall chaunce abhor :

And if it were not for his Mothers sake,

Even *Ganimede* himselfe she would forsake.

XV.

Oh would shee would forsake my *Ganimede*,
Whose sugred love is full of sweete delight,
Vpon whose fore-head you may plainly reade
Loues pleasure, grau'd in yuorie Tables bright :
 In whose faire eye-balls you may clearly see
 Base Loue still staind with foule indignitie.

XVI.

Oh would to God he would but pittie mee,
That loue him more than any mortall wight ;
Then he and I with loue would soone agree,
That now cannot abide his Sutors sight.
 O would to God (so I might haue my fee)
 My lips were honey, and thy mouth a Bee.

XVII.

Then shouldst thou sucke my sweete and my faire flower
That now is ripe, and full of honey-berries :
Then would I leade thee to my pleasant Bower
Fild full of Grapes, of Mulberries, and Cherries ;
 Then shouldst thou be my Waspe or else my Bee,
 I would thy hiue, and thou my honey bee.

XVIII.

I would put amber Bracelets on thy wrists,
Crownets of Pearle about thy naked Armes :
And when thou sitst at swilling *Bacchus* feasts
My lips with charmes should saue thee from all harmes :
 And when in sleepe thou tookst thy chiefest Pleasure,
 Mine eyes should gaze upon thine eye-lids Treasure.

XIX.

And euery Morne by dawning of the day,
 When *Phæbus* riseth with a blushing face,
Siluanus Chappel-Clarkes shall chaunt a Lay,
 And play thee hunts-vp in thy resting place :
 My Coote thy Chamber, my bosome thy Bed
 Shall be appointed for thy sleepy head.

XX.

And when it pleaseth thee to walke abroad,
 (Abroad into the fields to take fresh ayre :)
 The Meades with *Floras* treasure should be strowde,
 (The mantled meaddowes, and the fields so fayre,)
 And by a siluer well (with golden sands)
 He sit me downe, and wash thine yuory hands.

XXI.

And in the sweltring heate of summer time,
 I would make Cabinets for thee, (my Loue :)
 Sweet-smelling Arbours made of Eglantine
 Should be thy shrine, and I would be thy Doue.
 Cool Cabinets of fresh greene Laurell boughs
 Should shaddow vs, ore-set with thicke-set Eughes.

XXII.

Or if thou list to bathe thy naked limbs,
 Within the Christall of a Pearle-bright brooke,
 Pauded with dainty pibbles to the brims ;
 Or cleare, wherein thyselfe thy selfe mayst looke ;
 Weele goe to *Ladon*, whose still trickling noyse
 Will lull thee fast asleepe amidst thy ioyes.

XXIII.

Or if thoult goe vnto the Riuer side,
To angle for the sweet fresh-water fish :
Arm'd with thy implements that will abide
(Thy rod, hooke, line) to take a dainty dish ;
 Thy rods shall be of cane, thy lines of silke,
 Thy hooks of siluer, and thy bayts of milke.

XXIV.

Or if thou lou'st to heare sweet Melodie,
Or pipe a Round vpon an Oaten Reede,
Or make thy selfe glad with some myrthfull glee,
Or play them Musicke whilst thy flocke doth feede ;
 To *Pans* owne Pype Ile helpe my louely lad,
 (*Pans* golden Pype) which he of *Syrinx* had.

XXV.

Or if thou dar'st to climbe the highest Trees
For Apples, Cherries, Medlars, Peares, or Plumbs,
Nuts, Walnuts, Filbeards, Chest-nuts, Ceruices,
The hoary Peach, when snowy winter comes ;
 I haue fine Orchards full of mellowed frute,
 Which I will giue thee to obtaine my sute.

XXVI.

Not proud *Alcynous* himselfe can vaunt,
Of goodlier Orchards or of brauer Trees
Than I haue planted ; yet thou wilt not graunt
My simple sute ; but like the honey Bees
 Thou suckst the flowre till all the sweet be gone ;
 And lou'st mee for my Coyne till I haue none.

XXVII.

Leaue *Guendolen*, (sweet hart) though she be faire
 Yet is she light; not light in vertue shining:
 But light in her behaiour, to impaire
 Her honour in her Chastities declining;
 Trust not her teares, for they can wantonnize,
 When teares in pearle are trickling from her eyes.

XXVIII.

If thou wilt come and dwell with me at home;
 My sheep-cote shall be strowd with new greene rushes:
 Weele haunt the trembling Prickets as they rome
 About the fields, along the hauthorne bushes;
 I haue a pie-bald Curre to hunt the Hare,
 So we will liue with daintie Forrest fare.

XXIX.

Nay, more than this, I haue a garden-plot,
 Wherein there wants nor hearbs, nor roots, nor flowers;
 (Flowers to smell, roots to eate, hearbs for the pot,)
 And dainty Shelters when the Welkin lowers:
 Sweet-smelling Beds of Lillies, and of Roses,
 Which Rosemary banks and Lauender incloses.

XXX.

There growes the Gilliflowre, the Mynt, the Dayzie
 (Both red and white,) the blew-veynd-Violet;
 The purple Hyacinth, the Spyke to please thee,
 The scarlet dyde Carnation bleeding yet;
 The Sage, the Sauery, and sweet Margerum,
 Isop, Tyme, & Eyebright, good for the blinde & dumbe.

XXXI.

The Pinke, the Primrose, Cowslip, and Daffadilly,
The Hare-bell blue, the crimson Cullumbine,
Sage, Lettis, Parsley, and the milke-white Lilly,
The Rose and speckled flowre cald Sops-in-wine,
 Fine pretie King-cups, and the yellow Bootes,
 That growes by Riuers and by shallow Brookes.

XXXII.

And manie thousand moe (I cannot name)
Of hearbs and flowers that in gardens grow,
I haue for thee; and Coneyes that be tame,
Young Rabbets, white as Swan, and blacke as Crow,
 Some speckled here and there with daintie spots:
 And more, I haue two mylch and milke-white Goates.

XXXIII.

All these and more Ile giue thee for thy love;
If these and more, may tyce thy loue away:
I haue a pidgeon-house, in it a doue,
Which I loue more than mortall tongue can say:
 And last of all, Ile giue thee a little Lambe
 To play withall, new weaned from her Dam.

XXXIV.

But if thou wilt not pittie my Complaint,
My Teares, nor Vowes, nor Oathes, made to thy beautie:
What shall I doo? but languish, die, or faint,
Since thou dost scorne my Teares, and my Soules Duetie:
 And Teares contemned, Vowes and Oaths must faile;
 And where Teares cannot, nothing can preuaile.

XXXV.

Compare the loue of faire *Queene Guendolin*
 With mine, and thou shalt [s]ee how she doth loue thee :
 I loue thee for thy qualities diuine,
 But shee doth loue another Swaine about thee :
 I loue thee for thy gifts, she for hir pleasure ;
 I for thy Vertue, she for Beauties treasure.

XXXVI.

And alwaies (I am sure) it cannot last,
 But sometime Nature will denie those dimples :
 Instead of Beautie (when thy Blossom's past)
 Thy face will be deformed, full of wrinkles :
 Then She that lou'd thee for thy Beauties sake,
 When Age drawes on, thy loue will soone forsake.

XXXVII.

But that I lou'd thee for thy gifts diuine,
 In the December of thy Beauties waning,
 Will still admire (with ioy) those louely eie,
 That now behold me with their beauties baning :
 Though Ianuarie will neuer come againe,
 Yet Aprill yeres will come in showers of raine.

XXXVIII.

When will my May come, that I may embrace thee ?
 When will the hower be of my soules ioying ?
 Why dost thou seeke in mirth still to disgrace mee ?
 Whose mirth's my health, whose grieffe's my harts annoying :
 Thy bane my bale, thy blisse my blessednes,
 Thy ill my hell, thy weale my welfare is.

XXXIX.

Thus doo I honour thee that loue thee so,
And loue thee so, that so doo honour thee
Much more than anie mortall man doth know,
Or can discern by Loue or Iealozie :
But if that thou disdainst my louing euer ;
Oh happie I, if I had loued never. Finis.

Plus fellis quam mellis Amor.

THE SECOND DAYES LAMENTATION OF THE
AFFECTIONATE SHEPHEARD.

I.

NEXT Morning, when the golden Sunne was risen,
And new had bid good morrow to the Mountaines ;
When Night her siluer light had lockt in prison,
Which gaue a glimmering on the christall fountaines :
Then ended sleepe : and then my cares began,
Eu'n with the vprising of the siluer Swan.

II.

Oh glorious Sunne quoth I (viewing the Sunne),
That lightenst euerie thing but me alone :
Why is my Summer season almost done ?
My Spring-time past, and Ages Autumne gone ?
My Haruest's come, and yet I reapt no corne :
My loue is great, and yet I am forlorne.

III.

Witnes these watrie eyes my sad lament
 (Receauing cisternes of my ceaseles teares),
 Witnes my bleeding hart my soules intent,
 Witnes the weight distressed *Daphnis* beares :
 Sweet Loue, come ease me of thy burthens paine ;
 Or els I die, or else my hart is slaine.

IV.

And thou, Loue-scorning Boy, cruell, vnkinde ;
 Oh let me once againe intreat some pittie :
 May be thou wilt relent thy marble minde,
 And lend thine eares vnto my dolefull Dittie :
 Oh pittie him, that pittie craues so sweetly ;
 Or else thou shalt be neuer named meekly.

V.

If thou wilt loue me, thou shalt be my Boy,
 My sweet Delight, the Comfort of my minde,
 My loue, my doue, my Sollace, and my Ioy ;
 But if I can no grace nor mercie finde,
 Ile goe to *Caucasus* to ease my smart,
 And let a Vulture gnaw upon my hart.

VI.

Yet if thou wilt but show me one kinde looke
 (A small reward for my so great affection),
 Ile graue thy name in Beauties golden Booke,
 And shrowd thee under *Hellicons* protection :
 Making the Muses chaunt thy louely prayse :
 (For they delight in Shepherds lowly layes).

VII.

And when th'art wearie of thy keeping Sheepe
Upon a louely Downe, (to please thy minde,)
Ile giue thee fine ruffe-footed Doues to keepe,
And pretie Pidgeons of another kinde :

A Robbin-redbrest shall thy Minstrell bee,
Chirping thee sweet and pleasant Melodic.

VIII.

Or if thou wilt goe shoote at little Birds,
With bow and boult (the Thrustle-cocke and Sparrow),
Such as our Countrey hedges can afford's;

I haue a fine bowe, and an yuoric arrow :

And if thou misse, yet meate thou shalt [not] lacke,
Ile hang a bag and bottle at thy backe.

IX.

Wilt thou set springes in a frostie Night,
To catch the long-billd Woodcocke and the Snype ?
(By the bright glimmering of the Starrie light)
The Partridge, Phæsant, or the greedie Grype ?

Ile lend thee lyme-twigs, and fine sparrow calls,
Wherewith the Fowler silly Birds inthralls.

X.

Or in a mystie morning if thou wilt
Make pitfalls for the Larke and Pheldifare ;
Thy prop and sweake shall be both ouer-guilt :
With *Cyparissus* selfe thou shalt compare

For gins and wyles, the Oozels to beguile ;
Whilst thou vnder a bush shalt sit and smile.

XI.

Or with Hare-pypes (set in a muset hole)
 Wilt thou deceaue the deep-earth-deluing Coney ?
 Or wilt thou in a yellow Boxen bole,
 Taste with a wooden splent the sweet lythe honey ?
 Clusters of crimson Grapes Ile pull thee downe ;
 And with Vine-leaues make thee a louely Crowne.

XII.

Or wilt thou drinke a cup of new-made Wine
 Froathing at top, mixt with a dish of Creame ;
 And Straw-berries, or Bil-berries in their prime,
 Bath'd in a melting Sugar-Candie streame :
 Bunnell and Perry I haue for thee (alone)
 When Vynes are dead, and all the Grapes are gone.

XIII.

I haue a pleasant noted Nightingale
 (That sings as sweetly as the siluer Swan)
 Kept in a Cage of bone ; as white as whale,
 Which I with singing of *Philemon* wan :
 Her shalt thou haue, and all I haue beside ;
 If thou wilt be my Boy, or els my Bride.

XIV.

Then will I lay out all my Lardarie
 (Of Cheese, of Cracknells, Curds and Clowted-creame)
 Before thy male-content ill-pleasing eye :
 But why doo I of such great follies dreame ?
 Alas, he will not see my simple Coate ;
 For all my speckled Lambe, nor milk-white Goate.

XV.

Against my Birth-day thou shalt be my guest :
Weele have Greene-cheeses and fine Silly-bubs ;
And thou shalt be the chiefe of all my feast.
And I will giue thee two fine pretie Cubs,
 With two yong Whelps, to make thee sport withall,
 A golden Racket, and a Tennis-ball.

XVI.

A guilded Nutmeg, and a race of Ginger,
A silken Girdle, and a drawn-worke Band,
Cuffs for thy wrists, a gold Ring for thy finger,
And sweet Rose-water for thy Lilly-white hand,
 A Purse of silke, bespangd with spots of gold,
 As braue a one as ere thou didst behold.

XVII.

A paire of kniues, a greene Hat and a Feather,
New Gloues to put upon thy milk-white hand
Ile giue thee, for to keep thee from the weather ;
With Phœnix feathers shall thy Face be fand,
 Cooling those Cheekes, that being cool'd wexe red,
 Like Lillyes in a bed of Roses shed.

XVIII.

Why doo thy Corall lips dislaine to kisse,
And sucke that Sweete which manie haue desired ?
That Baulme my Banc, that meanes would mend my misse :
Oh let me then with thy sweete Lips b'inspired ;
 When thy Lips touch my Lips, my Lips will turne
 To Corall too, and, being cold yce, will burne.

XIX.

Why shoulde thy sweete loue-locke hang dangling downe,
 Kissing thy girdle-steed with falling pride ?
 Although thy Skin be white, thy haire is browne :
 Oh let not then thy haire thy beautie hide ;
 Cut off thy Locke, and sell it for gold wier :
 (The purest gold is tryde in hottest fier).

XX.

Faire-long-haire-wearing *Absolon* was kild,
 Because he wore it in a brauerie :
 So that which gracde his Beautie, Beautie spild,
 Making him subiect to vile slauerie,
 In being hangd : a death for him too good,
 That sought his owne shame and his Fathers blood.

XXI.

Againe, we read of old king *Priamus*,
 (The haplesse syre of valiant *Hector* slaine)
 That his haire was so long and odious
 In youth, that in his age it bred his paine :
 For if his haire had not been halfe so long,
 His life had been, and he had had no wrong.

XXII.

For when his stately Citie was destroyd,
 (That Monument of great Antiquitie)
 When his poore hart (with griefe and sorrow cloyd)
 Fled to his Wife (last hope in miserie) ;
 Pyrrhus (more hard than Adamantine rockes)
 Held him and halde him by his aged lockes.

XXIII.

These two examples by the way I show
To proue th'indecencie of mens long haire :
Though I could tell thee of a thousand moe,
Let these suffice for thee (my louely Faire)
Whose eye's my starre ; whose smiling is my Sunne ;
Whose loue did ende before my ioyes begunne.

XXIV.

Fond loue is blinde, and so art thou (my Deare)
For thou seest not my Loue and great desart ;
Blinde Loue is fond, and so thou dost appeare ;
For fond, and blinde, thou greest my greewing hart :
Be thou fond-blinde, blinde-fond, or one, or all ;
Thou art my Loue, and I must be thy thrall.

XXV.

Oh lend thine yuorie fore-head for Loues Booke,
Thine eyes for candles to behold the same ;
That when dim-sighted ones therein shall looke
They may discerne that proud disdainefull Dame ;
Yet claspe that Booke, and shut that Cazement light ;
Lest th'one obscurede, the other shine too bright.

XXVI.

Sell thy sweet breath to th' daintie Musk-ball-makers,
Yet sell it so as thou mayst soone redeeme it :
Let others of thy beauty be pertakers,
Else none but *Daphnis* will so well esteeme it.
For what is Beauty, except it be well knowne ?
And how can it be knowne, except first showne ?

XXVII.

Learne of the Gentlewomen of this Age,
 That set their Beauties to the open view,
 Making Disdaine their Lord, true Loue their Page ;
 A Custome Zeale doth hate, Desert doth rue :
 Learne to looke red, anon waxe pale and wan,
 Making a mocke of Loue, a scorne of man.

XXVIII.

A candle light, and couer'd with a vaile,
 Doth no man good, because it giues no light ;
 So Beauty of her beauty seemes to faile,
 When being not seene it cannot shine so bright :
 Then show thyselfe and know thyselfe withall,
 Lest climing high thou catch too great a fall.

XXIX.

Oh foule eclipser of that fayre sun-shine,
 Which is intituled Beauty in the best ;
 Making that mortall, which is els diuine,
 That staines the fayre which Women 'steeme not least :
 Get thee to Hell againe (from whence thou art)
 And leave the Center of a Woman's hart.

XXX.

Ah be not staind (sweet Boy) with this vilde spot,
 Indulgence Daughter, Mother of Mischaunce ;
 A blemish that doth every beauty blot ;
 That makes them loath'd, but neuer doth aduance
 Her Clyents, fautors, friends ; or them that loue her,
 And hates them most of all, that most reprove her.

XXXI.

Remember Age, and thou canst not be proud,
For age puls downe the pride of euery man ;
In youthfull yeares by Nature tis allowde
To haue selfe-will, doo Nurture what she can ;
Nature and Nurture once together met,
The Soule and shape in decent order set.

XXXII.

Pride looks aloft, still staring on the starres,
Humility looks lowly on the ground ;
Th' one menaceth the Gods with ciuill warres,
The other toyles till he haue Vertue found :
His thoughts are humble, not aspiring hye ;
But Pride looks haughtily with scornefull eye.

XXXIII.

Humillity is clad in modest weedes,
But Pride is braue and glorious to the show ;
Humillity his friends with kindnes feedes,
But Pride his friends (in neede) will neuer know :
Supplying not their wants, but them disdainng ;
Whilst they to pittie neuer neede complayning.

XXXIV.

Humillity in misery is relieu'd,
But Pride in neede of no man is regarded ;
Pitty and Mercy weepe to see him grieu'd
That in distresse had them so well rewarded :
But Pride is scornd, contemnd, disdaind, derided,
Whilst Humblenes of all things is provided.

XXXV.

Oh then be humble, gentle, meeke, and milde ;
 So shalt thou be of euery mouth commended ;
 Be not disdainfull, cruell, proud (sweet childe),
 So shalt thou be of no man much condemned ;
 Care not for them that Vertue doo despise ;
 Vertue is loathde of fooles ; loude of the wise.

XXXVI.

O faire Boy, trust not to thy Beauties wings.
 They cannot carry thee above the Sunne :
 Beauty and wealth are transitory things
 (For all must ende that euer was begunne),
 But Fame and Vertue neuer shall decay :
 For Fame is toombles, Vertue liues for aye.

XXXVII.

The snow is white, and yet the pepper 's blacke,
 The one is bought, the other is contemned :
 Pibbles we haue, but store of Ieat we lacke,
 So white comparde to blacke is much condemned.
 We doo not praise the Swanne because shees white,
 But for she doth in Musique much delite.

XXXVIII.

And yet the siluer-noted nightingale,
 Though she be not so white, is more esteemed ;
 Sturgion is dun of hew, white is the Whale,
 Yet for the daintier Dish the first is deemed :
 What thing is whiter than the milke-bred Lilly ?
 That knowes it not for naught, what man so silly ?

XXXIX.

Yea, what more noysomer vnto the smell
Than Lillies are? What's sweeter then the Sage?
Yet for pure white the Lilly beares the Bell,
Till it be faded through decaying Age.

House-Doues are white, and Oozels Blacke-birds bee;
Yet what a difference in the taste, we see.

XL.

Compare the Cow and Calfe, with Ewe and Lambe;
Rough hayrie Hydes, with softest downy Fell;
Heefar and Bull with Weather and with Ramme,
And you shall see how far they doo excell;
White Kine with blacke, blacke Coney-skins with gray,
Kine, nesh and strong; skins, deare and cheape alway.

XLI.

The whitest siluer is not alwaies best,
Lead, Tynne and Pewter are of base esteeme;
The yellow burnisht gold, that comes from th' East,
And West (of late inuented), may beseeme
The worlds ritch Treasury, or *Mydas* eye;
(The Ritch mans God, poore mans felicitie).

XLII.

Bugle and Ieat, with snow and Alablaster
I will compare: White Dammasin with blacke;
Bullas and wheaton Plumbs (to a good Taster),
The ripe red Cherries haue the sweetest smacke:
When they be greene and young, th' are sowre & naught;
But being ripe, with eagernes th' are baught.

XLIII.

Compare the Wyld cat to the brownish Beaver,
 Running for life, with hounds pursued sore ;
 When Hunts-men of her precious Stones bereaue her
 (Which with her teeth sh' had bitten off before) :
 Restoratiues and costly curious Felts
 Are made of them, and rich imbroydred Belts.

XLIV.

To what use serues a peece of crimbling Chalke ?
 The Agget stone is white, yet good for nothing :
 Fie, fie, I am asham'd to heare thee talke ;
 Be not so much of thine owne Image doating :
 So faire *Narcissus* lost his loue and life.
 (Beautie is often with itselfe at strife.)

XLV.

Right Diamonds are of a russet hieu,
 The brightsome Carbuncles are red to see too,
 The Sapphyre stone is of a watchet blue,
 (To this thou canst not chuse but soone agree to) :
 Pearles are not white but gray, Rubies are red :
 In praise of Blacke what can be better sed ?

XLVI.

For if we doo consider of each mortall thing
 That flyes in welkin, or in waters swims,
 How euerie thing increaseth with the Spring,
 And how the blacker still the brighter dims :
 We cannot chuse, but needs we must confesse,
 Sable excels milk-white in more or lesse.

XLVII.

As for example, in the christall cleare
Of a sweete streame, or pleasant running Riuer,
Where thousand formes of fishes will appeare,
(Whose names to thee I cannot now deliver :)
The blacker still the brighter haue disgrac'd,
For pleasant profit, and delicious taste.

XLVIII.

Salmon and Trout are of a ruddie colour,
Whiting and Dare is of a milk-white hiew :
Nature by them (perhaps) is made the fuller,
Little they nourish, be they old or new :
Carp, Loach, Tench, Eeles (though black & bred in mud),
Delight the tooth with taste, and breed good blud.

XLIX.

Innumerable be the kindes, if I could name them ;
But I a Shepheard and no Fisher am :
Little it skills whether I praise or blame them,
I onely meddle with my Ew and Lamb :
Yet this I say, that blacke the better is,
In birds, beasts, frute, stones, flowres, herbs, mettals, fish.

L.

And last of all, in blacke there doth appeare
Such qualities as not in yvorie ;
Black cannot blush for shame, looke pale for fear,
Scorning to weare another liuorie.
Blacke is the badge of sober Modestie,
The wonted weare of ancient Grauetie.

LI.

The learned Sisters sute themselues in blacke,
 Learning abandons white and lighter hues :
 Pleasure and Pride light colours neuer lacke,
 But true Religion doth such Toyes refuse :
 Vertue and Grauity are sisters growne,
 Since blacke by both, and both by blacke are knowne.

LII.

White is the colour of each paltry Miller,
 White is the Ensigne of each common Woman ;
 White is white Vertues for blacke Vyces Piller,
 White makes proud fooles inferiour vnto no man :
 White, is the White of Body, blacke of Minde
 (Vertue we seldome in white Habit finde).

LIII.

Oh, then be not so proud because th' art fayre,
 Vertue is onely the ritch gift of God :
 Let not selfe-pride thy vertues name impayre,
 Beate not greene youth with sharpe Repentance Rod :
 (A Fiend, a Monster, a mishapen Diuel ;
 Vertues foe, Vyces friend, the roote of euill).

LIV.

Apply thy minde to be a vertuous man,
 Auoyd ill company (the spoyle of youth) ;
 To follow Vertues Lore doo what thou can
 (Whereby great profit vnto the ensuth) :
 Reade Bookes, hate Ignorance (the foe to art,
 The Damme of Errour, Enuy of the hart).

LV.

Serue Jove (vpon thy knees) both day and night,
Adore his Name about all things on Earth ;
So shall thy vowes be gracious in his sight,
So little Babes are blessed in their Birth :
 Thinke on no worldly woe, lament thy sin ;
 (For lesser cease, when greater griefes begin).

LVI.

Swear no vaine oathes ; heare much, but little say ;
Speake ill of no man, tend thine owne affaires,
Bridle thy wrath, thine angrie mood delay ;
(So shall thy minde be seldome cloyd with cares :)
 Be milde and gentle in thy speech to all,
 Refuse no honest gaine when it doth fall.

LVII.

Be not beguild with words, proue not vngratefull,
Relceue thy neighbour in his greatest need,
Commit no action that to all is hatefull,
Their want with welth, the poore with plentie feed :
 Twit no man in the teeth with what th' hast done ;
 Remember flesh is fraile, and hatred shunne.

LVIII.

Leaue wicked things, which Men to mischief moue,
(Least crosse mis-hap may thee in danger bring),
Craue no preferment of thy heauenly Ioue,
Nor anie honor of thy earthly King :
 Boast not thyselfe before th' Almightyes sight,
 (Who knowes thy hart, and anie wicked wight).

LIX.

Be not offensiue to the peoples eye,
 See that thy praiers harts true zeale affords,
 Scorne not a man that's falne in miserie,
 Esteeme no tatling tales, no babling words ;
 That reason is exiled alwaies thinke,
 When as a drunkard rayles amidst his drinke.

LX.

Use not thy louely lips to loathsome lyes,
 By craftie meanes increase no worldly wealth ;
 Striue not with mightie Men (whose fortune flies),
 With temp'rate diet nourish wholesome health :
 Place well thy words, leaue not thy frend for gold ;
 First trie, then trust ; in ventring be not bold.

LXI.

In *Pan* repose thy trust ; extoll his praise,
 (That neuer shall decay, but euer liues) :
 Honor thy parents (to prolong thy dayes),
 Let not thy left hand know what right hand giues :
 From needie men turn not thy face away,
 (Though Charitie be now yelad in clay).

LXII.

Heare Shepherds oft (thereby great wisdome growes),
 With good advice a sober answere make :
 Be not remoou'd with euery winde that blowes,
 (That course doo onely sinfull sinners take).
 Thy talke will shew thy fame or els thy shame ;
 (A pratling tongue doth often purchase blame.)

LXIII.

Obtaine a faithfull frend that will not faile thee,
Think on thy Mother's paine in her child-bearing,
Make no debate, least quickly thou bewaile thee,
Visit the sicke with comfortable chearing :
 Pittie the prisner, helpe the fatherlesse,
 Revenge the Widdowes wrongs in her distresse.

LXIV.

Thinke on thy graue, remember still thy end,
Let not thy winding-sheete be staine with guilt,
Trust not a fained reconciled frend,
More than an open foe (that blood hath spilt),
 (Who tutcheth pitch, with pitch shalbe defiled),
 Be not with wanton companie beguiled.

LXV.

Take not a flattring woman to thy wife,
A shameles creature, full of wanton words,
(Whose bad, thy good ; whose lust will end thy life,
Cutting thy hart with sharpe two-edged knife) :
 Cast not thy minde on her whose lookes allure,
 But she that shines in Truth and Vertue pure.

LXVI.

Praise not thyselfe, let other men commend thee ;
Beare not a flattring tongue to glauer anie,
Let Parents due correction not offend thee :
Rob not thy neighbor, seeke the loue of manie ;
 Hate not to heare good Counsell giuen thee,
 Lay not thy money unto Vsurie.

LXVII.

Restraine thy steps from too much libertie,
 Fulfill not th' enuious mans malitious minde ;
 Embrace thy Wife, live not in lecherie ;
 Content thyselfe with what Fates haue assignde :
 Be rul'd by Reason, Warning dangers saue ;
 True Age is reuerend worship to thy graue.

LXVIII.

Be patient in extreame Aduersitie,
 (Mans chiefest credit growes by dooing well),
 Be not high-minded in Prosperitie ;
 Falshood abhorre, no lying fable tell.
 Giue not thyselfe to Sloth, (the sinke of Shame,
 The moath of Time, the enemy to Fame).

LXIX.

This leare I learned of a Bel-dame Trot,
 (When I was yong and wylde as now thou art) :
 But her good counsell I regarded not,
 I markt it with my eares, not with my hart :
 But now I finde it too-too true (my Sonne),
 When my Age-withered Spring is almost done.

LXX.

Behold my gray head, full of siluer haire,
 My wrinckled skin, deepe furrowes in my face :
 Cares bring Old-Age, Old-Age increaseth cares ;
 My Time is come, and I haue run my race :
 Winter hath snow'd vpon my hoarie head,
 And with my Winter all my ioyes are dead.

LXXI.

And thou loue-hating boy, (whom once I loued),
Farewell, a thousand-thousand times farewell ;
My Teares the Marble Stones, to ruth haue moved ;
My sad Complaints the babling Ecchoes tell :
 And yet thou wouldst take no compassion on mee,
 Scorning that crosse which Loue hath laid vpon mee.

LXXII.

The hardest steele with fier doth mend his misse,
Marble is mollifyde with drops of Raine ;
But thou (more hard than Steele or Marble is)
Doost scorne my Teares, and my true loue disdaine,
 Which for thy sake shall euerlasting bee,
 Wrote in the Annalls of Eternitie.

LXXIII.

By this, the Night, (with darknes ouer-sprede),
Had drawne the curtaines of her cole-blacke bed ;
And *Cynthia*, muffling her face with a clowd,
(Lest all the world of her should be too proud)
 Had taken *conge* of the sable Night,
 (That wanting her cannot be halfe so bright).

LXXIV.

When I poore forlorn man and outcast creature,
(Despairing of my Loue, despise of Beautie)
Grew male-content, scorning his louely feature,
That had disdained my euer zealous dutie :
 I hy'd me homeward by the Moone-shine light ;
 Foreswaring Loue, and all his fond delight.

FINIS.

THE SHEPHERDS CONTENT,
OR
THE HAPPINES OF A HARMLES LIFE.
WRITTEN VPON OCCASION OF THE
FORMER SUBIECT.

I.

Of all the kindes of common Countrey life,
Methinkes a Shepherds life is most Content ;
His State is quiet Peace, deuoyd of strife ;
His thoughts are pure from all impure intent,
His Pleasures rate sits at an easie rent :
 He beares no mallice in his harmles hart,
 Malicious meaning hath in him no part.

II.

He is not troubled with th' afflicted minde,
His cares are onely ouer silly Sheepe ;
He is not vnto Iealozie inclinde,
(Thrice happy Man) he knowes not how to weepe ;
Whilst I the Treble in deepe sorrowes keepe :
 I cannot keepe the Meane ; for why (alas)
 Griefes haue no meane, though I for meane doe passe.

III.

No Briefes nor Semi-Briefes are in my Songs,
Because (alas) my griefe is seldome short ;
My Prick-Song's alwayes full of Largues and Longs,
(Because I neuer can obtaine the Port
Of my desires : Hope is a happie Fort).
 Prick-song (indeed) because it pricks my hart ;
 And Song, because sometimes I ease my smart.

IV.

The mightie Monarch of a royall Realme,
Swaying his Scepter with a Princely pompe,
Of his desires cannot so steare the Healme,
But sometime falls into a deadly dumpe,
When as he heares the shrilly-sounding Trumpe
 Of forren Enemies, or home-bred Foes ;
 His minde of griefe, his hart is full of woes.

V.

Or when bad subiects gainst their Soueraigne
 (Like hollow harts) vnnaturally rebell,
 How carefull is he to suppress againe
 Their desperate forces, and their powers to quell
 With loyall harts, till all (againe) be well :
 When (being subdu'd) his care is rather more
 To keepe them vnder, than it was before.

VI.

Thus is he neuer full of sweete Content,
 But either this or that his ioy debars :
 Now Noble-men gainst Noble-men are bent,
 Now Gentlemen and others fall at iarrs :
 Thus is his Countrey full of ciuill warrs ;
 He still in danger sits, still fearing Death,
 For Traitors seeke to stop their Princes breath.

VII.

The whylst the other hath noemie,
 Without it be the Wolfe and cruell Fates,
 (Which no man spare) : when as his disagree,
 He with his sheephooke knaps them on the pates,
 Schooling his tender Lambs from Wanton gates.
 Beasts are more kinde than Men, Sheepe seeke not blood
 But countrey caytiues kill their Countreyes good.

VIII.

The Courtier he fawn's for his Princes fauour,
In hope to get a Princely ritch Reward ;
His tongue is tipt with honey for to glauer,
Pride deales the Deck, whilst Chance doth choose the Card ;
Then comes another and his Game hath mard ;
 Sitting betwixt him and the morning Sun ;
 Thus Night is come before the Day is done.

IX.

Some Courtiers, carefull of their Princes health,
Attend his Person with all dilligence
Whose hand's their hart ; whose welfare is their wealth,
Whose safe Protection is their sure Defence,
For pure affection, not for hope of pence :
 Such is the faithfull hart, such is the minde,
 Of him that is to Vertue still inclinde.

X.

The skilfull Scholler, and braue man at Armes,
First plies his Booke, last fights for Countries Peace ;
Th' one feares Obliuion, th' other fresh Alarmes :
His paines nere ende, his trauailes neuer cease ;
His with the Day, his with the Night increase :
 He studies how to get eternall Fame,
 The Souldier fights to win a glorious Name.

XI.

The Knight, the Squire, the Gentleman, the Clowne,
 Are full of crosses and calamities ;
 Lest fickle Fortune should begin to frowne,
 And turne their mirth to extreame miseries :
 Nothing more certaine than incertainties ;
 Fortune is full of fresh varietie :
 Constant in nothing but inconstancie.

XII.

The wealthie Merchant that doth crosse the Seas,
 To *Denmarke, Poland, Spaine, and Barbarie,*
 For all his ritches, liues not still at ease ;
 Sometimes he feares ship-spyling Pyracie,
 Another while deceit and treacherie
 Of his owne Factors in a forren Land ;
 Thus doth he still in dread and danger stand.

XIII.

Well is he tearmd a merchant-Venturer,
 Since he doth venter lands, and goods and all :
 When he doth trauell for his Traffique far,
 Little he knowes what fortune may befall,
 Or rather, what mis-fortune happen shall :
 Sometimes he splits his Ship against a rocke ;
 Loosing his men, his goods, his wealth, his stocke.

XIV.

And if he so escape with life away,
He counts himselfe a man most fortunate,
Because the waues their rigorous rage did stay,
(When being within their cruell powers of late,
The Seas did seeme to pittie his estate).

But yet he neuer can recover health,
Because his ioy was drowned with his wealth.

XV.

The painfull Plough-swaine, and the Husband-man,
Rise up each morning by the breake of day,
Taking what toyle and drudging paines they can,
And all is for to get a little stay ;
And yet they cannot put their care away :

When Night is come, their cares begin afresh,
Thinking vpon their Morrowes busines.

XVI.

Thus euerie man is troubled with vnrest,
From rich to poore, from high to low degree :
Therefore I thinke that man is truly blest,
That neither cares for wealth nor pouertie,
But laughs at Fortune, and her foolerie ;
That gives rich Churles great store of golde and fee,
And lets poore Schollers live in miserie.

XVII.

O, fading Branches of decaying Bayes,
 Who now will water your dry-wither'd Armes?
 Or where is he that sung the louely Layes
 Of simple Shepheards in their Countrey-Farmes?
 Ah he is dead, the cause of all our harmes:
 And with him dide my ioy and sweete delight;
 The cleare to Clowdes, the Day is turnd to Night.

XVIII.

SYDNEY, The Syren of this latter Age;
 SYDNEY, The Blasing starre of England's glory;
 SYDNEY, The Wonder of the wise and sage;
 SYDNEY, The Subiect of true Vertues story;
 This Syren, Starre, this Wonder, and this Subiect;
 Is dumbe, dim, gone, and mard by Fortune's Obiect.

XIX.

And thou, my sweete *Amintas*, vertuous minde,
 Should I forget thy Learning or thy Loue,
 Well might I be accounted but vnkinde,
 Whose pure affection I so oft did proue;
 Might my poore Plaints hard stones to pittie moue,
 His losse should be lamented of each Creature,
 So great his Name, so gentle was his Nature.

XX.

But sleepe his soule in sweet Elysium,
(The happy Hauen of eternall rest :)
And let me to my former matter come,
Prouing, by Reason, Shepheard's life is best,
Because he harbours Vertue in his Brest ;
 And is content, (the chiefest thing of all),
 With any fortune that shall him befall.

XXI.

He sits all Day lowd-piping on a Hill,
The whilst his flocke about him daunce apace,
His hart with ioy, his eares with Musique fill :
Anon a bleating Weather beares the Bace,
A lambe the Treble, and to his disgrace
 Another answers like a middle Meane,
 Thus euery one to beare a Part are faine.

XXII.

Like a great King he rules a little Land,
Still making Statutes and ordaying Lawes ;
Which if they breake, he beates them with his Wand :
He doth defend them from the greedy Iawes
Of rau'ning Woolues, and Lyons bloody Pawes.
 His Field, his Realme ; his Subiects are his Sheepe ;
 Which he doth still in due obedience keepe.

XXIII.

First he ordaines by Act of Parlament,
 (Holden by custome in each Country Towne),
 That if a sheepe (with any bad intent)
 Presume to breake the neighbour Hedges downe,
 Or haunt strange Pastures that be not his owne ;
 He shall be pounded for his lustines,
 Vntill his Master finde out some redres.

XXIV.

Also if any proue a Strageller
 From his owne fellowes in a forraine field,
 He shall be taken for a wanderer,
 And forc'd himselfe immediatly to yeeld,
 Or with a wyde-mouth'd Mastiue Curre be kild ;
 And if not claimd within a twelue-month's space,
 He shall remaine with Land-lord of the place.

XXV.

Or if one stray to feede far from the rest,
 He shall be pincht by his swift pye-bald Curre ;
 If any by his fellowes be opprest,
 The wronger, (for he doth all wrong abhorre),
 Shall be well bangd so long as he can sturre.
 Because he did anoy his harmeles Brother,
 That meant not harme to him nor any other.

XXVI.

And last of all, if any wanton Weather,
With briers and brambles teare his fleece in twaine,
He shall be forc'd t' abide cold frosty weather,
And powring showres of ratling stormes of raine,
Till his new fleece begins to grow againe :
 And for his rashnes he is doom'd to goe
 Without a new Coate all the Winter throw.

XXVII.

Thus doth he keepe them still in awfull feare,
And yet allows them liberty inough ;
So deare to him their welfare doth appeare,
That when their fleeces gin to waxen rough,
He combs and trims them with a Rampicke bough,
 Washing them in the streames of siluer *Ladon*,
 To cleanse their skinnes from all corruption.

XXVIII.

Another while he woos his Country Wench,
(With Chaplet crownd and gaudy girlonds dight)
Whose burning Lust her modest eye doth quench,
Standing amazed at her heauenly sight,
(Beauty doth rauish Sense with sweet Delight)
 Clearing *Arcadia* with a smoothed Browe,
 When Sun-bright smiles melt flakes of driuen snowe.

XXIX.

Thus doth he frolicke it each day by day,
 And when Night comes drawes homeward to his Coate,
 Singing a jigge or merry Roundelay,
 (For who sings commonly so merry a Noate,
 As he that cannot chop or change a groate.)
 And in the winter Nights (his chiefe desire)
 He turns a Crabbe or Cracknell in the fire.

XXX.

He leads his Wench a Country Horn-pipe Round,
 About a May-pole on a Holy-day ;
 Kissing his louely Lasse (with Garlands Crownd)
 With whoopping heigh-ho singing Care away ;
 Thus doth he passe the merry month of May,
 And all th' yere after, in delight and ioy ;
 (Scorning a King) he cares for no annoy.

XXXI.

What though with simple cheere he homely fares',
 He liues content, a King can doo no more ;
 Nay, not so much, for Kings haue manie cares :
 But he hath none, except it be that sore
 Which yong and old, which vexeth ritch and poore,
 The pangs of loue. O ! who can vanquish Loue ?
 That conquers Kingdomes, and the Gods aboute.

XXXII.

Deepe-wounding Arrow, hart-consuming Fire ;
Ruler of Reason, slaue to tyrant Beautie ;
Monarch of harts, Fuell of fond desire,
Prentice to Folly, foe to fained Duetie,
Pledge of true Zeale, Affections moitie ;
If thou kilst where thou wilt, and whom it list thee,
(Alas) how can a silly Soule resist thee ?

XXXIII.

By thee great *Collin* lost his libertie,
By thee sweet *Astrophel* forwent his ioy ;
By thee *Amyntas* wept incessantly,
By thee good *Rowland* liu'd in great annoy ;
O cruell, peevisch, vylde, blind-seeing Boy,
How canst thou hit their harts, and yet not see ?
(If thou be blinde, as thou art faind to bee.)

XXXIV.

A Shepherd loues no ill, but onely thee ;
He hath no care, but onely by thy causing :
Why doost thou shoot thy cruell shafts at mee ?
Giue me some respite, some short time of pausing :
Still my sweet Loue with bitter lucke th'art saweing :
Oh, if thou hast a minde to shew thy might ;
Kill mightie Kings, and not a wretched wight.

XXXV.

Yet (O Enthraller of infranchizd harts)
 At my poore hart if thou wilt needs be ayning,
 Doo me this fauour, show me both thy Darts,
 That I may chuse the best for my harts mayming,
 (A free consent is priuiledgd from blaming :)
 Then pierce his hard hart with thy golden Arrow,
 That thou my wrong, that he may rue my sorrow.

XXXVI.

But let mee feele the force of thy lead Pyle,
 What should I doo with loue when I am old ?
 I know not how to flatter, fawne, or smyle ;
 Then stay thy hand, O cruell Bow-man hold :
 For if thou strik'st me with thy dart of gold,
 I sweare to thee (by Ioues immortall curse)
 I haue more in my hart than in my purse.

XXXVII.

The more I weepe, the more he bends his Bow,
 For in my hart a golden Shaft I finde :
 (Cruell, vnkinde) and wilt thou leaue me so ?
 Can no remorse nor pittie moue thy minde ?
 Is Mercie in the Heauens so hard to finde ?
 Oh, then it is no meruaile that on earth
 Of kinde Remorce there is so great a dearth.

XXXVIII.

How happie were a harmles Shepheards life,
If he had neuer knowen what Loue did meane ;
But now fond Loue in euey place is rife,
Staining the purest Soule with spots vncleane,
Making thicke purses, thin : fat bodies, leane :
 Loue is a fiend, a fire, a heauen, a hell,
 Where pleasure, paine, and sad repentance dwell !

XXXIX.

There are so manie *Danaes* now a dayes,
That loue for lucre ; paine for gaine is sold :
No true affection can their fancie please,
Except it be a *Love*, to raine downe gold
Into their laps, which they wyde open hold :
 If *legem pone* comes, he is receau'd,
 When *Vix haud habeo* is of hope bereau'd.

XL.

Thus have I showed in my Countrey vaine
The sweet Content that Shepheards still inioy ;
The mickle pleasure, and the little paine
That euer doth awayte the Shepheards Boy :
His hart is neuer troubled with annoy :
 He is a King, for he commands his Sheepe ;
 He knowes no woe, for he doth seldome weepe.

XLI.

He is a Courtier, for he courts his Loue ;
 He is a Scholler, for he sings sweet Ditties :
 He is a Souldier, for he wounds doth proue ;
 He is the fame of Townes, the shame of Citties ;
 He scornes false Fortune, but true Vertue pitties.
 He is a Gentleman, because his nature
 Is kinde and affable to euerie Creature.

XLII.

Who would not then a simple Shepheard bee,
 Rather than be a mightie Monarch made ?
 Since he inioyes such perfect libertie
 As neuer can decay, nor neuer fade :
 He seldome sits in dolefull Cypresse shade,
 But liues in hope, in ioy, in peace, in blisse :
 Ioying all ioy with this content of his.

XLIII.

But now good-fortune lands my little Boate
 Vpon the shoare of his desired rest ;
 Now I must leaue (awhile) my rurall noate,
 To thinke on him whom my soule loueth best ;
 He that can make the most vnhappie blest :
 In whose sweete lap Ile lay me downe to sleepe,
 And neuer wake till Marble-stones shall weepe.

FINIS.

SONNET.

Loe here behold these tributarie Teares
Paid to thy faire, but cruell tyrant Eyes ;
Loe here the blossome of my youthfull yeares,
Nipt with the fresh of thy Wraths winter, dyes,
Here on Loues Altar I doo offer vp
This burning hart for my Soules sacrifice ;
Here I receaue this deadly-poysned cu[p]
Of *Circe* charm'd ; wherein deepe magicke lyes.
Then Teares (if you be happie Teares indeed),
And Hart (if thou be lodged in his brest),
And Cup (if thou canst helpe despaire with speed) ;
Teares, Hart, and Cup, conjoyne to make me blest :
Teares moue, Hart win, Cup cause, ruth, loue, desire,
In word, in deed, by moane, by zeale, by fire.

FINIS.

THE COMPLAINT
 OF CHASTITIE,
 BRIEFLY TOUCHING THE CAUSE OF THE DEATH
 OF *MATILDA FITZWALTERS*,
 AN ENGLISH LADIE; SOMETIME LO-
 VED OF KING IOHN, AFTER POYSONED. THE STORIE IS
 AT LARGE WRITTEN BY *MICHAEL DREYTON*.

I.

You modest Dames, inricht with Chastitie,
 Maske your bright eyes with *Vestaes* sable vaile,
 Since few are left so faire or chast as shee;
 (Matter for me to weepe, you to bewaile):
 For manie seeming so, of Vertue faile;
 Whose louely Cheeks (with rare vermilion tainted)
 Can neuer blush because their faire is painted.

II.

O faire-foule Tincture, staine of Woman-kinde,
Mother of Mischiefe, Daughter of Deceate,
False traitor to the Soule, blot to the Minde,
Vsurping Tyrant of true Beauties seate,
Right Cousner of the eye, lewd Follies baite,
The flag of filthines, the sinke of shame,
The Diuells dye, dishonour of thy name.

III.

Monster of Art, Bastard of bad Desier,
Il-worshipt Idoll, false Imagerie,
Ensigne of Vice, to thine owne selfe a lier,
Silent Inchaunter, mindes Anatomie,
Sly Bawd to Lust, Pandor to Infamie,
Slaunder of Truth, Truth of Dissimulation ;
Staining our Clymate more than anic Nation.

IV.

What shall I say to thee ? thou seorne of Nature.
Blacke spot of sinne, vylde lure of lecherie ;
Iniurious Blame to euerie fæmale creature,
Wronger of time, Broker of trecherie,
Trap of greene youth, false Womens witcherie,
Hand-maid of pride, high-way to wickednesse ;
Yet path-way to Repentance, nere the lesse.

HELLENS RAPE,

OR

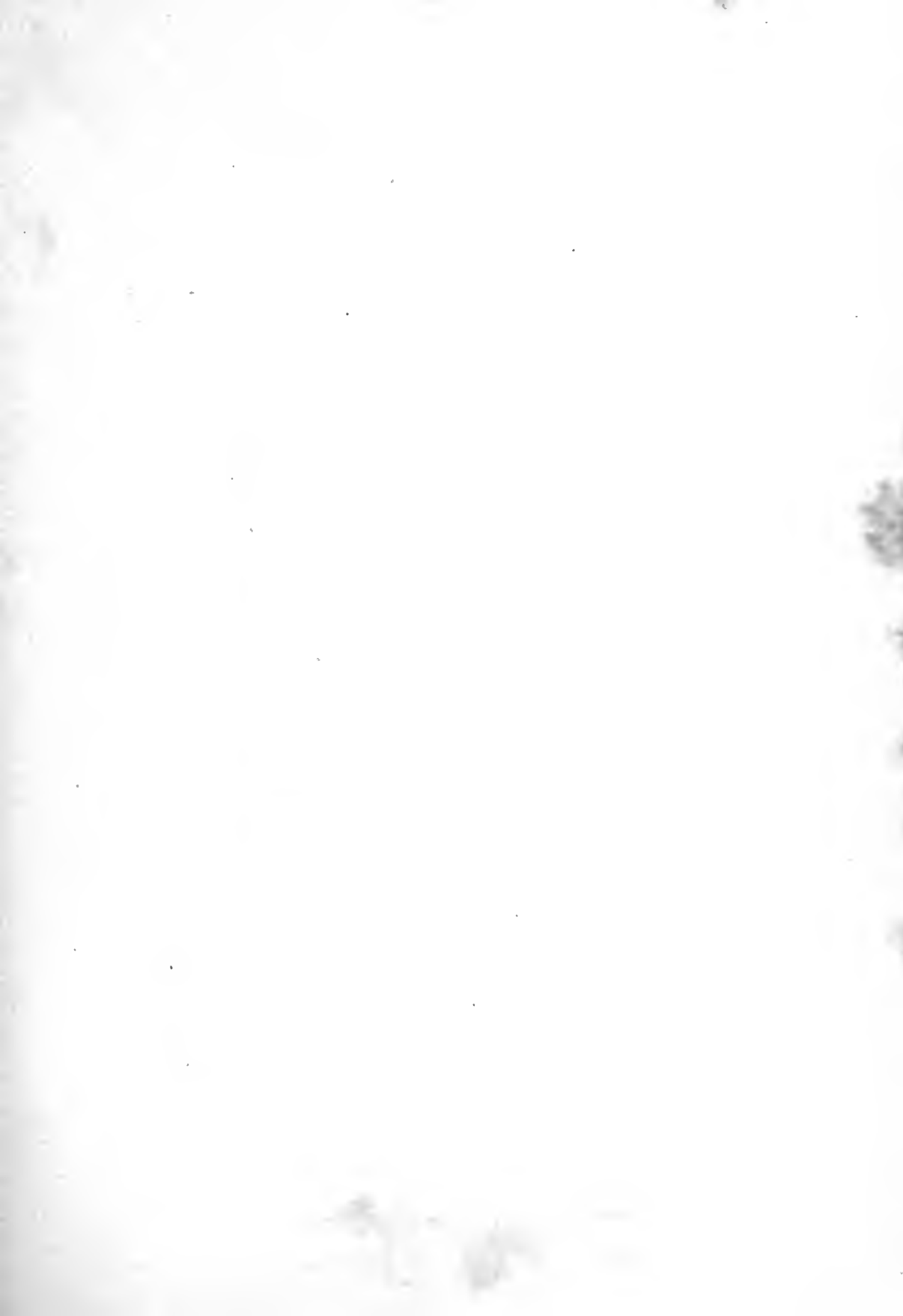
*A Light Lanthorne for Light Ladies.**Written in English Hexameters.*

Louely a Lasse, so loued a Lasse, and (alas) such a louing
 Lasse, for a while (but a while) was none such a sweet bonny Lasse
 As Helen, Mænelaus louing, lou'd, louelie a loue-lasse,
 Till spightfull Fortune from a loue-lasse made her a loue-lesse
 Wife. From a wise woman to a witles wanton abandond,
 When her mate (vnawares) made warres in Peloponessus,
 Adultrous Paris (then a Boy) kept sheepe as a shepheard
 On Ida Mountaine, vnknowne to the King for a Keeper
 Of sheep, on Ida Mountaine, as a Boy, as a shepheard :
 Yet such sheep he kept, and was so seemlie a shepheard,
 Seemlie a Boy, so seemlie a youth, so seemlie a Younker,
 That on Ida was not such a Boy, such a youth, such a Younker.
 Sonne now reconcil'd to the Father, fained a letter
 Sent him by Iupiter (the greatest God in Olympus)
 For to repaire with speede to the brauest Græcian Hauen,
 And to redeeme againe Hesyone latelie reuolted
 From Troy by Ajax, whom she had newly betrothed.
 Well, so well he told his tale to his Aunt Amaryllis

That Amaryllis, (his Aunt,) obtained aid of his aged
 Syre, that he sent him a ship, and made him Capten of Argus.
 Great store went to Greece with lust-bewitched Alexis,
 Telamour, and Tydias : with these he sliceth the salt seas,
 The salt seas slicing, at length he comes to the firme land,
 Firme land, an auntient Iland cald old Lacedæmon.
 Argus (eyefull Earle) when first the ken of a Castle
 He had spide bespake : (to the Mate, to the men, the Mates-men)
 Lo behold of Greece (quoth he) the great Cytadella,
 (Ycleaped Menela) so tearmd of Deliaes Husband :
 Happie Helen, Womens most woonder, beautifull Helen.
 Oh would God (quoth he) with a flattring Tongue he repeated :
 Oh would God (quoth he) that I might deserue to be husband
 To such a happie huswife, to such a beautifull Helen.
 This he spake to intice the minde of a lecherous young man :
 But what spurres need now, for an vntam'd Titt to be trotting :
 Or to add old Oile to the flame, new flaxe to the fier :
 Paris heard him hard, and gaue good eare to his harkening :
 And then his loue to a lust, his lust was turnd to a fier,
 Fire was turnd to a flame, and flame was turnd to a burning
 Brand : and mothers Dreame was then most truelie resolved.
 Well so far th' are come, that now th' are come to the Castle,
 Castle all of stone, yet euery stone was a Castle :
 Euerie foote had a Fort, and euerie Fort had a fountaine,
 Euerie fountaine a spring, and euerie spring had a spurting
 Streame : so strong without, within, so stately a building,
 Neuer afore was seene : If neuer afore Polyphœbe
 Was seene, was to be seene, if nere to be seene was Olympus.
 Flowers were framd of flints, Walls, Rubies, Rafters of Argent :
 Pauements of Chrysolite, Windows contriu'd of a Christall :
 Vessels were of gold, with gold was each thing adorned :
 Golden Webs more worth than a wealthy Souldan of Egypt,
 And her selfe more worth than a wealthy Souldan of Egypt :

And her selfe more worth than all the wealth shee possessed ;
Selfe ? indeede such a selfe, as Thundring Ioue in Olympus,
Though he were father could finde in his hart to be husband.
Embassage ended, to the Queene of faire Lacedæmon ;
(Happie King of a Queene so faire, of a Country so famous)
Embassage ended, a Banquet braue was appointed :
Sweet Repast for a Princee, fine Iunkets fit for a Kings sonne.
Biskets and Carrawayes, Comfets, Tart, Plate, Ielly, Ginge-bread,
Lymons and Medlars : and Dishes moe by a thousand.
First they fell to the feast, and after fall to a Dauncing,
And from a Dance to a Trance, from a Trance they fell to a falling
Either in others armes, and either in armes of another.
Pastime ouer-past, and Banquet duely prepared,
Deuoutly pared : Each one hies home to his owne home,
Saue Lord and Ladie ; Young Lad, but yet such an old Lad,
In such a Ladies lappe, at such a slipperie by-blow,
That in a world so wide, could not be found such a wilie
Lad : in an Age so old, could not be found such an old lad :
Old lad, and bold lad, such a Boy, such a lustie Iuuentus.
Well to their worke they goe, and both they iumble in one Bed :
Worke so well they like, that they still like to be working :
For Aurora mounts before he leaues to be mounting :
And Astrea fades before she faints to be falling :
(Helen a light Huswife, now a lightsome starre in Olympus.)





Cynthia.

VVITH CER-
taine Sonnets, and
the Legend of
Cassandra.

Quod cupio nequeo.



At London,

Printed for Humfrey
Lownes, and are to bee
sold at the VVest doore
of Paulcs. 1595.

II. CYNTHIA, WITH CERTAINE SONNETS AND
THE LEGEND OF CASSANDRA.

1595.

NOTE.—As in “The Affectionate Shepherd,” the original title-page of “Cynthia,” &c., is reproduced in fac-simile opposite. The Beldornie reprint is so much waste paper from its multiplied blunders. The copy from which our text is taken is in the Bodleian.—G.

CYNTHIA.

WITH CER-
TAIN SONNETS, AND
THE LEGEND OF
CASSANDRA.

Quod cupio nequeo.

At London,
Printed for Humfrey
Lownes, and are to bee
sold at the West doore
of Pavles. 1595.

To the Right Honorable, and most noble-minded Lorde, William Stanley, Earle of Darby, &c.

Right Honorable, the dutifull affection I beare to your manie vertues, is cause, that to manifest my loue to your Lordship, I am constrained to shew my simplenes to the world. Many are they that admire your worth, of the which number, I (though the meanest in abilitie, yet with the formost in affection) am one that most desire to serue, and onely to serue your Honour.

Small is the gift, but great is my good-will ; the which, by how much the lesse I am able to expresse it, by so much the more it is infinite. Liue long : and inherit your Predecessors vertues, as you doe their dignitie and estate. This is my wish : the which your honorable excellent giftes doe promise me to obtaine : and whereof these few rude and vnpollished lines, are a true (though an vnderseuing) testimony. If my ability were better, the signes should be greater ; but being as it is, your honour must take me as I am, not as I should be. My yeares being so young, my perfection cannot be great : But howsoeuer it is, yours it is ; and I myselfe am yours ; in all humble seruice, most ready to be commaunded.

Richard Barnefeilde.



To the curteous Gentlemen Readers.

Gentlemen; the last Terme there came forth a little toy of mine, intituled, *The affectionate Shepheard*: In the which, his Country *Content* found such friendly favor, that it hath encouraged me to publish my second fruites. *The affectionate Shepheard* being the first: howsoever undeseruedly (I protest) I haue beene thought (of some) to haue been the authour of two Books heretofore. I neede not to name them, because they are too-well knowne already; nor will I deny them, because they are dislik't; but because they are not mine. This protestation (I hope) will satisfie th' indifferent: and as for them that are maliciously enuious, as I cannot, so I care not to please. Some there were, that did interpret *The affectionate Shepheard*, otherwise then (in truth) I meant, touching the subiect thereof, to wit, the loue of a Shepheard to a boy; a fault, the which I will not excuse, because I neuer made. Onely this, I will vnshadow my conceit: being nothing else, but an imitation of *Virgill*, in the second Eglogue of *Alexis*. In one or two places (in this Booke) I vse the name of *Eliza* pastorally: wherein lest any one should misconster my meaning (as I hope none will) I haue here briefly discouered my harmeles conceipt as concerning that name: whereof once (in a simple Shepherds deuice) I wrot this Epigramme—

One name there is, which name aboue all other
 I most esteeme, as time and place shall proue :
 The one is Vesta, th' other Cupids mother,
 The first my Goddesses is, the last my loue ;
 Subiect to Both I am : to that by birth ;
 To this for beautie ; fairest on the earth.

Thus, hoping you will beare with my rude conceit of *Cynthia*,
 (if for no other cause, yet, for that it is the first imitation of the
 verse of that excellent Poet Maister *Spencer*, in his *Fayrie Queene*),
 I leaue you to the reading of that, which I so much desire may
 breed your Delight.

Richard Barnefeild.

T. T. *in commendation of the Authour, his Worke.*

Whylom that in a shepherds gray coate masked
 (Where masked loue the nonage of his skill),
 Rears new Eagle-winged pen, new tasked,
 To scale the by-clift Muse sole-pleasing hill :
 Dropping sweete Nectar poesie from his quill,
 Admires faire CYNTHIA with his iuory pen,
 Faire CYNTHIA lou'd, fear'd, of Gods and men.

Downe sliding from that cloudes ore-pearing mountaine :
 Decking with double grace the neighbour plaines,
 Drawes chrystall dew, from PEGASE foote-sprung fountain,
 Whose flower-set banks delights, sweet choice containes :
 Nere yet discouerd to the country swaines :
 Heere bud those branches, which adorne his turtle,
 With loue made garlands, of heart-bleeding Mirtle.

Rays'd from the cynders of the thrice-sact towne :
 ILLIONS sooth-telling SYBILLIST appears,
 Eclipsing Phæbvs' loue, with scornfull frowne,
 Whose tragicke end, affords warme-water teares,
 For pittie wanting PACOE, none forbears,
 Such period haps, to beauties price ore-priz'd :
 Where IANVS-faced loue, doth lurke disguiz'd.

Nere waining CYNTHIA yeelds thee triple thanks,
 Whose beames vnborrowed darke the worlds faire eie,
 And as full streames that euer fill their bankes,
 So those rare Sonnets, where wits tipe doth lie,
 With Troian Nymph, doe soare thy fame to skie.
 And those, and these, contend thy Muse to raise
 (Larke mounting Muse) with more then common praise.

TO HIS MISTRESSE.

Bright Starre of Beauty, fairest Faire aliue,
 Rare president of peerelesse chastity ;
 (In whom the Muses and the Graces striue,
 Which shall possesse the chiefest part of thee :)
 Oh let these simple lines accepted bee :
 Which here I offer at thy sacred shrine :
 Sacred, because sweet Beauty is diuine.

And though I cannot please each curious eare,
 With sugred Noates of heauenly Harmonie :
 Yet if my loue shall to thy selfe appeare,
 No other Muse I will inuoke but thee :
 And if thou wilt my faire *Thalia* be,
 Ile sing sweet Hymnes and praises to thy name,
 In that cleare Temple of eternal Fame.

But oh (alas) how can mine infant Muse
 (That neuer heard of *Helicon* before)
 Performe my promise past ; when they refuse
 Poore Shepheards Plaints ; yet will I still adore
 Thy sacred Name, although I write no more :
 Yet hope I shall, if this accepted bee :
 If not, in silence sleepe eternally.

CYNTHIA.

I.

Now was the Welkyn all inuelloped
 With duskie Mantle of the sable Night :
 And CYNTHIA, lifting up her drouping head,
 Blusht at the Beautie of her borrowed light,
 When Sleepe now summon'd euery mortal wight.
 Then loe (me thought) I saw or seem'd to see,
 An heauenly Creature like an Angell bright,
 That in great haste came pacing towards me :
 Was neuer mortall eye beheld so faire a Shee.

II.

Thou lazie man (quoth she) what mak'st thou heere
 (Luld in the lap of Honours Enimie ?)
 I heere commaund thee now for to appeare
 (By vertue of Loues mickle Maiestie)
 In yonder Wood. (Which with her finger shee
 Out-poynting) had no sooner turn'd her face,
 And leauing mee to muze what she should bee,
 Yuanished into some other place :
 But strait (me thought) I saw a rout of heauenlic Race.

III.

Downe in a Dale, hard by a Forrest side,
 (Vnder the shaddow of a loftie Pine)
 Not far from whence a trickling streame did glide,
 Did nature by her secret art combine,
 A pleasant Arbour, of a spreading Vine :
 Wherein Art stroue with nature to compaire,
 That made it rather seeme a thing diuine
 Being scituate all in the open Aire :
 A fairer nere was seene, if any seene so faire.

IV.

There might one see, and yet not see (indeede)
 Fresh *Flora* flourishing in chieftest Prime,
 Arrayed all in gay and gorgeous weede,
 The Primrose, and sweet-smelling Eglantine
 As fitted best beguiling so the time :
 And euer as she went she strewd the place,
 Red-roses mixt with Daffadillies fine,
 For Gods and Goddesses, that in like case
 In this same order sat, with il-beseeming grace.

V.

First, in a royall Chaire of massie gold,
 (Bard all about with plates of burning steele)
 Sat *Iupiter* most glorious to behold,
 And in his hand was placed Fortunes wheele;
 The which he often turn'd, and oft did reele.
 And next to him, in grieffe and gealouzie,
 (If sight may censure what the heart doth feele)
 In sad lament was placed *Mercurie*;
 That dying seem'd to weep, & weeping seem'd to die.

VI.

On th' other side, aboue the other twaine,
 (Delighting as it seem'd to sit alone)
 Sat *Mulciber*; in pride and high disdaine,
 Mounted on high vpon a stately throne,
 And euen with that I heard a deadly grone:
 Muzing at this, & such an vncouth sight,
 (Not knowing what shoulde make that piteous mone)
 I saw three furies, all in Armour dight,
 With euery one a Lampe, and euery one a light.

VII.

I deemed so ; nor was I much deceau'd,
 For poured forth in sensuall Delight,
 There might I see of Sences quite bereau'd
 King *Priams* Sonne, that *Alexander* hight
 (Wrapt in the Mantle of eternall Night),
 And vnder him, awaiting for his fall,
 Sate Shame, here Death, & there sat fel Despight,
 That with their Horrour did his heart appall :
 Thus was his Blisse to Bale, his Hony turn'd to gall.

VIII.

In which delight feeding mine hungry eye,
 Of two great Goddesses a sight I had,
 And after them in wondrous Iollity,
 (As one that inly ioy'd, so was she glad),
 The Queene of Loue full royallie yclad ;
 In glistring golde, and peerelesse precious stone
 There might I spie ; and her Companion bad,
 Proud *Paris*, Nephew to *Laomedon*
 That afterward did cause the Death of many a one.

IX.

By this the formost melting all in teares,
And rayning downe resolued Pearls in showers,
Gan to approach the place of heauenly Pheares,
And with her weeping, watring all their Bowers,
Throwing sweet Odors on those fading flowers,
At length, she them bespake thus mournfullie.
High Ioue (quoth she) and yee Cælestiall powers,
That here in Iudgement sit twixt her and mee,
Now listen (for a while) and iudge with equitie.

X.

Sporting our selues to day, as wee were wont
(I meane, I, *Pallas*, and the Qucene of Loue),
Intending with *Diana* for to hunt,
On *Ida* Mountaine top our skill to proue,
A golden Ball was trindled from aboue,
And on the Rinde was writ this Poesie
PVLCHERIMÆ, for which a while we stroue,
Each saying shee was fairest of the three,
When loe a shepheard Swaine not far away we see.

XI.

I spi'd him first, and spying thus bespake,
 Shall yonder Swaine vnfolde the mysterie ?
 Agreed (quoth *Venus*) and by *Stygian* Lake,
 To whom he giues the ball so shall it bee :
 Nor from his censure will I flie, quoth shee,
 (Poynting to *Pallas*) though I loose the gole.
 Thus euery one yplac'd in her degree,
 The Shepheard comes, whose partial eies gan role,
 And on our beuties look't, and of our beuties stole.

XII.

I promis'd wealth, *Minerua* promised wit,
 (Shee promis'd wit to him that was vnwise,)
 But he (fond foole) had soone refused it,
 And minding to bestow that glorious Prize
 On *Venus*, that with pleasure might suffice
 His greedie minde in loose lasciviousnes :
 Vpon a sudden, wanting goode aduice,
 Holde here (quoth he) this golden Ball possesse,
 Which *Paris* giues to thee for meede of worthines.

Thus

XIII.

Thus haue I shew'd the summe of all my sute,
And as a Plaintiffe heere appeale to thee,
And to the rest. Whose folly I impute
To filthie lust, and partialitie,
That made him iudge amisse: and so doe we
(Quoth *Pallas, Venus,*) nor will I gaine-say,
Although it's mine by right, yet willinglie,
I heere disclaime my title and obey:
When silence being made, *Ioue* thus began to saie.

XIV.

Thou, *Venus*, art my darling, thou my deare
(*Minerua*), shee, my sister and my wife:
So that of all a due respect I beare,
Assign'd as one to end this doubtfull strife
(Touching your forme, your fame, your loue, your life),
Beauty is vaine much like a gloomy light,
And wanting wit is counted but a trife,
Especially when Honour's put to flight:
Thus of a loucly, soone becomes a loathly sight.

Wit

XV.

Wit without wealth is bad, yet counted good,
 Wealth wanting wisdom's worse, yet deem'd as wel,
 From whence (for ay) doth flow, as from a flood,
 A pleasant Poyson, and a heauenly Hell,
 Where mortall men do couet still to dwell.
 Yet one there is to Vertue so inclin'd,
 That as for Maiesty she beares the Bell,
 So in the truth who tries her princelie minde,
 Both Wisdom, Beauty, Wealth, & all in her shall find.

XVI.

In Westerne world amidst the Ocean maine,
 In compleat Vertue shining like the Sunne,
 In great Renowne a maiden Queene doth raigne,
 Whose royall Race, in Ruine first begun,
 Till Heauens bright Lamps dissolue shall nere bee done :
 In whose faire eies Loue linckt with vertues been,
 In euerlasting Peace and Vnion.
 Which sweet Consort in her full well beseeme,
 Of Bounty, and of Beauty fairest Fayrie Queene.

And

XVII.

And to conclude, the gifts in her yfound,
Are all so noble, royall, and so rare,
That more and more in her they doe abound ;
In her most peerelesse Prince without compare,
Endowing still her minde with vertuous care :
That through the world (so wide) the flying fame
(And name that Enuies selfe cannot impaire),
Is blown of this faire Queen, this gorgeous dame,
Fame borrowing al mēs mouths to royalize the same.

XVIII.

And with this sentence *Iupiter* did end,
This is the pricke (quoth he), this is the praies,
To whom, this as a Present I will send,
That shameth *Cynthia* in her siluer Raies,
If so, you three this deed doe not displease.
Then one, and all, and euery one of them,
To her that is the honour of her daies,
A second *Iudith* in *Ierusalem*,
To her we send this Pearle, this Iewell, and this Iem.

Then

XIX.

Then call'd he vp the winged *Mercury*,
 (The mighty Messenger of Gods enrold,)
 And bad him hither hastily to hie ;
 Whō tended by her Nymphes he should behold,
 (Like Pearles ycouched all in shining gold)
 And euen with that, frō pleasant slumbring sleepe,
 (Desiring much these wonders to vnfold)
 I wakening, when *Aurora* gan to peepe,
 Depriu'd so soone of my sweet Dreame, gan almost weepe.

The Conclusion.

Thus, sacred Virgin, Muse of chastic,
 This difference is betwixt the Moone and thee :
 She shines by Night ; but thou by Day do'st shine :
 Shee Monthly changeth ; thou dost nere decline :
 And as the Sunne, to her, doth lend his light,
 So hee, by thee, is onely made so bright :
 Yet neither Sun, nor Moone, thou canst be named,
 Because thy light hath both their beauties shamed :
 Then, since an heauenly Name doth thee befall,
 Thou VIRGO art : (if any Signe at all).

FINIS.

SONNET I.

Sporting at fancie, setting light by loue,
There came a theefe, and stole away my heart
(And therefore robd me of my chiefest part) :
Yet cannot Reason him a felon proue.
For why his beauty (my hearts thiefe) affirmeth,
Piercing no skin (the bodies fensiue wall)
And hauing leaue, and free consent withall,
Himselfe not guilty, whom loue guilty tearmeth,
Conscience the Iudge, twelue Reasons are the Iurie,
They finde mine eies the beutie t' haue let in,
And on this verdict giuen, agreed they bin,
Wherefore, because his beauty did allure yee,
Your Doome is this : in teares still to be drowned,
When his faire forehead with disdain is frowned.

II.

Beauty and Maiesty are falne at ods,
 Th' one claimes his cheeke, the other claimes his chin ;
 Then Vertue comes, and puts her title in.
 (Quoth she) I make him like th' immortall Gods.
 (Quoth Maiestie) I owne his lookes, his Brow,
 His lips (quoth Loue), his eies, his faire is mine.
 And yet (quoth Maiesty) he is not thine,
 I mixe Disdaine with Loue's congealed Snow.
 I, but (quoth Loue) his lockes are mine (by right),
 His stately gate is mine (quoth Maiestie),
 And mine (quoth Vertue) is his Modestie.
 Thus as they striue about the heauenly wight,
 At last the other two to Vertue yeeld
 The lists of Loue, fought in faire Beauties field.

III.

The Stoicks thinke, (and they come neare the truth,)
That vertue is the chiefest good of all,
The Academicks on *Idea* call.
The Epicures in pleasure spend their youth,
The Perrepatetickes iudge felicitie,
To be the chiefest good aboue all other,
One man, thinks this ; & that conceaues another :
So that in one thing very few agree.
Let Stoicks haue their Vertue if they will,
And all the rest their chiefe-supposed good,
Let cruel Martialists delight in blood,
And Mysers ioy their bags with gold to fill :
My chiefest good, my chiefe felicity,
Is to be gazing on my loues faire eie.

IIII.

Two stars there are in one faire firmament
 (Of some intituled *Ganymedes* sweet face),
 Which other stars in brightnes doe disgrace,
 As much as *Po* in clearenes passeth *Trent*.
 Nor are they common natur'd stars; for why,
 These stars whē other shine vaile their pure light,
 And when all other vanish out of sight,
 They adde a glory to the worlds great eie:
 By these two stars my life is only led,
 In them I place my ioy, in them my pleasure,
 Loue's piercing Darts, & Natures precious treasure
 With their sweet foode my fainting soule is fed:
 Then when my sunne is absent from my sight
 How can it chuse (with me) but be darke night?

V.

It is reported of faire *Thetis'* Sonne
 (*Achilles* famous for his chivalry,
 His noble minde and magnanimitie),
 That when the Troian wars were new begun,
 Whos'euer was deepe-wounded with his speare,
 Could neuer be recured of his maime,
 Nor euer after be made whole againe :
 Except with that speares rust he holpen were.
 Euen so it fareth with my fortune now,
 Who being wounded with his piercing eie,
 Must either thereby finde a remedy,
 Or els to be relecu'd I know not how.
 Then if thou hast a minde still to annoy me,
 Kill me with kisses, if thou wilt destroy me.

Sweete

VI.

Sweete Corral lips, where Natures treasure lies,
The balme of blisse, the soueraigne salue of sorrow,
The secret touch of loues heart-burning arrow,
Come quench my thirst or els poor *Daphnis* dies.
One night I dream'd (alas twas but a Dreame)
That I did feele the sweetnes of the same,
Where-with inspir'd, I young againe became,
And from my heart a spring of blood did streame,
But when I wak't, I found it nothing so,
Saue that my limbs (me thought) did waxe more strong.
And I more lusty far, & far more yong.
This gift on him rich Nature did bestow.
Then if in dreaming so, I so did speede,
What should I doe, if I did so indeede ?

VII.

Sweet *Thames* I honour thee, not for thou art
 The chiefest Riuer of the fairest Ile,
 Nor for thou dost admirers eies beguile,
 But for thou hold'st the keeper of my heart,
 For on thy waues (thy Christal-billow'd waues),
 My fairest faire, my siluer Swan is swimming :
 Against the sunne his pruned feathers trimming :
 Whilst *Neptune* his faire feete with water laues,
 Neptune, I feare not thee, nor yet thine eie,
 And yet (alas) *Apollo* lou'd a boy,
 And *Cyparissus* was *Siluanus* ioy.
 No, no, I feare none but faire *Thetis*, I,
 For if she spie my Loue (alas), aie me,
 My mirth is turn'd to extreame miserie.

Sometimes

VIII.

Sometimes I wish that I his pillow were,
So might I steale a kisse, and yet not seene,
So might I gaze upon his sleeping eine,
Although I did it with a panting feare :
But when I well consider how vain my wish is,
Ah foolish Bees (thinke I) that doe not sucke
His lips for hony ; but poore flowers doe plucke
Which haue no sweet in them : when his sole kisses,
Are able to reuiue a dying soule.
Kisse him, but sting him not, for if you doe,
His angry voice your flying will pursue :
But when they heare his tongue, what can controule
Their back-returne ? for then they plaine may see
How hony-combs from his lips dropping bee.

IX.

Diana (on a time) walking the wood,
To sport herselfe, of her faire traine forlorne,
Chaunc't for to pricke her foote against a thorne,
And from thence issu'd out a streame of blood.
No sooner shee was vanisht out of sight,
But loues faire Queen came there away by chāce,
And hauing of this hap a glym'ring glance,
She put the blood into a christall bright ;
When being now comme unto mount *Rhodope*,
With her faire hands she formes a shape of Snow,
And blends it with this blood ; from whence doth grow
A louely creature, brighter than the Day.
And being christned in faire *Paphos* shrine,
She call'd him *Ganymede* : as all diuine.

Thus

X.

Thus was my loue, thus was my *Ganymed*,
 (Heauens ioy, worlds wonder, natures fairest work,
 In whose aspect Hope and Dispaire doe lurke,)

Made of pure blood in whitest snow yshed,
 And for sweet *Venus* only form'd his face,
 And his each member delicately framed,
 And last of all faire *Ganymede* him named.

His limbs (as their Creatrix) her imbrace,
 But as for his pure, spotles, vertuous minde,
 Because it sprung of chaste *Dianaes* blood
 (Goddesse of Maides, directresse of all good),
 It wholly is to chastity inclinde.

And thus it is : as far as I can proue,
 He loues to be beloued, but not to loue.

XI.

Sighing, and sadly sitting by my loue,
He askt the cause of my hearts sorrowing,
Coniuring me by heauens eternall King,
To tell the cause which me so much did moue.
Compell'd: (quoth I) to thee will I confesse,
Loue is the cause; and only loue it is
That doth depriue me of my heauenly blisse,
Loue is the paine that doth my heart oppresse.
And what is she (quoth he) whō thou dos't loue?
Looke in this glasse (quoth I) there shalt thou see
The perfect forme of my felicitie.
When, thinking that it would strāge Magique proue,
He open'd it: and taking off the couer
He straight perceau'd himselfe to be my Louer.

XII.

Some talke of *Ganymede* th' *Idalian* Boy
 And some of faire *Adonis* make their boast,
 Some talke of him whom lovely *Læda* lost,
 And some of *Ecchoes* loue that was so coy.
 They spoke by heere-say, I of perfect truth,
 They partially commend the persons named,
 And for them, sweet *Encomions* haue framed :
 I onely t' him haue sacrific'd my youth.
 As for those wonders of antiquitie,
 And those whom later ages haue inioy'd
 (But ah what hath not cruell death destroide ?
 Death, that enuies this worlds felicitie),
 They were (perhaps) lesse faire then Poets write,
 But he is fairer then I can endite.

XIII.

Speake Eecho, tell; how may I call my loue? *Love.*

But how his Lamps that are so christaline? *Eyne.*

Oh happy starrs that make your heauens diuine:

And happy Iems that admiration moue.

How tearm'st his goldē tresses wau'd with aire? *Haire.*

Oh louely haire of your more-louely Maister,

Image of loue, faire shape of Alablaster,

Why do'st thou driue thy Louer to dispaire?

How dost thou cal the bed wher beuty grōws? *Rose.*

Faire virgine-Rose, whose mayden blossoms couer

The milke-white Lilly, thy imbracing Louer:

Whose kisses make the oft thy red to lose.

And blushing oft for shame, whē he hath kist thee,

He vades away, and thou raing'st where it list thee.

XIIII.

Heere, hold this gloue (this milk-white cheueril gloue)
Not quaintly ouer-wrought with curious knots,
Nor deckt with golden spangs, nor siluer spots;
Yet wholsome for thy hand as thou shalt proue.
Ah no; (sweet boy) place this gloue neere thy heart,
Weare it, and lodge it still within thy brest,
So shalt thou make me (most vnhappy) blest.
So shalt thou rid my paine, and ease my smart:
How can that be (perhaps) thou wilt reply,
A gloue is for the hand not for the heart,
Nor can it well be prou'd by common art,
Nor reasons rule. To this, thus answer I:
If thou from gloue do'st take away the g,
Then gloue is loue: and so I send it thee.

XV.

A[h] fairest *Ganymede*, disdain me not,
 Though silly Sheepeheard I, presume to loue thee,
 Though my harsh songs and Sonnets cannot moue thee,
 Yet to thy beauty is my loue no blot.
Apollo, Ioue, and many Gods beside,
 S' daind not the name of cūtry shepherds swains,
 Nor want we pleasure, though we take some pains,
 We liue contentedly : a thing call'd pride,
 Which so corrupts the Court and euery place
 (Each place I meane where learning is neglected,
 And yet of late, euen learning's selfe's infected),
 I know not what it meanes, in any case :
 Wee onely (when *Molorchus* gins to peepe.)
 Learne for to folde, and to vnfolde our sheepe.

XVI.

Long haue I long'd to see my Loue againe,
 Still haue I wisht, but neuer could obtaine it ;
 Rather than all the world (if I might gaine it)
 Would I desire my loues sweet precious gaine.
 Yet in my soule I see him euerie day,
 See him, and see his still sterne countenance,
 But (ah) what is of long continuance,
 Where Maiestie & Beautie beares the sway ?
 Sometimes, when I imagine that I see him,
 (As loue is full of foolish fantasies)
 Weening to kisse his lips, as my loues fee's,
 I feele but Aire : nothing but Aire to bee him.
 Thus with *Ixion*, kisse I clouds in vaine :
 Thus with *Ixion*, feele I endles paine.

XVII.

Cherry-lipt *Adonis* in his snowie shape,
Might not compare with his pure Iuorie white,
On whose faire front a Poets pen may write,
Whose rosiate red excels the crimson grape,
His loue-enticing delicate soft limbs,
Are rarely fram'd t' intrap poore gazing eies :
His cheekes, the Lillie and Carnation dies,
With louely tincture which *Apolloes* dims.
His lips ripe strawberries in Nectar wet,
His mouth a Hiue, his tongue a hony-combe,
Where Muses (like Bees) make their mansion.
His teeth pure Pearle in blushing Correll set.
Oh how can such a body sinne-procuring,
Be slow to loue, and quicke to hate, enduring ?

XVIII.

Not *Megabætes*, nor *Cleonymus*,
 (Of whom great *Plutarck* makes such mention
 Praising their faire with rare inuention)
 As *Ganymede* were halfe so beauteous.
 They onely pleas'd the eies of two great Kings,
 But all the worlde at my loue stands amazed,
 Nor one that on his Angels face hath gazed,
 But (rauisht with delight) him Presents brings.
 Some weaning Lambs, and some a suckling Kyd,
 Some Nuts, and fil-beards, others Peares & Plums,
 Another with a milk-white Heyfar comes ;
 As lately *Ægons* man (*Damætas*) did ;
 But neither he, nor all the Nymphs beside,
 Can win my *Ganymede*, with them t'abide.

XIX.

Ah no; nor I my selfe : though my pure loue
 (Sweete *Ganymede*) to thee hath still beene pure,
 And euen till my last gaspe shall aie endure,
 Could cuer thy obdurate beuty moue :
 Then cease oh Goddessesonne (for sure thou art,
 A Goddessesonne that canst resist desire)
 Cease thy hard heart, and entertaine loues fire
 Within thy sacred breast : by Natures art.
 And as I loue thee more then any Creature
 (Loue thee, because thy beautie is diuine ;
 Loue thee, because my selfe, my soule is thine :
 Wholie deuoted to thy louelie feature),
 Even so of all the vowels, I and V
 Are dearest vnto me, as doth ensue.

But

XX.

But now my Muse toyld with continuall care,
Begins to faint, and slacke her former pace,
Expecting fauour from that heauenly grace,
That maie (in time) her feeble strength repaire.
Till when (sweete youth) th' essence of my soule,
(Thou that dost sit and sing at my hearts grieve,
Thou that dost send thy shepheard no reliefe :)
Beholde, these lines ; the sonnes of Teares and Dole.
Ah had great *Colin* chiefe of shepheards all,
Or gentle *Rowland*, my professed friend,
Had they thy beautie, or my pennance pend,
Greater had beene thy fame, and lesse my fall :
But since that euerie one cannot be wittie,
Pardon I craue of them, and of thee, pittie.

FINIS.

AN ODE.

Nights were short, and daies were long ;
Blossoms on the Hawthorns hung :
Philomele (Night-Musiques King)
Tolde the comming of the spring.
Whose sweete siluer-sounding voice
Made the little birds reioice :
Skipping light from spray to spray,
Till *Aurora* shew'd the day.
Scarce might one see, when I might see
(For such chaunces sudden bee)
By a well of Marble-stone,
A shepheard lying all alone.
Weepe he did ; and his weeping
Made the fading flowers spring.
Daphnis was his name (I weene)
Youngest Swaine of Summers Queene.
When *Aurora* saw t'was he,
Weepe she did for companie :

Weepe

Weepe she did for her sweete sonne,
That (when antique *Troy* was wonne)
Suffer'd death by lucklesse fate,
Whom she now laments too late :
And each morning (by Cocks crew)
Showers down her siluer dew.
Whose teares (falling from their spring)
Giue moysture to each liuing thing,
That on earth increase and grow,
Through power of their friendlie foe.
Whose effect when *Flora* felt,
Teares, that did her bosome melt,
(For who can resist teares often
But Shee whom no teares can soften ?)
Peering strait aboue the banks,
Shew'd herselfe to giue her thanks.
Wondring thus at Natures worke,
(Wherein many maruailes lurke.)

Me thought I heard a dolefull noise,
Consorted with a mournful voice,
Drawing me to heare more plaine,
Heare I did, vnto my paine,
(For who is not pain'd to heare
Him in grieffe whom heart holdes deare ?)
Silly swaine (with grief ore-gone)
Thus to make his piteous mone.
Loue I did, (alas the while)
Loue I did, but did beguile
My deare loue with louing so,
(Whom as then I did not know.)
Loue I did the fairest boy,
That these fields did ere enioy.
Loue I did, fair *Ganymed* ;
(*Venus* darling, beauties bed ;)
Him I thought the fairest creature ;
Him the quintessence of Nature :

But

But yet (alas) I was deceiu'd,
 (Loue of reason is bereau'd)
 For since then I saw a Lasse,
 (Lasse) that did in beauty passe,
 (Passe) faire *Ganymede* as farre
 As *Phæbus* doth the smallest starre.
 Loue commaunded me to loue,
 Fancy bade me not remoue
 My affection from the swaine
 Whom I neuer could obtaine :
 (For who can obtaine that fauour,
 Which he cannot graunt the crauer ?)
 Loue at last (though loath) preuailde ;
 (Loue) that so my heart assailde ;
 Wounding me with her faire eies,
 (Ah how Loue can subtelize,
 And deuize a thousand shifts,
 How to worke men to his drifts.)

Her it is, for whom I mourne ;
Her, for whom my life I scorne ;
Her, for whom I weepe all day ;
Her, for whom I sigh, and say,
Either She, or els no creature,
Shall enioy my loue : whose feature
Though I neuer can obtaine,
Yet shall my true loue remaine :
Till (my body turn'd to clay)
My poore soule must passe away,
To the heauens ; where (I hope)
It shall finde a resting scope :
Then since I loued thee (alone)
Remember me when I am gone.
Scarce had he these last words spoken,
But me thought his heart was broken ;
With great griefe that did abound,
(Cares and griefe the heart confound)

In whose heart (thus riu'd in three)
ELIZA written I might see :
In characters of crimson blood,
(Whose meaning well I vnderstood)
Which, for my heart might not behold,
I hyed me home my sheep to folde.

FINIS.

CASSANDRA.

Vpon a gorgeous gold embossed bed,
With Tissue curtaines drawne against the sunne,
(Which gazers eies into amazement led,
So curiously the workmanship was done,)
Lay faire *Cassandra* in her snowie smoeke,
Whose lips the Rubies and the pearles did locke.

And from her Iuory front hung dangling downe,
A bush of long and loucly curled haire :
Whose head impalled with a precious Crowne
Of orient Pearle, made her to seeme more faire :
And yet more faire she hardly could be thought
Then Loue & Nature in her face had wrought.

By this, young *Phæbus* rising from the East
Had tane a view of this rare Paragon,
Wherewith he soone his radiant beames adresst,
And with great ioy her (sleeping) gaz'd vpon :
Till at the last, through her light casemêts cleare,
He stole a kisse : and softly called her Deare.

Yet not so softly but (therwith awak't)
 She gins to open her faire chrystall couers,
 Wherewith the wounded God, for terror quakt,
 (Viewing those darts as kill disdained louers :)
 And blushing red to see herselfe so shamed
 He scorns his Coach & his own beauty blamed.

Now with a trice he leaues the azure skies,
 (As whilome *Ioue* did at *Europaes* rape)
 And rauisht with her loue-aluring eies,
 He turns himselfe into a humane shape :
 And that his wish the sooner might ensue,
 He sutes himselfe like one of *Venus* crew.

Vpon his head he wore a Hunter's hat
 Of crimson veluet spangd with starres of gold,
 Which grac'd his louely face; and ouer that
 A siluer hatband ritchly to behold :
 On his left shoulder hung a loose Tyara,
 As whilome vs'd faire *Penthesilea*,

Faire *Penthesilea* th' *Amazonian* Queene,
When she to Troy came with her warlike band,
Of brave Viragoes glorious to be seene ;
Whose manlike force no power might withstand :
 So look't *Apollo* in his louely weedes,
 As he vnto the Troian Damzell speedes.

Not faire *Adonis* in his chiefest pride,
Did seeme more faire, then young *Apollo* seemed,
When he through th' aire inuisibly did glide,
T' obtaine his Loue, which he Angeliike deemed :
 Whom finding in her chamber all alone,
 He thus begins t' expresse his piteous mone.

O Fairest faire, aboue all faires (quoth hee)
If euer Loue obtained Ladies fauour,
Then shew thyselſe compassionate to me,
Whose head surpriz'd with thy diuine behaiour,
 Yeelds myselſe captiue to thy conqu'ring eies :
 O then shew mercy, do not tyrannize.

Scarce had *Apollo* vtter'd these last words
 (Rayning downe pearle from his immortall eies)
 When she for answere, nought but feare affords
 Filling the place with lamentable cries :
 But *Phæbus* fearing much those raging fits,
 With sugred kisses sweetely charm'd her lips.

(And tells her softly in her softer eare)
 That he a God is, and no mortall creature :
 Wherewith abandoning all needlesse feare,
 (A common frailtie of weake womans nature)
 She boldly askes him of his deitie,
 Gracing her question with her wanton eie.

Which charge to him no sooner was assignde,
 But taking faire *Cassandra* by the hand,
 (The true bewraier of his secrete minde)
 He first begins to let her vnderstand,
 That he from *Demogorgon* was descended :
 Father of th' Earth, of Gods & men commended.

The tenor of which tale he now recites,
Closing each period with a ravisht kisse :
Which kindnes, she vnwillingly requites,
Conioyning oft her Corral lips to his :
 Not that she lou'd the loue of any one ;
 But that she meant to cozen him anone.

Hee briefly t' her relates his pedegree :
The sonne of *Ioue*, sole guider of the sunne,
He that slewe *Python* so victoriouslic,
He that the name of wisdomes God hath wonne,
 The God of Musique, and of Poetry :
 Of Phisicke, Learning, and Chirurgery.

All which he eloquently reckons vp,
That she might know how great a God he was :
And being charm'd with *Cupid's* golden cup
He partiallie vnto her praise doth passe,
 Calling her tipe of honour, Queen of beauty :
 To whom all eies owe tributary duety.

I loued one (quoth hee) aie me I lou'd
 As faire a shape as euer nature framed ;
 Had she not been so hard t' haue been remou'd,
 By birth a sea-Nymph ; cruell Daphne named :
 Whom, for shee would not to my will agree,
 The Gods transform'd into a Laurel tree.

Ah therefore be not, (with that word he kist her)
 Be not (quoth he) so proud as Daphne was :
 Ne care thou for the anger of my sister,
 She cannot, nay she shall not hurt my Biss :
 For if she doe I vow (by dreadfull night)
 Neuer againe to lend her of my light.

This said : he sweetly doth imbrace his loue,
 Yoaking his armes about her Iuory necke :
 And calls her wanton *Venus* milk-white Doue,
 Whose ruddie lips the damask roses decke.
 And euer as his tongue compiles her praise,
 Loue daintie Dimples in her cheekes doth raise.

And meaning now to worke her stratagem
Vpon the silly God, that thinkes none ill,
She hugs him in her armes, and kisses him ;
(Th' easlyer to intice him to her will :
 And being not able to maintaine the feeld,
 Thus she begins (or rather seemes) to yeeld.

Woon with thy words, and raiisht with thy beauty,
Loe here *Cassandra* yeelds her selfe to thee,
Requiring nothing for thy vowed duety,
But onely firmnesse, Loue and secrecy :
 Which for that now (euen now) I mean to try thee,
 A boone I craue : which thou canst not deny me.

Scarce were these honywords breath'd from her lips,
But he, supposing that she ment good-faith,
Her filed tongues temptations interceps ;
And (like a Nouice) thus to her he saith :
 Ask what thou wilt, and I will giue it thee :
 Health, wealth, long life, wit, art, or dignitie.

Herewith she blushing red (for shame did adde
 A crimson tincture to her palish hew),
 Seeming in outward semblance passing glad,
 (As one that th' end of her petition knew)
 She makes him sweare by vgly *Acheron*
 That he his promise should performe anew.

Which done; relying on his sacred oath,
 She askes of him the gift of prophecie:
 He (silent) giues consent; though seeming loath
 To graunt so much to fraile mortalitie:
 But since that he his vowes maie not recall,
 He gives to her the s'prite propheticall.

But she no sooner had obtain'd her wish,
 When strait vnpris'ning her lasciuious armes
 From his softe bosom (th' aluary of blisse)
 She chastely counter checks loues hote alarmes:
 And feareing lest his presence might offend her,
 She slips aside; and (absent) doth defend her.

(*Muliere ne credas, ne mortuæ quidem.*)

Looke how a brightsome Planet in the skie
(Spangling the Welkin with a golden spot)
Shootes svddenly from the beholders eie,
And leaves him looking there where she is not :
 Euen so amazed *Phæbus* (to discerie her)
 Lookes all about, but no where can espie her.

Not th' hungry Lyon, hauing lost his pray,
With greater furie runneth through the wood,
(Making no signe of momentarie staie,
Till he haue satisfied himselfe with blood)
 Then angry *Phæbus* mounts into the skie :
 Threatning the world with his hot-burning eie.

Now nimble to his glist'ning Coach he skips,
And churlishlie ascends his loftie chaire,
Yerking his headstrong Iades with yron whips,
Whose fearefull neighing ecchoes through the aire,
 Snorting out fierce Sulphure from theire nosethrils :
 Whose deadly damp the worlds poore people kills.

Then leaue we (for a while) amidst the heauens,
 Wreaking his anger on his sturdie Steedes :
 Whose speedful course the day and night now eeuens,
 (The earth disrobed of her summer weedes)
 And now black-mantled night with her browne vaile,
 Couers each thing that all the world might quaile.

When loe, *Cassandra* lying at her rest,
 (Her rest were restlesse thoughts :) it so befell,
 Her minde with multitude of cares opprest,
 Requir'd some sleepe her passions to expell :
 Which when sad *Morpheus* well did vnderstand
 He clos'd her eie-lids with his leaden hand.

Now sleepeth shee : and as shee sleepes, beholde ;
 Shee seemes to see the God whom late shee wronged
 Standing before her ; whose fierce lookes vnfold,
 His hidden wrath (to whom iust ire belonged)
 Seeing, shee sighs, and sighing quak't for feare,
 To see the shaddow of her shame appeare.

Betwixt amaze and dread as shee thus stands
The fearefull vision drew more neere vnto her,
And pynioning her armes in captiue bands
So sure, that mortall wight may not vndoe her,
 He with a bloody knife (oh cruell part)
 With raging fury stab'd her to the heart.

Heerewith awaking from her slumbring sleepe,
(For feare and care are enemies to rest :)
At such time as *Aurora* gins to peepe
And shew herselfe; far orient in the East;
 Shee heard a voice which said: O wicked woman,
 Why dost thou stil the Gods to vengeance summō.

Thou shalt (indeede) fore-tell of things to come;
And truly too; (for why my vowes are past)
But heare the end of Ioues eternall doome:
Because thy promise did so little last,
 Although thou tell the truth (this gift I giue thee)
 Yet for thy falsehood, no man shall belecue thee.

And (for thy sake) this pennance I impose
 Vpon the remnant of all woman kinde,
 For that they be such truth professed foes ;
 A constant woman shall be hard to finde :
 And that all flesh at my dread name may tremble,
 When they weep most, thē shall they most dissemble.

This said *Apollo* then ; And since that time
 His words haue proued true as Oracles :
 Whose turning thoughts ambitiously doe clime
 To heauens height ; and world with lightnes fills :
 Whose sex are svbject to inconstancie,
 As other creatures are to destinie.

Yet famous *Sabrine* on thy banks doth rest
 The fairest Maide that euer world admired ;
 Whose constant minde, with heauenly gifts possest
 Makes her rare selfe of all the world desired ;
 In whose chaste thoughts no vanitie doth enter ;
 So pure a minde *Endymions* Loue hath lent her.

Queene of my thoughts, but subject of my verse,
(Diuine Eliza) pardon my defect :
Whose artlesse pen so rvdely doth reherse
Thy beauties worth (for want of due respect) ;
Oh pardon thou the follies of my youth ;
Pardon my faith, my loue, my zeale, my truth.

But to *Cassandra* now : who hauing heard
The cruell sentence of the threatning voice ;
At length (too late) begins to waxe affeard,
Lamenting much her unrepentant choice :
And seeing her hard hap without reliefe,
She sheeds salt teares in token of her grieffe.

Which when *Aurora* saw, and saw 'twas shee,
Euen shee herselfe, whose far-renowmed fame,
Made all the world to wonder at her beauty,
It mou'd compassion in this ruthfull Dame :
And thinking on her sonnes sad destinie,
With mournfull teares she beares her companie.

Great was the mone which faire *Cassandra* made :
 Greater the kindnesse which *Aurora* shew'd :
 Whose sorrow with the sunne began to fade :
 And her moist teares on th' earths green grasse bestow'd :
 Kissing the flowers with her siluer dew,
 Whose fading beautie, seem'd her case to rew.

Scarce was the louely Easterne Queene departed,
 From stately *Ilion* (whose proud-reared wals
 Seem'd to controule the cloudes, till *Vulcan* darted
 Against their Towers his burning fier-bals)
 When sweet *Cassandra* (leauing her soft bed)
 In seemely sort her selfe apparelled.

And hearing that her honourable Sire
 (Old princely *Pryamus Troy's* aged King)
 Was gone into *Ioues* Temple, to conspire
 Against the *Greekes*, (whom he to war did bring)
 Shee, (like a Furie), in a bedlam rage,
 Runs gadding thither, his fell wrath t' asswage.

But not preuailing : truely she fore-tolde
The fall of *Troy* (with bold erected face) :
They count her hare-brain'd, mad, and ouer-bold,
To presse in presence in so graue a place :
 But in meane season *Paris* he is gone,
 To bring destruction on faire *Ilion*.

What, ten-yeeres sledge by force could not subuert.
That, two false traitors in one night destroi'd :
Who richly guerdon'd for their bad desert,
Was of *Aeneas* but small time inioi'd :
 Who, for concealement of *Achilles* loue,
 Was banished, from *Ilion* to remoue.

King *Pryam* dead and all the Troians slaine ;
(The sonnes, his friends and deere confederates,)
And lots now east for captiues that remaine,
(Whom Death hath spared for more cruell fates)
 Cassandra then to *Agamemnon* fell,
 With whom a Lemman she disdain'd to dwell.

She, weepes ; he, wooes ; he, would, but she would not :
 He, tell's his birth ; Shee, pleades virginitie :
 He saith, selfe-pride doth rarest beauty blot :
 (And with that word he kist her louingly :)
 Shee, yeeldingly resists ; he faines to die :
 Shee, fall's for feare ; he, on her feareleslie.

But this braue generall of all the *Greekes*
 Was quickly foyled at a womans hands,
 For whoso rashly such incounters seekes,
 Of hard mis-hap in danger euer stands :
 Onely chaste thoughts, and vertuous abstinence,
 Gainst such sweet poyson is the sur'st defence.

But who can shun the force of beauties blow ?
 Who is not rauisht with a louely looke ?
 Grae'd with a wanton eie (the hearts dumb show)
 Such fish are taken with a siluer hooke :
 And when true loue cannot these pearls obtaine
 Vnguentum Album is the only meane.

Farre be it from my thought (diuineſt Maid)
To haue relation to thy heauenly hew,
(In whose ſweete voice the Muses are imbaid)
No pen can paint thy commendations due :
 Saue only that pen, which no pen can be,
 An Angels quill, to make a pen for thee.

But to returne to these vnhappie Louers,
(Sleeping ſecurely in each others armes)
Whose ſugred ioies nights ſable mantle couers,
Little regarding their enſuing harmes ;
 Which afterward they iointlie both repented :
“ Fate is fore-ſeene, but neuer is preuented.

Which ſaying to be true, this luckleſſe Dame
Approued in the ſequele of her ſtory :
Now waxing pale, now bluſhing red (for ſhame),
She ſeales her lips with ſilence (women's glory)
 Till *Agamemnon* vrging her replies,
 Thus of his death ſhe truely prophecies.

The day shall come (quoth she) O dismall daie ?
 When thou by false *Ægistus* shall be slaine :
 Heere could she tell no more ; but made a stay.
 (From further speech as willing to refraine) :
 Not knowing then, nor little did she thinke,
 That she with him of that same cup must drinke.

But what ? (fond man) he laughs her skil to scorne,
 And iesteth at her diuination :
 Ah to what vnbeliefe are Princes borne ?
 (The onely ouer-throw of many a Nation) :
 And so it did befall this lucklesse Prince,
 Whom all the world hath much lamented since.

Insteede of teares, he smileth at her tale :
 Insteede of griefe, he makes great show of gladnes :
 But after blisse, there euer followes bale ;
 And after mirth, there alwaies commeth sadnes :
 But gladnesse, blisse, and mirth had so possest him,
 That sadnes, bale, & griefe could not molest him.

Oh cruell *Parcæ* (quoth Cassandra then)
Why are you *Parcæ*, yet not mou'd with praier ?
Oh small security of mortall men,
That live on earth, and breath this vitall aire :
 When we laugh most, then are we next to sorrow :
 The Birds feede vs to day, we them to morrow.

But if the first did little moue his minde,
Her later speeches lesse with him preuailed ;
Who beinge wholly to selfe-will inclinde,
Deemes her weake braine with lunacy assailed :
 And still the more shee counsels him to stay,
 The more he striueth to make haste away.

How on the Seas he scap'd stormes, rocks & sholes,
(Seas that enuide the conquest he had wone,
Gaping like hell to swallow Greekish soules,
I heere omit ; onely suppose it done :
 His storm-tyrde Barke safely brings him to shore,
 His whole Fleete els, is suncke or lost before.

Lift vp thy head, thou ashie-cyndred *Troy*,
 See the commander of thy traitor foes,
 That made thy last nights woe, his first daies ioie,
 Now gins his night of ioy and daie of woes :
 His fall be thy delight, thine was his pride :
 As he thee then, so now thou him deride.

He and *Cassandra* now are set on shore,
 Which he salutes with ioy, she greetes with teares,
 Currors are sent that poast to Court before,
 Whose tidings fill th' adultrous Queene with feares,
 Who with *Ægistus* in a lust staind bed,
 Herselfe, her King, her State dishonored.

She wakes the lecher with a loud-strain'd shriek,
 Loue-toies they leaue, now doth lament begin :
 Ile flie (quoth he) but she doth that mislike,
 Gvilt vnto gvilt, and sinne she ads to sinne ;
 She meanes to kill (immodest loue to couer)
 A kingly husband, for a caytiue louer.

The peoples ioies conceiued at his returne,
Their thronging multitudes : their gladsome cries,
Their gleefull hymnes, whiles piles of incense burne :
Their publique shewes, kept at solemnities :
 We passe : and tell how King and Queene did meet,
 Where he with zeale, she him with guile did greet.

He (noble Lord) fearelesse of hidden treason,
Sweetely salutes this weeping Crocodile :
Excusing euery cause with instant reason
That kept him from her sight so long a while :
 She faintly pardons him ; smiling by Art,
 (For life was in her lookes, death in her hart).

For pledge that I am pleas'd receiue (quoth shee)
This rich wrought robe, thy *Clytemnestras* toile :
Her ten yeeres worke this day shal honour thee,
For ten yeeres war, and one daies glorious spoile,
 Whilst thou contendedst there, I heere did this :
 Weare it my loue, my life, my ioy, my blisse.

Scarce had the Syren said, what I haue writ,
 But he (kind Prince) by her milde words misled,
 Receiu'd the robe, to trie if it were fit ;
 (The robe) that had no issue for his head :
 Which, whilst he vainly hoped to haue found,
 Ægistus pierst him with a mortal wound.

Oh how the *Troyan* Damzell was amazed
 To see so fell and bloody a Tragedie,
 Performed in one Act ; she naught but gazed,
 Vpon the picture ; whom shee dead did see ;
 Before her face : whose body she emballms,
 With brennish teares, and sudden deadly qualms.

Faine would she haue fled backe on her swift horse
 But *Clytemnestra* bad her be content,
 Her time was com'n : now bootlesse vsd she force,
 Against so many ; whom this Tygresse sent
 To apprehend her : who (within one hower
 Brought backe againe) was lockt within a Tower.

Now is she ioylesse, friendlesse, and (in fine)
Without all hope of further libertie :
Instead of cates, cold water was her wine,
And *Agamemnons* cups her meate must be,
Or els she must for hunger starue (poore sole)
What could she do but make great mone & dole.

So darke the dungeon was, wherein she was,
That neither Sunne (by day) nor Mone (by night)
Did shew themselues ; and thus it came to passe.
The Sunne denide to lend his glorious light
To such a periur'd wight, or to be scene ;
(What neede shee light, that ouer-light had bin ?)

Now silent night drew on ; when all things sleepe,
Saue theeues, and cares ; and now stil mid-night came :
When sad *Cassandra* did nought els but weepe ;
Oft calling on her *Agamemnons* name.
But seeing that the dead did not replie,
Thus she begins to mourne, lament and crie.

Oh cruell Fortune (mother of despaire,)
 Well art thou christen'd with a cruell name :
 Since thou regardest not the wise, or faire,
 But do'st bestow thy riches (to thy shame)
 On fooles & lowly swaines, that care not for thee :
 And yet I weepe, and yet thou dost abhorre me.

Fie on ambition, fie on filthy pride,
 The roote of ill, the cause of all my woe :
 On whose fraile yce my youth first slipt aside,
 And falling downe receiu'd a fatall blow.
 Ah who hath liu'd to see such miserie
 As I haue done, and yet I cannot die ?

I liu'd (quoth she) to see *Troy* set a fire :
 I liu'd to see renowned *Hector* slaine :
 I liu'd to see the shame of my desire :
 And yet I liue to feele my grieuovs paine ;
 Let all young maides example take by me,
 To keepe their oathes, and spotlesse chastity.

Happy are they, that neuer liu'd to know
What 'tis to liue in this world happily :
Happy are they which neuer yet felt woe :
Happy are they, that die in infancie :
 Whose sins are cancell'd in their mothers wombe :
 Whose cradle is their graue, whose lap their tomb.

Heere ended shee ; & then her teares began,
That (Chorus-like) at euery word downe rain'd.
Which like a paire of christall fountaines ran,
Along her louely cheekes : with roses stained :
 Which as they wither still (for want of raine)
 Those siluer showers water them againe.

Now had the poore-mans clock (shrill chauntycleare)
Twice giuen notice of the Mornes approach,
(That then began in glorie to appeare,
Drawne in her stately colour'd saffron-coach)
 When shee (poore Lady) almost turn'd to teares,
 Began to teare and rend her golden haire.

Lie there (quoth she) the workers of my woes ;
 You trifling toies, which my liues staine haue bin :
 You by whose meanes our coines chiefly growes,
 Clothing the backe with pride, the soule with sin :
 Lie there (quoth shee) the causers of my care ;
 This said, her robes, she all in peices tare.

Herewith, as weary of her wretched life,
 (Which shee inioy'd with small fælicitie)
 She ends her fortune with a fatall knife ;
 (First day of ioy, last day of miserie :)
 Then why is death accounted Nature's foe,
 Since death (indeed) is but the end of woe ?

For as by death her bodie was released
 From that strong prison made of lime & stone ;
 Euen so by death her purest soule was eased,
 From bodies prison, and from endlesse mone :
 Where now shee walkes in sweete *Elysium*
 (The place for wrongfull Death and Martirdum.)

FINIS.

- IV. (A) THE ENCOMION OF LADY PECUNIA.
- (B) THE COMPLAINT OF POETRIE FOR THE DEATH OF
LIBERALITIE.
- (C) THE COMBAT BETWEENE CONSCIENCE AND COUETOUS-
NESSE IN THE MINDE OF MAN.
- (D) POEMS IN DIVERS HUMORS.

1598-1605.

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NOTE.—Besides the fac-similes of the original title-pages of the *Encomion of Lady Pecunia, &c.* (1598) there precede it (in print) the title-page of the new edition of 1605. Mr. Collier has reprinted both—the latter a superfluity, as the additions are of no extent. In the places these additions are added, and also the few *varie lectiones*. Mr. Collier imagined that the Bridgewater copy of the 1605 edition was *unique*, but there is a second in the Bodleian. See our Introduction on Mr. Collier's mistaken withdrawal of Barnefield's charming Ode from him to Shakespeare; also the Isham MS., at close of this volume, for the sonnet-dedicatory with a gift-copy of "Lady Pecunia," which is found (without the name of Spencer) in 1605 edition.—G.



The Encomion of Lady Pecunia:
OR
The praise of Money.

— *quærenda pecunia primum est,*
Virtus post nummos. Horacc.

By *Richard Barnfeild*, Graduate in Oxford.



LONDON,

Printed by G.S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
be folde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.

LADY PECUNIA,
OR
THE PRAISE OF MONEY.

ALSO

A COMBAT BETWIXT CONSCIENCE
AND COUETOUSNESSE.

TOGETHER WITH,

**The Complaint of Poetry for the Death
of Liberality.**

NEWLY CORRECTED AND ENLARGED BY RICHARD BARNFIELD,
GRADUATE IN OXFORD.



Printed by W. I., and are to be sold by John
Hodgets, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, a
little beneath Paules Schoole. 1605.

THE AUTHOR'S VERSE-EPISTLE-DEDICATORY (1605).

Led by the swift report of winged Fame,
With silver trumpet sounding forth your name,
To you I dedicate this merry Muse,
And for my patron I your fauour chuse :
She is a lady, she must be respected ;
She is a queene, she may not be neglected.
This is the shadow, you the substance have,
Which substance now this shadow seems to crave.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

THE ENCOMION OF LADY PECUNIA :

OR

THE PRAISE OF MONEY.

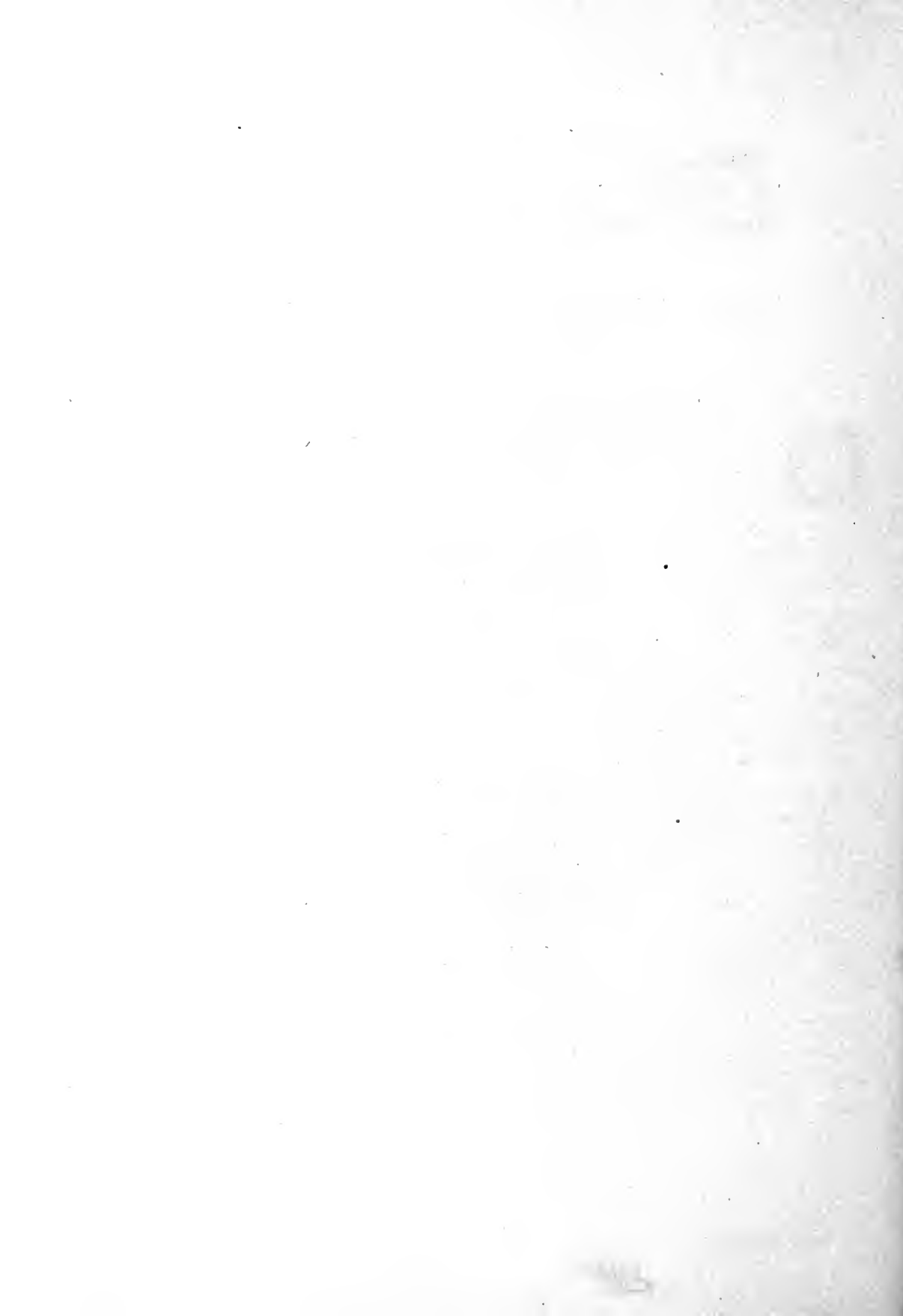
quærenda pecunia primum est,
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BY *RICHARD BARNFIELD*, GRADUATE IN *OXFORD*.

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Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.





TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

GENTLEMEN, being incouraged through your gentle acceptance of my *Cynthia*, I haue once more aduentured on your Curtesies: hoping to finde you (as I haue done heretofore) friendly. Being determined to write of somthing, & yet not resolued of any thing, I considered with my selfe, if one should write of Loue (they will say) why, euery one writes of Loue: if of Vertue, why, who regards Vertue? To be short, I could thinke of nothing, but either it was common, or not at all in request. At length I bethought my selfe of a Subiect, both new (as hauing neuer beene written vpon before) and pleasing (as I thought) because Mans Nature (commonly) loues to heare that praised, with whose prescence hee is most pleased.

Erasmus (the glory of *Netherland*, and the refiner of the Latin Tongue) wrote a whole Booke, in *the prayse of Folly*. Then if so excellent a Scholler, writ in praise of Vanity, why may not I write in praise of that which is profitable? There are no two Countreys, where Gold is esteemed lesse than in *India*, and more then in *England*: the reason is, because the *Indians* are barbarous, and our Nation ciuill.

I haue giuen *Pecunia* the title of a Woman, Both for the termination of the Word, and because (as Women are) shee is lov'd of men. The brauest Voyages in the World haue beene made for Gold: for it, men haue venterd (by Sea) to the furthest parts of the
Earth

Earth : In the Pursute whereof, *Englands Nestor* and *Neptune* (*Halkins and Drake*) lost their liues. Vpon the Deathes of the which two, of the first I writ this :

*The Waters were his Winding sheete, the Sea was made his Toome;
Yet for his fame the Ocean Sea, was not sufficient roome.*

Of the latter this :

*England his hart ; his Corps the Waters haue :
And that which raysd his fame, became his grave.*

The *Prætorians* (after the death of *Pertinax*) in the election of a new Emperour, more esteemed the money of *Iulianus*, then either the vertue of *Seuerus*, or the Valour of *Pessenius*. Then of what great estimation and account, this Lady *Pecunia*, both hath beene in the Worlde, and is at this present, I leaue to your Iudgement. But what speake I so much of her praise in my Epistle, that haue commended her so at large, in my Booke ? To the reading wherof, (Gentlemen) I referre you.





THE PRAYSE OF LADY PECUNIA.



SING not of *Angellica* the faire,
(For whom the Palladine of *Fraunce* fell mad)
Nor of sweet *Rosamond*, olde *Cliffords* heire,
(Whose death did make the second *Henry* sad)
But of the fairest Faire *Pecunia*,
The famous Queene of rich *America*.

Goddesse of Golde, great Empresse of the Earth,
O thou that canst doe all Things vnder Heauen :
That doost conuert the saddest minde to Mirth ;
(Of whom the elder Age was quite bereauen)
Of thee Ile sing, and in thy Prayse Ile write ;
You *golden Angels* helpe me to indite.

You

You, you alone, can make my Muse to speake ;
 And tell a golden Tale, with siluer Tongue :
 You onely can my pleasing silence breake ;
 And adde some Musique, to a merry Songue :
 But amongst all the fiue, in Musicks Art,
 I would not sing the *Counter-tenor* part.¹

The Meane is best, and that I meane to keepe ;
 So shall I keepe my selfe from That I meane :
 Lest with some Others, I be forc'd to weepe,
 And cry *Peccavi*, in a dolefull Scæne.
 But to the matter which I haue in hand,
 The Lady Regent, both by Sea and Land.

When *Saturne* liu'd, and wore the Kingly Crowne,
 (And *Ioue* was yet vnborne, but not vnbred)
 This Ladies fame was then of no renowne ;
 (For Golde was then, no more esteem'd then Lead)
 Then Truth and Honesty were onely vs'd,
 Siluer and Golde were vtterly refus'd.

But

¹ I worst can brooke the Counter-tenor part (1605).

But when the Worlde grew wiser in Conceit,
And saw how Men in manners did decline,
How Charitie began to loose her heate,
And One did at anothers good repine,
Then did the Aged, first of all respect her ;
And vowd from thenceforth, neuer to reiect her.

Thus with the Worlde, her beauty did increase ;
And manie Suters had she to obtaine her :
Some sought her in the Wars ; and some in peace ;
But few of youthfull age, could euer gaine her :
Or if they did, she soone was gone againe ;
And would with them, but little while remaine.

For why against the Nature of her Sexe,
(That commonlie dispise the feeble Olde)
Shee, loues olde men ; but young men she reiects ;
Because to her, their Loue is quicklie colde :
Olde men (like Husbands iealous of their Wiues)
Lock her vp fast, and keepe her as their Liues.

The young man carelesse to maintaine his life,
Neglects her Loue (as though he did abhor her)
Like one that hardly doeth obtaine a wife,
And when he hath her once, he cares not for her :
 Shce, seeing that the young man doeth despise her,
 Leaues the franke heart and flies vnto the Myser.

Hee intertaines her, with a ioyfull hart ;
And seemes to rue her vnderued wrong :
And from his Pressence, she shall neuer part ;
Or if she doo, he thinks her Absence long :
 And oftentimes he sends for her againe,
 Whose life without her, cannot long remaine.

And when he hath her, in his owne possession,
He locks her in an iron-barred Chest,
And doubting somewhat, of the like Transgression,
He holds that iron-walled Prison best.
 And least some *rusty* sicknesse should infect her,
 He often visits her, and doeth respect her.

As for the young man (subiect vnto sinne)
No maruell though the Diuell doe distresse him ;
To tempt mans frailtie, which doth neuer linne
Who many times, hath not a *Crosse* to blesse him :
 But how can hee incurre the Heauens Curse.
 That hath so many *Crosses* in his Purse ?

Hee needes ¹ not feare those wicked sprights, that waulke
Vnder the Couerture of cole-blacke Night ;
For why the Diuell still, a *Crosse* doeth baulke,
Because on it, was hangd the Lorde of Light :
 But let not Mysers trust to *siluer Crosses*,
 Least in the End, their gaines be turnd to losses.

But what care they, so they may hoorde vp golde ?
Either for God, or Diuell, or Heauen, or Hell ?
So they may faire *Pecuniaes* face behold ;
And euery Day, their Mounts of Money tell.
 What tho to count their Coyne, they neuer blin,
 Count they their Coyne, and counts not God their sin ?

¹ needs, 1605.

But what talke I of sinne, to Vsurers ?
 Or looke for mendment, at a Mysers hand ?
Pecunia, hath so many followers,
 Bootlesse it is, her Power to with-stand.
 King *Couetise*, and *Warinesse* his Wife,
 The Parents were, that first did giue her Life.

But now vnto her Praise I will proceede,
 Which is as ample, as the Worlde is wide :
 What great Contentment doth her Pressence breede
 In him, that can his wealth with Wysdome guide ?
 She is the Soueraigne Queene, of all Delights :
 For her the Lawyer pleades : the Souldier fights.

For her, the Merchant venters on the Seas :
 For her, the Scholler studdies at his Booke :
 For her, the Vsurer (with greater ease)
 For sillie fishes, layes a siluer hooke :
 For her, the Townsman leaues the Countrey Village :
 For her, the Plowman giues himselfe to Tillage.

For her, the Gentleman doeth raise his rents :
For her, the Seruingman attends his maister :
For her, the curious head new toyes inuents :
For her, to Sores, the Surgeon layes his plaister.
In fine for her, each man in his Vocation,
Applies himselfe, in euerie sev'rall Nation.

What can thy hart desire, but thou mayst haue it,
If thou hast readie money to disburse ?
Then thanke thy Fortune, that so freely gaue it ;
For of all friends, the surest is thy purse.
Friends may proue false, and leaue thee in thy need ;
But still thy Purse will bee thy friend indeed.

Admit thou come, into a place vnknowne ;
And no man knowes, of whome, or what thou art :
If once thy faire *Pecunia*, shee bee showne,
Thou art esteem'd a man of great Desart :
And placed at the Tables vpper ende ;
Not for thine owne sake, but thy faithfull frende.¹

But

¹ Not for thine own sake but thy trusty friend (1605).

But if you want your Ladies louely grace,
 And haue not wherewithall to pay your shot,
 Your Hostis pressently will step in Place,
 You are a Stranger (Sir) I know you not :
 By trusting Diuers, I am run in Det ;
 Therefore of mee, nor meate nor Bed you get.

O who can then, expresse the worthie praise,
 Which faire *Pecunia* iustly doeth desarue ?
 That can the meanest man, to Honor raise ;
 And feed the soule, that ready is to starue.
 Affection, which was wont to bee so pure,
 Against a golden Siege, may not endure.¹

Witnessse the Trade of Mercenary sinne,
 (Or Occupation, if you like to tearme it)
 Where faire *Pecunia* must the suite beginne ;
 (As common-tride Experience doeth confirme it)
 Not *Mercury* himselfe, with siluer Tongue,
 Can so inchaunt, as can a golden Songue.

When

¹ Against his golden Siege may not endure (1605).

When nothing could subdue the *Phrygian Troy*,
(That Citty through the world so much renowned)
Pecunia did her vtterly destroy :
And left her fame, in darke Obliuion drowned.
And many Citties since, no lesse in fame,
For Loue of her, haue yeelded to their shame.

What Thing is then, so well belov'd as money ?
It is a speciall Comfort to the minde ;
More faire then Women are ; more sweet then honey :
Easie to loose, but very harde to finde.
In fine, to him, whose Purse begins to faint,
Golde is a God, and Siluer is a Saint.

The Tyme was once, when Honestie was counted
A Demy god ; and so esteem'd of all ;
But now *Pecunia* on his Seate is mounted ;
Since Honestie in great Disgrace did fall.
No state, no Calling now, doeth him esteeme ;
Nor of the other ill, doeth any deeme.

The reason is, because he is so poore :
 (And who respects the poore, and needie Creature ?)
 Still begging of his almes, from Doore to Doore :
 All ragd, and torne ; and eeke deformd in feature.
 In Countenance so changde, that none can know him ;
 So weake, that every vice doeth ouerthrow him.

But faire ¹ *Pecunia*, (most diuinely bred)
 For sundrie shapes, doth *Proteus* selfe surpasse :
 In one Lande, she is suted all in Lead ;
 And in another, she is clad in Brasse :
 But still within the Coast of *Albion*,
 She euer puts, her best Apparell on.

Siluer and Golde, and nothing else is currant,
 In *Englands*, in faire *Englands* happy Land :
 All baser sortes of Mettalls, haue no Warrant ;
 Yet secretly they *slip*, from hand to hand.
 If any such be tooke, the same is lost,
 And presently is nayled on a Post.

Which

¹ fayre, 1605.

Which with Quick-siluer, being flourisht ouer,
Seemes to be perfect Siluer, to the showe :
As Woemens paintings, their defects doe couer,
Vnder this false attyre, so doe they goe.
If on a woolen Cloth, thou rub the same,
Then will it straight beginne to blush, for shame.

If chafed on thy haire, till it be hot,
If it good Siluer bee, the scent is sweete :
If counterfeit, thy chafing hath begot
A ranke-smelt sauour ; for a Queene vnmeete :
Pecunia is a Queene, for her Desarts,
And in the Decke, may goe for *Queene of harts*.

The *Queene of harts*, because she rules all harts ;
And hath all harts, obedient to her Will :
Whose Bounty, fame vnto the Worlde imparts ;
And with her glory, all the Worlde doeth fill :
The *Queene of Diamonds*, she cannot bee ;
There is but one, ELIZA, thou art shee.¹

And

¹ There was but one; Eliza, thou wast shee (1605).

And thou art shee, O sacred Soueraigne;¹
 Whom God hath helpt with his Al-mighty hand:²
 Blessing thy People, with thy peacefull raigne;
 And made this little Land, a happy Land:
 May all those liue, that wish long life to thee,³
 And all the rest, perish eternally.

The tyme was once, when faire *Pecunia*, here
 Did basely goe attyred all in Leather:
 But since her raigne, she neuer did appeere⁴
 But richly clad; in Golde, or Siluer either:
 Nor reason is it, that her Golden raigne
 With baser Coyne, eclipsed should remaine,

And as the Coyne she hath repurifyde,⁵
 From baser substance, to the purest Mettels:
 Religion so, hath shee refinde beside,
 From Papistrie, to Truth; which daily settles
 Within her Peoples harts; though some there bee,⁶
 That cleaue vnto their wonted Papistrie.

No

¹ And thou wast she, O sacred soveraigne (1605).

² Whom God did ayde with his Al-mighty hand (1605).

³ Thy peace on earth begun, in heauen made pure,
 There crowned with lasting joy: O joy most sure! (1605).

⁴ But in Elizas raigne, it did appeare
 Most richly clad; in golde or silver either (1605).

⁵ And as the Coine she did repurifie (1605).

⁶ Within the Peoples hearts: Though some there be (1605).

No flocke of sheepe, but some are still infected :
 No peece of Lawne so pure, but hath some fret :
 All buildings are not strong that are erected :
 All Plants proue not, that in good ground are set :
 Some tares are sowne, amongst the choicest seed :
 No garden can be cleansd of euery Weede.¹

But now to her, whose praise is here pretended,
 (Diuine *Pecunia*) fairer then the morne :
 Which cannot be sufficiently commended ;
 Whose Sun-bright Beauty doeth the Worlde adorne,
 Adorns the World, but specially the Purse ;
 Without whose pressence, nothing can be woorse.

Not faire *Hæsione* (King *Priams* sister)
 Did euer showe more Beauty, in her face,
 Then can this louely Lady, if it list her
 To showe her selfe ; admir'd for comely grace :
 Which neither Age can weare, nor Tyme conclude ;
 For why, her Beauty yeerely is renude.

New

¹ In 1605 edition these five new stanzas come here:

But now more Angels then on Earth yet weare
 Her golden Impresse; haue to Heauen attended
 Her Virgin-soule; now, now she sojourns there,
 Tasting more ioyes then may be comprehended.

Life, she hath changde for life (oh countlesse
 gaine)

An earthlie rule, for an eternal Raigne.

Such a Successor leauing in her stead,
 So peerelesse worthie, and so Royall wise;
 In him her vertues liue, though she be dead:
 Bountie and Zeale, in him both Souerainize.

To him alone [*sic*] Pecunia doth obay,
 He ruling her, that doth all others sway.

Bounty, that when she sickned, cras'd and fainted,
 And when she left the earth had almost died;
 Hoping with her, in heauen to haue bin sainted,
 And amongst the rest an Angels place supplied:

This King hath cherisht, and his life assured,
 And of a long consumption, Bonnti's cured.

Plenty and Peace vpon his Throne attend,
 Health and Content, vpon his person wait:
 Conquest and Fame, his Royaltie defend,
 May all good Planets Smile vpon his state.

By whom all-drooping vertues are reuined,
 And dying-Bounty, made againe long lined.

The hand of Heenen still take him to his keeping,
 Him, in no danger, in no doubt forsaking:
 A thousand of his Angels garde him Sleeping,
 And all the hoast of heenen protect him waking.

That he in safety, peace and rest, may reigne,
 Whilst the two Poles, the frame of heuen
 sustain.

New coyne is coynd each yeare, within the Tower ;¹
 So that her Beauty neuer can decay :
 Which to resist, no mortall man hath Power,
 When as she doeth her glorious Beames display.
 Nor doeth *Pecunia*, onely please the eie,
 But charms the eare, with heauenly Harmonie.

Lyke to an other *Orpheus*, can she play
 Vpon her *treble Harpe*, whose siluer sound
 Inchaunts the eare, and steales the hart away :
 Nor hardly can deceit, therein be found.²
 Although such Musique, some a Shilling cost,
 Yet it is worth but *Nine-pence*, at the most.³

Had I the sweet inchaunting Tongue of *Tully*,
 That charmd the hearers, lyke the Syrens Song ;
 Yet could I not describe the Prayses fully,
 Which to *Pecunia* iustly doe belong.⁴
 Let it suffice, her Beauty doeth excell :
 Whose praise no Pen can paint, no Tongue can tell.

Then

¹ New Coine is yearlie stamped in the Tower,
 But these faire daies of joy, addes alteration:
 In faire Elizaeas raigne, none had that power;
 But kingly glorie, clothes her new in fashion,
 Ads beautie to her beames, by adding more
 Then grayest hairens in life, ere saw before.

Stand forth who can and tell, and truelie saie,
 When England, Scotland, Ireland, and France,
 He euer saw Pecunia to displaie
 Before these daies; O wondrous happie chance
 Nor doth Pecunia onelie please the eie
 But charmes the eare with heauenlie harmony.
 (1605).⁷

² That hardlie the deceit thereof is found (1605).

³ This new stanza added here in 1605 edition:—

But Ireland alone, this Musicks sound
 Being clad in Siluer, challenge, for their coine,
 What though amongst vs much thereof be found,
 Authoritie, no subject dooth inioyne

Aboue his worth to countenance the same,

* Then men, not coin, are worthy of that blame.

⁴ Which to Pecunia iustly doth belong (1605).

Then how shall I describe, with artlesse Pen,
The praise of her, whose praise, all praise surmounteth ?
Breeding amazement, in the mindes of men :
Of whom, this present Age so much accounteth.
 Varietie of Words, would sooner want,
 Then store of plentious matter, would be scant.¹

Whether yee list, to looke into the Citty :
(Where money tempts the poore Beholders eye)
Or to the Countrey Townes, deuoyde of Pitty :
(Where to the poore, each place doeth almes denye)
 All Things for money now, are bought and solde,
 That either hart can thinke, or eie beholde.

Nay more for money (as report doeth tell)
Thou mayst obtaine a Pardon for thy sinnes :
The Pope of *Rome*, for money will it sell ;
(Whereby thy soule, no small saluation winnes)
 But how can hee, (of Pride the chiefe Beginner)
 Forgiue thy sinnes, that is himselfe a sinner ?

Then

¹ Then store of plentious matters would be scant (1605).

Then, sith the Pope is subiect vnto sinne,
 No maruell tho diuine *Pecunia* tempt him,
 With her faire Beauty ; whose good-will to winne,
 Each one contends ; and shall we then exempt him.
 Did neuer mortall man, yet looke vpon her,
 But straightwies he became, enamourd on her.

Yet would I wish, the Wight that loues her so,
 And hath obtain'd the like good-will againe,
 To vse her wisely, lest shee proue his foe ;
 And so, in stead of Pleasure, breed his paine.
 She may be kyst ; but she must not be *clypt* :
 Lest such Delight in bitter gall be dypt.

The iuyce of grapes, which is a soueraigne Thing
 To cheere the hart, and to reuiue the spirits ;
 Being vsde immoderatly (in surfetting.)
 Rather Dispraise, then commendation merits :
 Euen so *Pecunia*, is, as shee is vsd ;
 Good of her selfe, but bad if once abused.

With her, the Tenant pays his Landlords rent :¹
On her, depends the stay of every state :
To her, rich Presents every day are sent :
In her, it rests to end all dire Debate :
 Through her, to Wealth, is raised the Countrey Boore :
 From her, proceedes much profit to the poore.

Then how can I, sufficiently commend,
Her Beauties worth, which makes the World to wonder ?
Or end her prayse, whose prayses haue no End ?
Whose absence brings the stoutest stomack vnder :
 Let it suffice, *Pecunia* hath no peere ;
 No Wight, no Beauty held ; more faire, more deere.

FINIS.

His Prayer to Pecunia.

Great Lady, sith I haue compylde thy Prayse,
(According to my skill and not thy merit :)
And sought thy Fame about the starrs to rayse ;
(Had I sweete *Ovids* vaine, or *Virgils* spirit)
 I craue no more but this, for my good-will,
 That in my Want, thou wilt supplye me still.

¹ With her the Tenant payes the Landlords rent (1605).



THE
COMPLAINT OF POETRIE
FOR THE DEATH OF LIBERALITIE.

Vixit post funera virtus.

LONDON,

Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
be solde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand'and starre.

1598.

NOTE.—In the 'Complaint,' &c. of 1605, there are slight changes of spelling, as 'weep' for 'weepe,' 'bountie' for 'bounty,' &c. but it is not deemed necessary to record them either herein or in the remaining portions.—G.



To his Worshipfull wel-willer, Mai-
ster *Edward Leigh*, of Grayes Inne.

IMAGE of that, whose losse is here lamented ;
(In whom, so many vertues are contained)
Daine to accept, what I haue now presented.
Though Bounties death, herein be only fained,
If in your mind, she not reuiue (with speed)
Then will I sweare, that shee is dead indeed.¹

¹ Omitted in 1605 edition.







THE COMPLAINT OF POETRIE, FOR THE DEATH OF
LIBERALITIE.

Weepe Heauens now, for you haue lost your light ;
Ye Sunne and Moone, beare witnessse of my mone :
The cleere is turnd to clouds ; the day to night ;
And all my hope, and all my ioy is gone :

Bounty is dead, the cause of my annoy ;
Bounty is dead, and with her dide my ioy.

O who can comfort my afflicted soule ?
Or adde some ende to my increasing sorrowes ?
Who can deliuer me from endlesse dole ?
(Which from my hart eternall torment borrowes.)

When *Bounty* liu'd, I bore the Bell away ;
When *Bounty* dide, my credit did decay.

I neuer then, did write one ¹ verse in vaine ;
 Nor euer went my Poems vnregarded :
 Then did each Noble breast me intertaine,
 And for my Labours I was well rewarded :
 But now *Good wordes*, are stept in *Bounties* place,
 Thinking thereby, her glorie to disgrace.

But who can liue with words, in these hard tymes ?
 (Although they came from *Iupiter* himselfe ?)
 Or who can take such Paiment, for his Rymes ?
 (When nothing now, is so esteem'd as Pelfe ?)
 Tis not *Good wordes*, that can a man maintaine ;
 Wordes are but winde ; and winde is all but vaine.

Where is *Mecænas*, Learnings noble Patron ?
 (That *Maroes* Muse, with Bountie so did cherish ?)
 Or faire *Zenobia*, that worthy Matron ?
 (Whose name, for Learnings Loue, shall neuer perish)
 What tho their Bodies, be full lowe in graue,
 Their fame the worlde ; their souls the Heauens haue.

Vile

¹ 1605 "on."

Vile *Auaricia*, how hast thou inchaunted
The Noble mindes, of great and mightie Men?
Or what infernall furie late hath haunted
Their niggard purses? (to the learned pen)
Was it *Augustus* wealth, or noble minde,
That euerlasting fame, to him assinde?

If wealth? Why *Cræsus* was more rich then hee;
(Yet *Cræsus* glorie, with his life did end)
It was his Noble mind, that moued mee
To write his praise, and alle his Acts commend.
Who ere had heard, of *Alexanders* fame,
If *Quintus Curtius* had not pend the same?

Then sith by mee, their deedes haue been declared,
(Which else had perisht with their liues decay)
Who to augment their glories, haue not spared
To crowne their browes, with neuer-fading Bay:
What Art deserues such Liberalitie,
As doeth the peerlesse Art of Poetrie?

But

But *Liberalitie* is dead and gone :
 And *Auarice* vsurps true *Bounties* seat.
 For her it is, I make this endlesse mone,
 (Whose praises worth no pen can well repeat)
 Sweet *Liberalitie* adiew for euer,
 For *Poetrie* againe, shall see thee neuer.

Neuer againe, shall I thy presence see :
 Neuer againe, shal I thy bountie tast :
 Neuer againe, shall I accepted bee :
 Neuer againe, shall I be so embrac't :
 Neuer againe, shall I the bad recall :
 Neuer againe, shall I be lou'd of all.

Thou wast the Nurse, whose Bountie gaue me sucke :
 Thou wast the Sunne, whose beames did lend me light :
 Thou wast the Tree, whose fruit I still did plucke :
 Thou wast the Patron, to maintaine my right :
 Through thee I liu'd ; on thee I did relie ;
 In thee I ioy'd ; and now for thee I die.

What man, hath lately lost a faithfull friend ?
Or Husband, is deprived of his Wife ?
But doth his after-daies in dolour spend ?
(Leading a loathsome, discontented life ?)
 Dearer then friend, or wife, haue I forgone ;
 Then maruell not, although I make such mone.

Faire *Philomela*, cease thy sad complaint ;
And lend thine eares, vnto my dolefull Ditty :
(Whose soule with sorrowe, now begins to faint,
And yet I cannot moue mens hearts to pittie :)
 Thy woes are light, compared vnto mine :
 You waterie Nymphes, to mee your plaints resigne.

And thou *Melpomene*, (the Muse of Death)
That neuer sing'st, but in a dolefull straine ;
Sith cruell Destinie hath stopt her breath,
(Who whilst she liu'd was Vertues Soueraigne)
 Leaue *Hellicon*, (whose bankes so pleasant bee)
 And beare a part of sorrowe now with me.

The Trees (for sorrowe) shead their fading Leaues,
 And weepe out gum, in stead of other Teares ;
 Comfort nor ioy, no Creature now conceiues,
 To chirpe and sing, each little bird forbears.
 The sillie Sheepe, hangs downe his¹ drooping head,
 And all because, that *Bounty* she is dead.

The greater that I feele my grieffe to be,
 The lesser able, am I to expresse it ;
 Such is the nature of extremitie,
 The heart it som-thing eases, to confesse it.
 Therefore Ile wake my muse, amidst her sleeping,
 And what I want in wordes, supplie with weeping.

Weepe still mine eies, a Riuer full of Teares,
 To drowne my Sorrowe in, that so molests me ;
 And rid my head of cares ; my thoughts of feares :
 Exiling sweet Content, that so detests me.
 But ah (alas) my Teares are almost dun,
 And yet my grieffe, it is but new begun.

Euen

¹ 1605 "her."

Euen as the Sunne, when as it leaues our sight,
Doth shine with those Antipodes beneath vs ;
Lending the other worlde her glorious light,
And dismall Darknesse, onely doeth bequeath vs :
 Euen so sweet *Bountie*, seeming dead to mee,
 Liues now to none, but smooth-Tongd Flatterie.

O *Adulation*, Canker-worme of Truth ;
The flattring Glasse of Pride, and Self-conceit :
(Making olde wrinkled Age, appeare like youth)
Dissimulations Maske, and follies Beate :
 Pittie it is, that thou art so rewarded,
 Whilst Truth and Honestie, goe vnregarded.

O that Nobilitie, it selfe should staine,
In being bountifull, to such vile Creatures :
Who, when they flatter most, then most they faine ;
Knowing what humor best, will fit their Natures.
 What man so mad, that knowes himselfe but pore,
 And will beleeue that he hath riches store.

Vpon a time, the craftie Foxe did flatter
 The foolish Pye (whose mouth was full of meate)
 The Pye beleeuing him, began to chatter,
 And sing for ioy, (not hauing list to eate)
 And whils't the foolish Pye, her meate let fall,
 The craftie Foxe, did runne awaie with all.

Terence describeth vnder *Gnatoes* name,
 The right conditions of a Parasyte :
 (And with such Eloquence, sets foorth the same,
 As doeth the learned Reader much deliyght)
 Shewing, that such a sycophant as *Gnato*,
 Is more esteem'd, then twentie such as *Plato*.

Bounty looke backe, vpon thy goods mispent ;
 And thinke how ill, thou hast bestow'd thy mony :
 Consider not their wordes, but their intent ;
 Their hearts are gall, although their tongues be hony :
 They speake not as they thinke, but all is fained,
 And onely to th' intent to be maintained.

And herein happie, I areade the poore ;
No flattring Spanyels, fawne on them for meate :
The reason is, because the Countrey Boore
Hath little enough, for himselfe to eate :
 No man will flatter him, except himselfe ;
 And why ? because he hath no store of wealth.

But sure it is not *Liberalitie*
That doeth reward these fawning smel-feasts so :
It is the vice of Prodigalitie,
That doeth the Bankes of *Bounty* ouer-flo :
 Bounty is dead : yea so it needes must bee ;
 Or if aliue, yet is shee dead to mee.

Therefore as one, whose friend is lately dead,
I will bewaile the death, of my deere ¹ frend ;
Vppon whose Tombe, ten thousand Teares Ile shead,
Till drearie Death, of mee shall make an end :
 Or if she want a Toombe, to her desart,
 Oh then, Ile burie her within my hart.

But

¹ 1605 "late."

But (*Bounty*) if thou loue a Tombe of stone,
 Oh then seeke out, a hard and stonie hart :
 For were mine so, yet would it melt with mone,
 And all because, that I with thee must part.
 Then, if a stonie hart must thee interr,
 Goe finde a Step-dame, or a Vsurer.

And sith there dies no Wight, of great account,
 But hath an Epitaph compos'd by mee,
Bounty, that did all other far surmount,
 Vpon her Tombe, this Epitaph shall bee :
Here lies the Wight, that Learning did maintaine,
And at the last, by AVARICE was slaine.

Vile Auarice, why hast thou kildd my Deare ?
 And robd the World, of such a worthy Treasure ?
 In whome no sparke of goodnesse doth appeare,
 So greedie is thy mind, without all measure.
 Thy death, from Death did merit to release her :
 The Murtherers deseru'd to die, not *Cæsar*.

The Merchants wife ; the¹ Tender-harted Mother :
That leaues her Loue ; whose Sonne is prest for warre ;
(Resting, the one ; as woefull as the other ;)
Hopes yet at length ; when ended is the iarre ;
 To see her Husband ; see her Sonne againe :
 Were it not then for Hope, the hart were slaine.

But I, whose hope is turned to despaire,
Nere looke to see my dearest Deare againe :
Then *Pleasure* sit thou downe, in *Sorrowes* Chaire,
And (for a while) thy wonted Mirth refraine.
 Bounty is dead, that whylome was my Treasure :
 Bounty is dead, my ioy and onely pleasure.

If *Pythias* death, of *Damon* were bewailed ;
Or *Pillades* did rue, *Orestes* ende :
If *Hercules*, for *Hylas* losse were quailed ;
Or *Theseus*, for *Pyrihous* Teares did spend :
 When doe I mourne for *Bounty*, being dead :
 Who liuing, was my hand, my hart, my head.

My

¹ 1605 "and."

My hand, to helpe mee, in my greatest need :
 My hart, to comfort mee, in my distresse :
 My head, whom onely I obeyd, indeed :
 If shee were such, how can my grieffe be lesse ?
 Perhaps my wordes, may pierce the *Parcæ's*¹ eares ;
 If not with wordes, Ile moue them with my teares.

But ah (alas) my Teares are spent in vaine,
 (For she is dead, and I am left aliue)
 Teares cannot call, sweet *Bounty* backe againe ;
 Then why doe I, gainst Fate and Fortune striue ?
 And for her death, thus weepe, lament, and crie ;
 Sith euery mortall wight, is borne to die,

But as the woefull mother doeth lament,
 Her tender babe, with cruell Death opprest :
 Whose life was spotlesse, pure, and innocent,
 (And therefore sure, its soule is gone to rest)
 So *Bountie*, which her selfe did vpriight keepe,
 Yet for her losse, loue cannot chuse but weep.

The

¹ 1605, not a capital P.

The losse of her, is losse to many a one :
The losse of her, is losse vnto the poore :
And therefore not a losse, to mee alone,
But vnto such, as goe from Doore to Doore.
Her losse, is losse vnto the fatherlesse ;
And vnto all, that are in great distresse.

The maimed Souldier, comming from the warre ;
The woefull wight, whose house was lately burnd ;
The sillie soule ; the wofull Traueylar ;
And all, whom Fortune at her feet hath spurnd ;
Lament the losse of *Liberalitie* :
“ Its ease, to haue in grieffe some Companie.

The Wife of *Hector* (sad *Andromache*)
Did not bewaile, her husbands death alone :
But (sith he was the *Troians* onely stay)
The wiues of *Troy* (for him) made equall mone.
Shee, shead the teares of Loue ; and they of pittie :
Shee, for her deare dead Lord ; they, for their Cittie.

Nor

Nor is the Death of *Liberalitie*,
 (Although my grieffe be greater than the rest)
 Onely lamented, and bewaild of mee ;
 (And yet of mee, she was beloued best)
 But, sith she was so bountifull to all,
 She is lamented, both of great and small.

O that my Teares could moue the powres diuine,
 That *Bountie* might be called from the dead :
 As Pitty pierc'd the hart of *Proserpine* ;
 Who (moued with the Teares *Admetus* shead)
 Did sende him backe againe, his louing Wife ;
 Who left her owne, to saue her husbands life.

Impartiall *Parca*, will no prayers moue you ?
 Can Creatures so diuine, haue stony harts ?
 Haplesse are they, whose hap it is to proue you,
 For you respect no Creatures good Desarts.
 O *Atropos*, (the cruelst of the three)
 Why hast thou tane, my faithfull friend from mee ?

But

But ah, She cannot (or She will not) heare me,
Or if She doo, yet may not She repent her :
Then come (sweet Death) O why doest thou forbear me ?
Aye mee ! thy Dart is blunt, it will not enter.
 Oh now I knowe the cause, and reason why ;
 I am immortall, and I cannot dye.

So *Cytheræa* would haue dide, but could not ;
When faire *Adonis* by her side lay slaine :
So I desire the Sisters, what I should not ;
For why (alas) I wish for Death in vaine ;
 Death is their Seruant, and obeys their will ;
 And if they bid him spare, he cannot kill.

Oh would I were, as other Creatures are ;
Then would I die, and so my grieffe were ended :
But Death (against my will) my life doeth spare ;
(So little with the fates I am befrended)
 Sith, when I would, thou doost my sute denie,
 Vile Tyrant, when thou wilt, I will not die.

And

And *Bounty*, though her body thou hast slaine,
Yet shall her memorie remaine for euer :
For euer, shall her memorie remaine ;
Whereof no spitefull Fortune can bereaue her.
Then Sorrowe cease, and wipe thy weeping eye ;
For Fame shall liue, when all the World shall dye.

FINIS.





THE
Combat, betweene
Conscience and Couetousnesse,
in the minde of Man.

— *quid non mortalia pectora cogis*
Auri sacra fames? Virgil.



LONDON,
Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
be solde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.

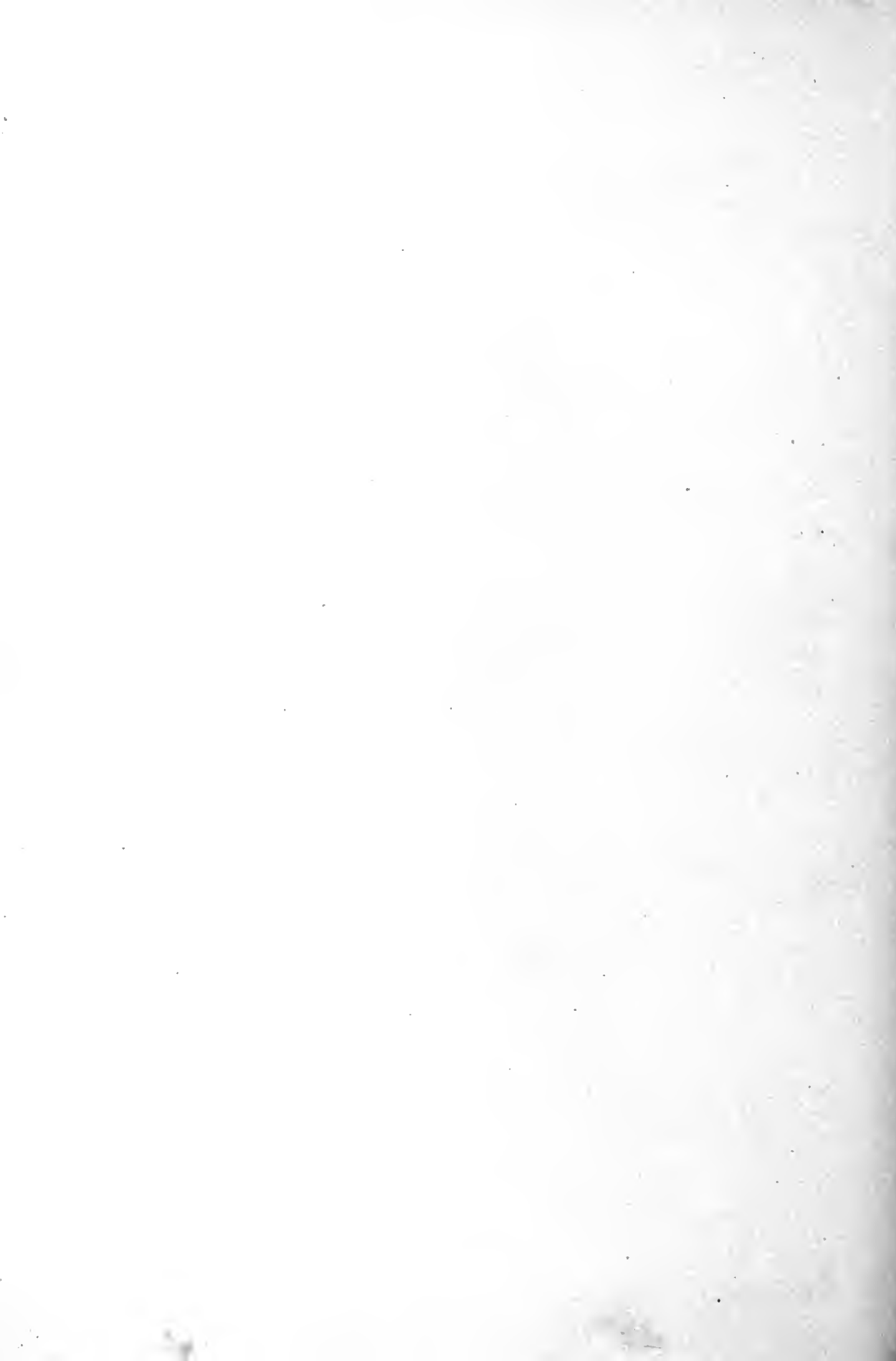
THE
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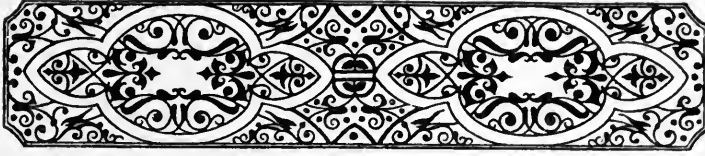


To his Worshipfull good friend,
Maister *Iohn Steuenton*, of *Dothill*, in the
County of *Salop*, Esquire.

Sith Conscience (long since) is exilde the Citty, . .
O let her in the Countrey, finde some Pitty :
But if she be exilde, the Countrey too,
O let her finde, some fauour yet of you.¹

¹ Omitted in 1605 edition.





THE COMBAT, BETWEEENE CONSCIENCE AND
COUETOUSNESSE, IN THE MIND OF MAN.

NOW had the cole-blacke steedes, of pitchie Night,
(Breathing out Darknesse) banisht cheerfull Light,
And sleepe (the shaddowe of eternall rest)

My generall senses wholly had possest.

When loe, there was presented to my view,
A vision strange, yet not so strange, as true.

Conscience (me thought) appeared vnto mee,
Cloth'd with good Deedes, with Trueth and Honestie,
Her countenance demure, and sober sad,
Nor any other Ornament shee had.

Then *Couetousnesse* did incounter her,
Clad in a Cassock, lyke a Vsurer,
The Cassock, it was made of poore-mens¹ skinnes,
Lac'd here and there, with many seuerall sinnes :
Nor was it furd, with any common furre ;
Or if it were, himselfe hee was the *fur*.

A Bag of money, in his hande he helde,
The which with hungry eie, he still behelde.
The place wherein this vision first began,
(A spacious plaine) was cald *The Minde of Man*.

The

¹ In 1605 misprinted "poor men."

The Carle no sooner, *Conscience* had espyde,
 But swelling lyke a Toade, (puft vp with pryde)
 He straight began against her to inuey :
 These were the wordes, which *Couetise* did sey.
Conscience (quoth hee) how dar'st thou bee so bold,
 To claime the place, that I by right doe hold ?
 Neither by right, nor might, thou canst obtaine it :
 By might (thou knowst full well) thou canst not gaine it.
 The greatest Princes are my followers,
 The King in Peace, the Captaine in the Warres :
 The Courtier, and the simple Countrey-man ;
 The Iudge, the Merchant, and the Gentleman ;
 The learned Lawyer, and the Politician :
 The skilfull Surgeon, and the fine Physician :
 In briefe, all sortes of men mee entertaine,
 And hold mee, as their Soules sole Soueraigne,
 And in my ¹ quarrell they will fight and die,
 Rather then I should suffer iniurie.
 And as for title, interest, and right,
 Ile proue its mine by that, as well as might.
 Though *Couetousnesse*, were vsed long before,
 Yet *Iudas* Treason, made my Fame the more ;
 When *Christ* he caused, crucifyde to bee,
 For thirtie pence, man solde his minde to mee :
 And now adaies, what tenure is more free,
 Then that which purchas'd is, with gold and fee ?

Con-

¹ 1605, "their."

Conscience.

With patience, haue I heard thy large Complaint,
Wherein the Diuell, would be thought a Saint :
But wot ye what, the saying is of olde ?
One tale is good, vntill anothers tolde.
Truth is the right, that I must stand vpon,
(For other title, hath poore *Conscience* none)
For I will proue it, by Antiquitie,
That thou art but an vp-start, vnto mee ;
Before that thou wast euer thought vpon,
The minde of Man, belongd to mee alone.
For after that the Lord, had Man Created,
And him in blisse-full Paradiée had seated ;
(Knowing his Nature was to vice inelynde)
God gaue me vnto man, to rule his mynde,
And as it were, his Gouvernour to bee,
To guide his minde, in Trueth, and Honestie.
And where thou sayst, that man did sell his soule ;
That Argument, I quicklie can controule :
It is a fayned fable, thou doost tell,
That, which is not his owne, he cannot sell ;
No man can sell his soule, altho he thought it :
Mans soule is Christs, for hee hath dearely bought it.
Therefore vsurping *Couetise*, be gone,
For why, the minde belongs to mee alone.

Couetousnesse.

Alas poore *Conscience*, how thou art deceav'd ?¹
 As though of senses, thou wert quite bereaud.
 What wilt thou say (that thinkst thou canst not erre)
 If I can proue my selfe the ancienter ?
 Though into Adams minde, God did infuse thee,
 Before his fall, yet man did neuer vse thee.
 What was it else, but *Aurice* in *Eue*,
 (Thinking thereby, in greater Blisse to liue)
 That made her taste, of the forbidden fruite ?
 Of her Desier, was not I the roote ?
 Did she not couet ? (tempted by the Deuill)
 The Apple of the Tree, of good and euill ?
 Before² man vsed *Conscience*, she did couet :
 Therefore by her Transgression, here I proue it,
 That *Couetousnesse* possest the minde of man,
 Before that any *Conscience* began.

Conscience.

Euen as a counterfeited precious stone,
 Seemes to bee far more rich, to looke vpon,
 Then doeth the right : But when a man comes neere,
 His basenesse then, doeth euident appeere :
 So *Couetise*, the Reasons thou dost tell,
 Seeme to be strong, but being weighed well,

They

¹ 1605, "decay'd."² 1605, "Before that man."

They are indeed, but onely meere Illusions,
And doe inforce but very weake Conclusions.
When as the Lord (fore-knowing his offence)
Had giuen man a Charge, of Abstinence,
And to refraine, the fruite of good and ill :
Man had a *Conscience*, to obey his will,
And neuer would be tempted thereunto,
Vntill the Woeman, shee, did worke *man woe*.
And made him breake, the Lords Commaundement,
Which all Mankinde, did afterward repent :
So that thou seest, thy Argument is vaine,
And I am prov'd, the older of the twaine.

Couetousnesse.

Fond Wretch, it was not *Conscience*, but feare,
That made the first man (Adam) to forbear
To tast the fruite, of the forbidden Tree,
Lest, if offending hee were found to bee,
(According as *Iehouah* saide on hye,
For his so great Transgression, hee should dye.)
Feare curbd his minde, it was not *Conscience* then,
(For *Conscience* freely, rules the harts of men)
And is a godly motion of the mynde,
To euerie vertuous action inclynde,
And not enforc'd, through feare of Punishment,
But is to vertue, voluntary bent :
Then (simple Trul) be packing pressentlie,
For in this place, there is no roome for thee.

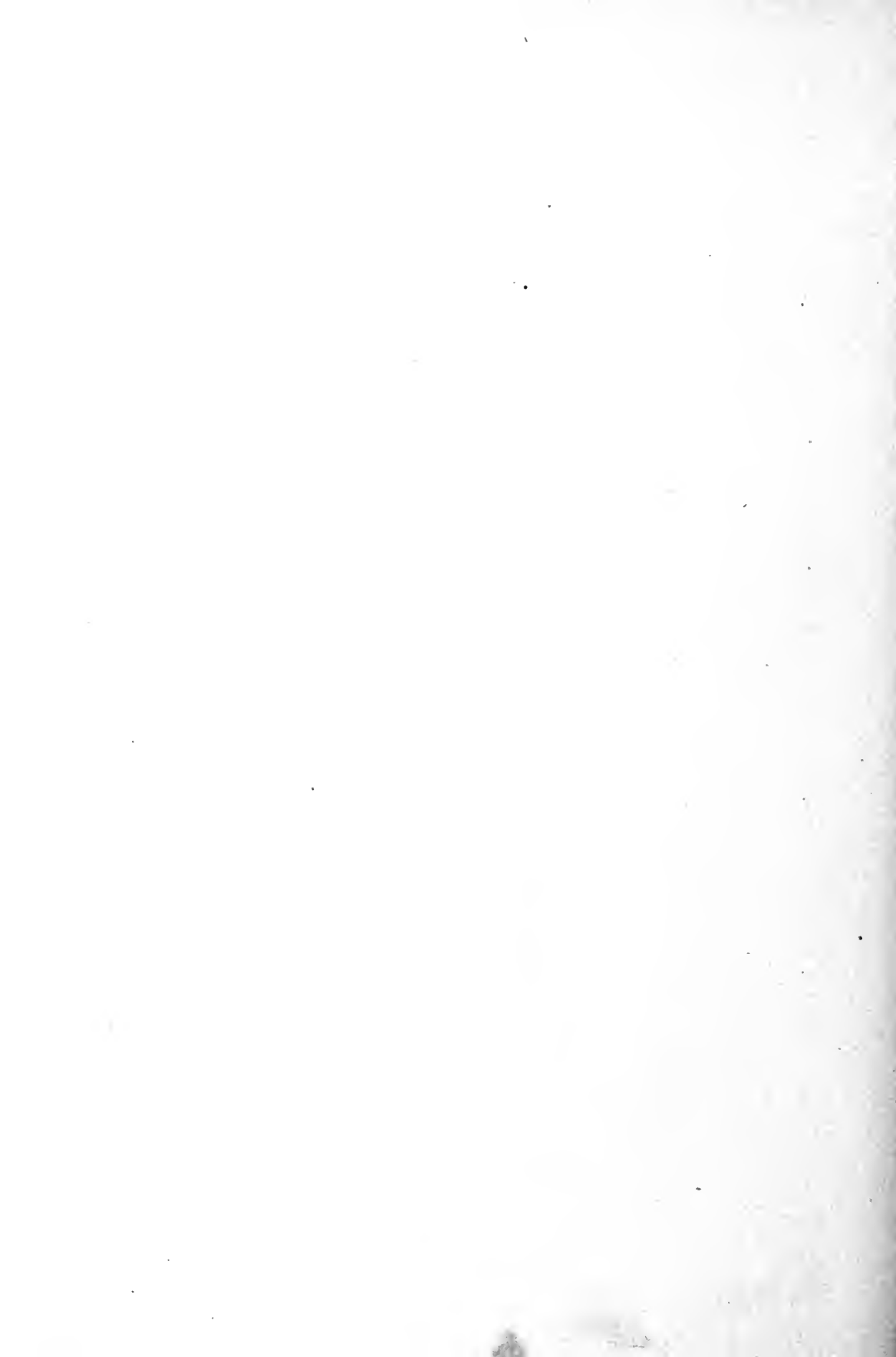
Con-

Conscience.

Aye mee (distressed Wight) what shall I doe ?
 Where shall I rest ? or whither shall I goe ?
 Vnto the rich ? (woes mee) they, doe abhor me :
 Vnto the poore ? (alas) they, care not for me :
 Vnto to the Olde-man ? hee, hath mee forgot :
 Vnto the Young-man ? yet hee, knowes me not :
 Vnto the Prince ? hee, can dispence with mee :
 Vnto the Magistrate ? that, may not bee :
 Vnto the Court ? for it, I am too base :
 Vnto the Countrey ? there, I haue no place.
 Vnto the Citty ? thence, I am exile :
 Vnto the Village ? there, I am reuilde :
 Vnto the Barre ? the Lawyer there, is bribed ?
 Vnto the Warre ? there, *Conscience* is derided :
 Vnto the Temple ? there, I am disguised :
 Vnto the Market ? there, I am despised :
 Thus both the young and olde, the rich and poore,
 Against mee (silly Creature) shut their doore.
 Then, sith each one seekes my rebuke and shame,
 Ile goe againe to Heauen (from whence I came.)
 This saide (me thought) making exceeding mone,
 She went her way, and left the Carle alone,
 Who vaunting of his late-got victorie,
 Aduanc'd himselfe in pompe and Maiestie :
 Much like a Cocke, who hauing kild his foe,
 Brisks vp himselfe, and then begius to crow,
 So *Couetise*, when *Conscience* was departed,

Gan to be proud in minde, and hauty harted :
And in a stately Chayre of state he set him,
(For *Conscience* banisht) there was none to let him.
And being but one entrie, to this Plaine,
(Whereof as king and Lord, he did remaine)
Repentance cald, he causd that to be kept,
Lest *Conscience* should returne, whilst as he slept:
Wherefore he causd it, to be wacht and warded
Both night and Day, and to be strongly guarded :
To keepe it safe, these three he did intreat,
Hardnesse of hart, with *Falshood* and *Deceat* :
And if at any time, she chaunc'd to venter,
Hardnesse of hart, denide her still to enter.
When *Conscience* was exilde the minde of Man,
Then *Couetise*, his gouernment began.
This once being seene, what I had seene before,
(Being onely seene in sleepe) was seene no more ;
For with the sorrowe, which my soule did take
At sight hereof, forthwith I did awake.

FINIS.





Poems:

In diuers humors.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas. Virgil.



LONDON,
Printed by G.S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
be folde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and Starre.

1598.

P O E M S :
IN DIVERS HUMORS.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.—VIRGIL.

LONDON,

Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
be solde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.



To the learned, and accomplisht Gentleman, Maister *Nicholas Blackleech*, of
Grayes Inne.

To you, that know the tuch of true Conceat ;
(Whose many gifts I neede not to repeat)
I write these Lines : fruits of vnriper yeares ;
Wherein my Muse no harder censure feares :
Hoping in gentle Worth, you will them take ;
Not for the gift but for the giuers sake.



SONNET I.

To his friend Maister R. L. In praise of
Musique and Poetrie.

If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needs (the Sister and the Brother)
Then must the Loue be great, twixt thee and mee,
Because thou lou'st the one, and I the other.

Dowland to thee is deare; whose heauenly tuch
Vpon the Lute, doeth rauish humane sense:
Spenser to mee; whose deepe Conceit is such,
As passing all Conceit, needs no defence.

Thou lou'st to heare the sweete melodious sound,
That *Phæbus* Lute (the Queene of Musique) makes:
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drown'd,
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.

One God is God of Both (as Poets faigne)
One Knight loues Both, and Both in thee remaine.

SONNET II.

Against the Dispraysers of Poetrie.

Chaucer is dead; and *Gower* lyes in graue;
The Earle of *Surrey*, long agoe is gone;
Sir *Philip Sidneis* soule, the Heauens haue;
George Gascoigne him beforne, was tomb'd in stone.

Yet, tho their Bodies lye full low in ground,
(As euerie thing must dye, that earst was borne)
Their liuing fame, no Fortune can confound;
Nor euer shall their Labours be forlorne.

And you, that discommend sweete Poetrie,
(So that the Subiect of the same be good)
Here may you see, your fond simplicitie;
Sith Kings haue fauord it, of royall Blood.

The King of *Scots* (now liuing) is a Poet,
As his *Lepanto*, and his *Furies* shoe it.

A REMEMBRANCE OF SOME ENGLISH POETS.

LIUE *Spenser* euer, in thy *Fairy Queene* :
 Whose like (for deepe Conceit) was neuer seene :
 Crownd mayst thou bee, vnto thy more renowne,
 (As King of Poets) with a Lawrell Crowne.

And *Daniell*, praised for thy sweet-chast Verse :¹
 Whose Fame is grav'd on *Rosamonds* blacke Herse.
 Still mayst thou liue : and still be honored,
 For that rare Worke, *The White Rose and the Red*.

And *Drayton*, whose wel-written Tragedies,
 And sweete Epistles, soare thy fame to skies.
 Thy learned Name, is æquall with the rest ;
 Whose stately Numbers are so well address.

And *Shakespeare* thou, whose hony-flowing² Vaine,
 (Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth obtaine.³
 Whose *Venus*,⁴ and whose *Lucrece* (sweete, and chaste)
 Thy Name in fames immortall Booke haue plac't.
 Liue euer you, at least in Fame liue euer :
 Well may the Bodye dye, but Fame dies neuer.⁵

AN ODE.

AS it fell vpon a Day,
 In the merrie Month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 Which a groue of Myrtles made,
 Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and Plants did spring :

Euery

¹ 1605, no capital V.³ *Ibid.* "thy praises doth containe."⁵ *Ibid.* Finis after this 'Remembrance.'² *Ibid.* no hyphen and no capital V.⁴ *Ibid.* no capital V.

Euery thing did banish mone,
 Saue the Nightingale alone.
 Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
 Leand her Breast vp-till a Thorne,
 And there sung the dolefulst Ditty,
 That to heare it was great Pitty.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
Teru Teru, by and by :
 That to heare her so complaine,
 Scarce I could from Teares refraine :
 For her griefes so liuely showne,
 Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
 Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine ;
 None takes Pitty on thy paine :
 Senslesse Trees, they cannot heere thee ;
 Ruthlesse Beares, they will not cheer thee.
 King *Pandion*, hee is dead :
 All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
 All thy fellow Birds doe singe,
 Carelesse of thy sorrowing.
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,
 Thou and I, were both beguilde.
 Euerie one that flatters thee,
 Is no friend in miserie :
 Words are easie, like the winde ;
 Faithfull friends are hard to finde :
 Euerie man will bee thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend :
 But if store of Crownes be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.

If that one be prodigall,
 Bountifull, they will him call :
 And with such-like flattering,
 Pitty but hee were a King.
 If he bee adict to vice,
 Quickly him, they will intice.
 If to Woemen hee be bent,
 They haue at Commaundement.
 But if Fortune once doe frowne,
 Then farewell his great renowne :
 They that fawnd on him before,
 Vse his company no more.
 Hee that is thy friend indeed,
 Hee will helpe thee in thy neede :
 If thou sorrowe, hee will weepe ;
 If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe :
 Thus of euerie grieffe, in hart
 Hee, with thee, doeth beare a Part.
 These are certaine signes, to knowe
 Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.

WRITTEN, AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN,
 VNDER A GENTLEWOMANS PICTURE.

Even as *Apelles* could not paint *Campaspes* face aright,
 Because *Campaspes* Sun-bright eyes did dimme *Apelles* sight :
 Euen so, amazed at her sight, her sight, all sights excelling,
 Like *Nyobe* the Painter stode, her sight his sight expelling :
 Thus Art and Nature did contend, who should the Victor bee,
 Till Art by Nature was supprest, as all the worlde may see.

AN EPITAPH VPON THE DEATH, OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,
KNIGHT: LORD-GOUVERNOUR OF VLISING.

THAT *England* lost, that Learning lov'd, that euery mouth commended,
That fame did prayse, that Prince did rayse, that Countrey so defended,
Here lyes the man: lyke to the Swan, who knowing shee shall die,
Doeth tune her voice vnto the Spheares, and seernes Mortalitie.
Two worthie Earls his vncles were; a Lady was his Mother;
A Knight his father; and himselfe a noble Countesse Brother.
Belov'd, bewaild; aliue, now dead; of all, with Teares for euer;
Here lyes Sir *Philip Sidneis* Corps, whom cruell Death did seuer.
He liv'd for her, hee dyde for her; for whom he dyde, he liued:
O graunt (O God) that wee of her may neuer be deprived.

AN EPITAPH VPON THE DEATH OF HIS AUNT,
MISTRESSE ELIZABETH SKRYMSHER.

LOE here beholde the certaine Ende, of euery liuing wight:
No Creature is secure from Death, for Death will haue his Right.
He spareth none: both rich and poore, both young and olde must die;
So fraile is flesh, so short is Life, so sure Mortalitie.
When first the Bodye liues to Life, the soule first dies to sinne:
And they that loose this earthly Life, a heauenly Life shall winne,
If they liue well: as well she liv'd, that lyeth Vnder heere;
Whose Vertuous Life to all the Worlde, most plainly did appeere.
Good to the poore, friend to the rich, and foe to no Degree:
A President of modest Life, and peerelesse Chastitie.
Who louing more, Who more belov'd, of euerie honest mynde?
Who more to Hospitalitie, and Clemencie inclinde
Then she? that being buried here, lyes wrapt in Earth below;
From whence wee came, to whom wee must, and bee as shee is now.
A Clodd of Clay: though her pure soule in endlesse Blisse doeth rest:
Ioying all Ioy, the Place of Peace, prepared for the blest:
Where holy Angells sit and sing, before the King of Kings;
Not mynding worldly Vanities, but onely heavenly Things.
Vnto which Ioy, Vnto which Blisse, Vnto which Place of Pleasure,
God graunt that wee may come at last, t'inioy that heauenly Treasure.
Which to obtaine, to liue as shee hath done let us endeour;
That we may liue with Christ himselfe (above) that liues for euer.

A COMPARISON OF THE
LIFE OF MAN.

Mans life is well compared to a feast,
Furnisht with choice of all Varietie :
To it comes Tyme ;¹ and as a bidden guest
Hee sets² him downe, in Pompe and Maiestie ;
The three-folde Age³ of Man, the Waiters bee.
Then with an⁴ earthen voyder (made of clay)
Comes Death, & takes the table clean away.

FINIS.

¹ 1605, no capital T.

² *Ibid.* 'sits'

³ *Ibid.* no capital A.

⁴ *Ibid.* 'a.'



V. FROM ENGLAND'S HELICON.
1600.

NOTE.—From “England’s Helicon :” 1600 (Sign H. 1 and 2). Like “As it fell vpon a day,” as it appears in E. H. “The Vnknowne Shepheards Complaint” is signed Ignoto; but seeing that “As it fell vpon a day” is known from other sources to be Barnefield’s, its heading, “*Another* of the same Shepheards,” enables us to redeem “The Vnknowne Shepheards Complaint” for Barnefield. This is done *for the first time*, but it is clear that the somewhat ill-informed editor of “England’s Helicon” (John Bodenham?), though for the moment unaware (or uncertain) of the authorship of either, did know that both belonged to the same Author. See our Introduction on “As it fell vpon a day.” Sonnet XV. of the Sonnets with “Cynthia,” &c. (p. 91), also appears as “The Shepheards Sonnet” in “England’s Helicon,” (p. 2), with only slight changes, *e. g.* in line 1 ‘My’ for ‘Ah,’ ‘Ganimede’ for ‘Ganymede,’ ‘swaines’ for ‘swains.’ His name ‘Rich. Barnefield’ is added to it.—G.

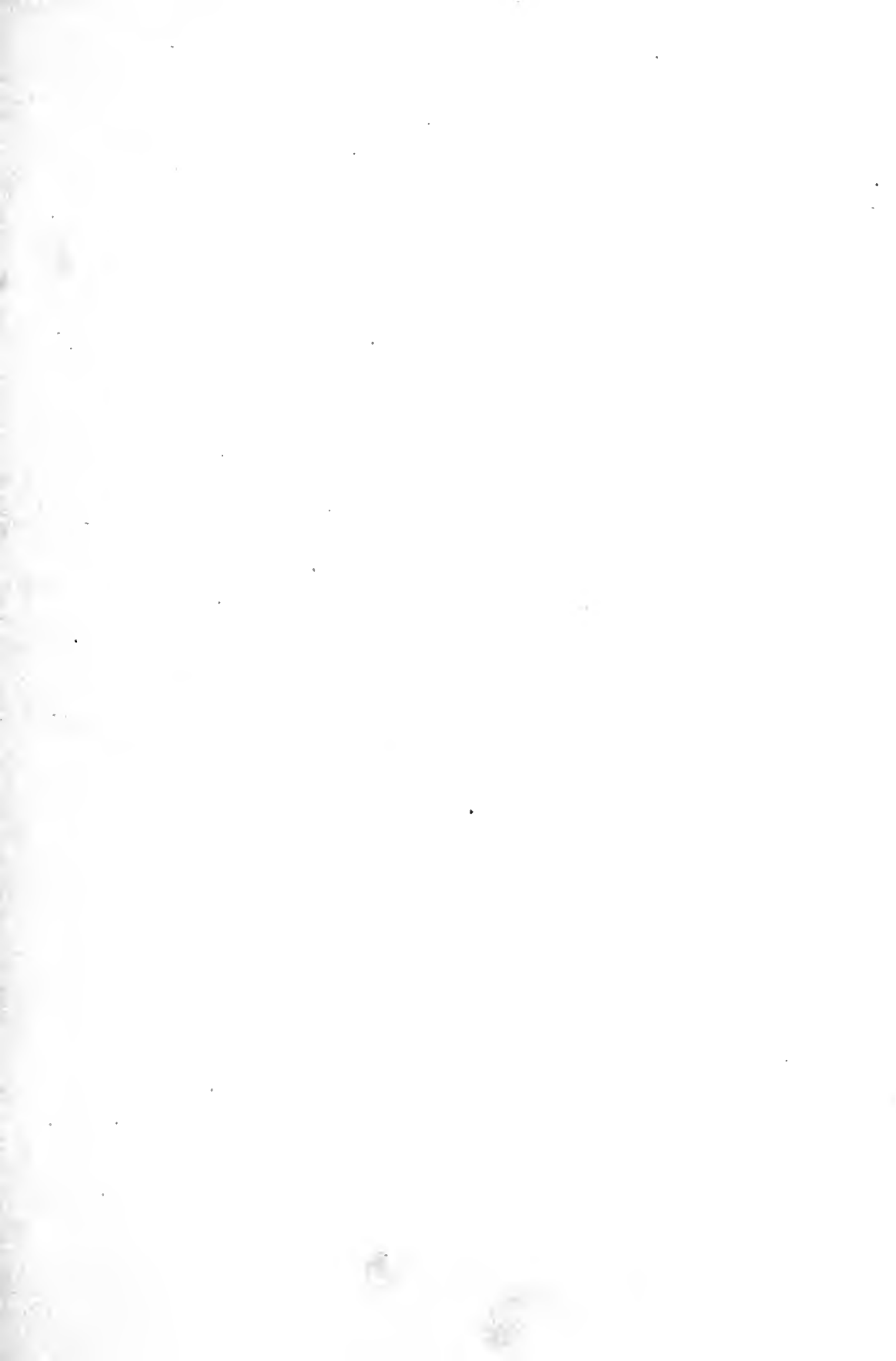
¶ THE VNKNOWNE SHEEPHEARDS COMPLAINT.

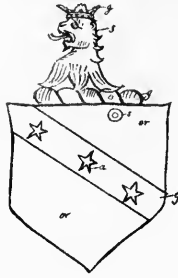
My Flocks feede not, my Ewes breede not,
 My Rammes speede not, all is amisse :
 Loue is denying, Faith is defying,
 Harts renying, causer of this.
 All my merry Iiggs are quite forgot,
 All my Ladies loue is lost God wot.
 Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue.
 There a nay is plac'd without remoue.
 One silly crosse, wrought all my losse,
 O frowning Fortune, cursed fickle Dame :
 For now I see, inconstancie
 More in women then in men remaine.

In black mourne I, all feares scorne I,
 Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall :
 Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
 O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.
 My Shepheards pipe can sound no deale,
 My Weathers bell rings dolefull knell.
 My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaide,
 Playes not at all, but seemes afraide.
 With sighs so deepe, procures to weepe,
 In howling-wise, to see my dolefull plight :
 How sighs resound, through hartlesse ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Cleare Wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
 Greene plants bring not foorth their die :
 Heards stand weeping, Flocks all sleeping,
 Nimphs back peeping fearefully.
 All our pleasure knowne to vs poore Swaines,
 All our merry meeting on the Plaines.
 All our euening sports from vs are fled,
 All our loue is lost, for Loue is dead.
 Farewell sweete Loue, thy like nere was,
 For sweete content, the cause of all my moane :
 Poore *Coridon* must liue alone,
 Other helpe for him, I see that there is none.







From the Isham M.S. Lamport Hall, Northampton.

To the right worth Sir John Sponsor Knight
Alderman of the Somervale City of
London and Lord Treasurer of Lady Potunia.
A.

Lod by the swifte reports of winged fame,
with golden trumpet soundings forth your name,
To you I dedicate this merry Muse
And for my Patron of your favor thus
She is a woman shee must be respected
Shee is a Quene shee must not be resisted
This is the shadowe you the substance sawe
Whyn substance never the shadowe seemes
to trave.
ffinis. Richard Barnfield.

Monogram from Barnfield's Will at Lichfield.

VI. FROM A MS. IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR CHARLES H.
ISHAM, LAMPORT HALL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

NOTE.—The Manuscript, of which there follows *for the first time*, an exact reproduction, belongs to Sir Charles H. Isham, bart., of Lamport Hall, Northampton. It is a small paper book of eighteen leaves within a vellum skin, which seems a leaf of a Latin treatise. There is one leaf blank, and on the *verso* of the next the Latin lines on Tarquin and Lucrece begin; and so onward on other ten leaves—the last on one side only. The remainder is blank. Mr. A. J. Horwood is uncharacteristically inaccurate in his description of the MS. as Richard Barnfield's autograph is not at the end of the MS. but on page 17, in signing the verse-dedication to Sir John Spencer. See our Introduction on what belongs and does not (probably) belong to Barnefield.—G.

Tarquinius viso Lucretiae gestu, haec secum
absens reuoluit.

Sic sedit, sic culta fuit : sic stamina mouit :
Neglectae collo sic iacuere comae,

Has habuit vultus, haec illi verba fuerunt :
Hic color, haec facies : hic decor oris erat.

THE SHEPHERDES CONFESSION.

To thy shrifte (greate chaplen of the familie of loue) com̄s y^e passionat shephard of the westerne playnes to confes his faultes & to offer sacrifice for his offences. I haue loud, a foole y^e I was & haue obtained. fy blab y^e I tell but trustinge to thy secreisy let me open that thinge y^e w'tting wherof is the greateste contente in loue. when in the blominge of my youth & in the florishinge time of the yere I first tooke vpō me y^e charge of a shepherd, Phillis my fath's neighbo^rs Daughter draue likewise her fath^rs flocke. at noone time as it often happens a monge vs shepherds I to a void the heate of the sonne vsed to w'hdrow my self to a fōutaine springinge in he^r sheepegate where beinge my custome to meete her as on[e] day vnder y^e couerlet of a roeke wh're gazing on y^e cristall streame, in the watry glas, she did see the shadowe of Bellin my rāme how he was mouēd one the yeaw to p'forme the duty of marra^dg. She asked me what the rāme did. I said he got on the yeaws backe to discrie if on the the (*sic*) hedge were any better food (& holy preist let me confesse my falte) I then spake as I thought but y^e wily Phillis p'cevyng my simplicity turnes her head and smiles

as if her countenance should say what a foole is this. But longe she had not remaynd thus when on the leaues of a marygolde she saw a busy bee gathring hony. Willie saith shee for so am I cald, shall I be thy bee & sucke thy hony of thy lips? By the cleerenes of her posicons I hauinge my vnderstandinge now erected replied yee Phillis so y^t like y^e marigold y^u wilt only to my bright beames ly open. O the crafte of women, how putly vpon my wordes did shee frowne & turne a way. I affeard of her displeasure said sweet Phil why looke yo^u from me? haue I offended. Dere then turne those eys nay fix them vpon me soe shall the flames thereof in burninge me be iust punishers of mine offence. Wth y^t I wold haue initated the gras where on we lay by clasping her in my armes but she tⁿinge aside, espies my iuory pipe, and as women delight in faire thinges & yet through their natures couetousnes doe rather

take then giue, so now to make p'fit of her anger, she told me by no meanes I shoud enter acquaintance againe vnles franckly and freely I would giue her my white pipe. I made answer y' giue it I could not but if she would lay the browne mazer her mother gaue her to my whistle vpon any wager I would try the venter. wee a greed & y^e bargaine was who in runinge should firste come to the bush at y^e bottom of the hill, he should haue the prize. we set forward & step for step, stroke for stroke she kept w'h me nay was often times before me till drawinge neere y^e marke she begane to fainte & speechles fell downe. I whose mind was more on takinge her vp then on winninge the wager imployd my strength to y^e thrusting of her vp againe. This kindnes of mine in shewing, I neglected my profit in comparisō of her suer footing did so deeply p'ce [= pierce] her as shee thought it not enough to giue me y^e curious wrought mazer confessinge it to be mine as woñe by

maine speedines but w^h all shee pⁿted it me replenished w^h a most reviving liquo^r. I not to seeme defectiue in curteous bounty gaue her my pipe. she refusd the p^pty [= property] & only craued y^e vse of it to chere vp her spirites when she was in her melancholy dūps. Phi: said I if you returne me my pipe yet it is yo^s at commaund and as for yo^r mazer since it is houshold stuf & y^t I am no huswif I p^r thee take it home againe but sweet Phi keepe it neatly. only I desire you woldst bringt a feild adayes, y^t when through heat I shall grow thirsty w^h the liquo^r thereof I may alay my drought. Thus for y^t time we p^ted & often since to y^e high delightfull quenchinge of my most furious flames out of y^t iolly polished mazor haue I caroused. But here is my misfortune, for this offence I come now to aske p^done, my fair tressed Ph amonge other of her delightes kept shut vp in a cage a bird called a wagtaile. him she fed

wth her owne hand, him she stroked, him she plaid wthhall. I cominge on a time to this cage & pittying to see y^t poore foule in captiuitie w^{ch} was free by the laws of kind vnpent the cage dore & out flue the bird. Ph: findinge her play fellow gone & y^t through my falte, O hils O downs into what arage was shee driuen. I was the man y^t invied her content, twas I y^t had bereaud her of her morninges thought, he^r repose at euen, her make [=mate] by day and he^r valiant gûid by night, so y^t transported wth this tempestuos passion away she flinges from me & neu^r sinc cold I regaine her fauo^r. how often sine haue I sued for grace by crowninge those lam̄s wth garlandes w^{ch} I knew to be her fauorites. how often haue I brought her a robbin redbreste & told h^r y^t although he be sullē [=sullen] & sollitary, yet is he a most kind & faithfull bird. how often haue I p^rsented her y^e nightingale wth this commend^ocon y^t he vseth to sleepe wth a pricke at his breste, and yet she scornes my guiftes & wth despitfull thretninge makes answer to my passionat intreatinges y^t vnles I find her lady bird againe

I must neu' vēter to come in her p'nc. I haue so wandred the woodes & made so many a tree brāchles for y^e search of this wagtaile as now beinge not able to wag any further, I am com vnto thy shrine sine she will not here me, to confes my greuos fault & offer sacrifice for y^e sinne. If my oblacon be of force to moue thy spirit, to fore tell me I shall recou^r my La: bird againe who shalbe more bounde to thy holynes then thy poore shephard Willie? But if my offence haue not merite[d] such fauo^r as to say y^e truth what can he deserue in y^e sight of loue, who hath wilfully lost his wagtaile yet accept this sacrifice w^{ch} I bringe vnto thee. This viall w^{ch} I offer is a viall of teares w^{ch} I haue wept for my los w^{ch} eydew being but small in quantity because y^e glas is but little & britel, may as a misticale relik be kept in thy temple to shew maidens should not greue to much for the los of so brikle athinge as is virgins maiden head. Holy father I haue cōfesse[d] all I attend thine absolution. Finis.

FINIS.

Euery knight of y^e order of y^e Snuffe shall be well prouided in tearmes concerninge y^e candle, as hauinge occasiō to bid one light y^e candle he shall say incense y^e candle, for puttinge him in to y^e candle sticke, aduance him into his throwne, for snuffing of y^e candle he shall say reforme y^e candle, for takeinge away y^e theefe, assiste y^e candle, for fastninge him into y^e socket establish y^e candle, for stickinge of flowers adorne y^e candle; and if he be taken a way by ratts or mice, he shall say, he is taken prisoner, if he be gnawnc he shall say he is indented.

My prime of youth is but a froste of cares.
My feaste of Joy is but a dish of paine.
My cropp of corne is but a feild of tares.
and all my good is but vayne hope of gayne
The day is paste and yet I saw no sonne
And now I liue and now my life is donne
My tale was harde, and yet it was not told
my frute is falne, and yet my leaues are greene
My youth is spent and yet I am not old.
I saw y^e world and yet I was not seene
My thread is cut, and yet it is not sponne
And now I liue and now my lief is donne.
I sought my death and found it in my wombe.
I lookt for life and saw it was a shade.

I trod y^e yearth and knewe it was my tombe
And now I die, and now I was but made
My glasse is full and now my glasse is runne
And now I liue and now my lief is donne.

Answer.

Thy prime of youth is frozen wth thy faultes
Thy feaste of Joy is finisht wth thy fall.
Thy cropp of corne is tares a vayling naughtes
Thy good god knowes thy hope, thy happ and all.
Short were thy daies and shadow was thy sonne
T'obscure thy light vnluckely begunne.
Time trieth truth and truth, hath treason tript
Thy faith bare fruite, as thou hadste faithlesse beene.

Thine ill spent youth, thyne after yeares haue impte.
and god y^t sawe thee, hath p^rserud our Queene
Her thride still holdes thine perisht thowth vnspuⁿe.
And she shall liue when trayters liues are donne.
Thou soughtst thy death, and found it in deserte
Thou lookst for lief yet lewdly forced it fade
Thou trodst the earth and now in earth thou arte
As men may wish y^u neu^r hadst bin made
Thy glory and thy glasse are tymeles runne
And this (O Tuchbourne) hath thy Treason donne.

FINIS.

INCERTI AUTHORIS.

Wife.

The double V, is dowble woe
The I, is nought but ielosie
The F, is fawninge flatterie
The E is nought but enmitie.
Thus V wth I, wth f, wth E:
Brings nothinge els but miserie.

Answer.

Is double V such double woe
Speake of no more then that you knowe.
Tis weale, tis wealth, and nothing soe
I, Joye is, not iealosie.

F fauor is, not flattery.
E is true loues eternytie.
Thus, V, wth I, wth F, wth E
well consterd is felicitie.

FINIS.

To the right Worth Sir John Spenser Knighte
Alderman of the honnorable Citty of
London and lorde treasurer of Lady pecunia.

Led by the swifte reporte of winged fame,
with golden trumpet soundinge forth your name,
To you I dedicate this merry Muse
And for my Patron I your fauor chuse,
She is a woman shee muste be respected
Shee is a Queene she muste not be reiected
This is the shaddowe you the substance haue
Which substance nowe this shaddowe seemes to craue.
Richard Barnfield.

FINIS.

There is a thinge y^t much is vsd
tis caulled loue, by men abusd :
they write and sigh and sweare they die
when all is done they know they lie,
but when they sweare by faith & troth
ile sweare they care not for an othe.

They firste muste haue a mistres faire
and then a fauor for to weare
and then they go to flattries skoole
and call her wise they knowe a foole
but let them sweare by faith and troth
ile sweare they care not for an othe.

It is a practise in this age
to lay theire creditts vnto gage,
by wit by vowes by neate attire
to conquer that they most desire
but let them sweare by faith and troth
ile sweare they care not for an othe.

FINIS.

EPITAPHIUM.

Weepe with mee all yee that reade,
 this little storie,
And knowe for whome these teares you shedd
 deaths selfe is sorrie,
It was a childe that so did thriue,
 in grace and feature,
That heauen and nature seemde to striue,
 whoe owed the creature,
Yeeres he numbred scarce thirteene
 when the destenies turnd cruell
Yet three paste zodiacks he had bine
 our stages Juell

And what wee nowe doe mone
 he plaide olde men soe duelic,
The destinies thought him to be one,
 he faind soe truelie,
And in that error they consented,
 to his death,
But vewing him since they haue repented
 and haue sought to giue newe birth
 in charmes to steepe him :
But beinge soe much to good for earth,
 heauen voves to keepe him.

FINIS.

A lustie nutt browne wenche scant woorth y^e namage
went downe a staire bearinge a candle flaming :
A swagering gallant comming her t'encounter
att first approache couragiously would mount her :
Shee strongly made resistaunce and did sweare
she would burne him by that candle she did beare :
Hee blew y^e candle out to breake hir vowe
she kept her promise still, imagine how.

FINIS.

Sweete hart to deale trewly I loue thee not much
disdaininge to serue thee thy kindnes is such ;
For why thy demeanor commendeth thee not
thy bewty vnpleasing the better my lott :
Then sweete I assure you ile loue you not more,
refusinge to loue you which loued you before.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTICE.—It is thought well to call attention to certain Shakesperean parallels and words that are pointed out in the following Notes and Illustrations, viz.: *The Affectionate Shepherd*, ll. 1-2; St. I.-II.; St. IV. l. 3; St. VIII. l. 4; St. XI. l. 5; St. XVIII. l. 2; St. XXII. l. 5; St. XXVIII. l. 3; St. XXX. l. 4; St. XXXV. ll. 5-6; *The Second Day's Lamentation*, St. I. l. 4; St. III. l. 2; St. XIII. l. 3; St. XVI. l. 1; St. XVIII. l. 3; St. XXIII. l. 4; St. XL. l. 2; *The Shepherd's Content*, St. XXXVII. l. 3; *Cynthia*, St. II. l. 3; St. III. l. 6; Sonnet x.; *Cassandra*, page 108, St. II. ll. 1-2; *ibid.* page 111, St. I.; *ibid.* page 118, St. I.; *ibid.* page 125, St. III. ll. 1-2; *ibid.* page 127, St. II.; *The Encomion on Lady Pecunia*, page 144, St. III. l. 2. In all these places something will be found worth-while. G.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. The Affectionate Shepherd.

Verse-dedication to the Lady Penelope Ritch (Rich), the Stella of Sir Philip Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," the brilliant and unfortunate sister of the equally brilliant and unfortunate Robert Earl of Essex.

Lines 1-2, "Angelique eyes
 Are vestall *Candles* of sweet Beauties Treasure."
Cf. Shakespeare: "those gold *candles* fixed in heaven's air."
 (Sonnet xxi. 12)
Read the whole Sonnet, though it is only incidentally that it
 applies to Barnfield. See also "The Second Day's Lamen-
 tation," St. xxv. l. 2, "Thine eyes for *candles*."
Line 5, "toy" = trifle.

Second Title (p. 8). The Teares, &c. Thomas Watson's "Teares of Fancie or Loue Disdained" (1593) probably suggested this secondary title.

The Poem.

St. 1.-11. On the "conceit" of the love of a "boy" by a man, see the Epistle to Cynthia. This is one of various examples that go to explain the *form* of some of Shakespeare's sonnets, on which I hope to write fully and satisfyingly in a Life of Shakespeare's Southampton, being prepared. Meantime be it noted that like the opening of *Venus and Adonis*, the *Affectionate Shepherd* seems founded on the proverbial saying referred to by Shakespeare: "Like a red morn that ever yet betoken'd wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field, sorrow to Shepherds" (Lines 453-455). Thus both indicate by their first words the tragic or mournful nature of the song or poem.

- St. I. line 6, "*I came, I saw*:" reminiscence of Cæsar's "Veni, vidi, [vici.]"
- „ II. „ 2, "*trust*" = trussed, *i. e.* tied.
- „ II. „ 4, "*enamels*:" For rhyme's sake with 'tramels,' (line 2) the verb singular is made to agree with the first nominative 'pearle.'
- „ III. „ 1, "*alablaster*" = alabaster. So too the name of Dr. Alabaster is spelled contemporaneously.
- „ III. „ 3, "*blin*:" A variant form of "*lin*" = to cease. Halliwell adduces this from Wright's *Political Songs* (p. 212), "Mon that loveth falsnesse and nule never *blyne*." So Spenser also:
 " For nathemore for that spectacle bad
 Did th' other two their cruell vengeance *blin*."
 (F. Q. b. 3, c. 5, 22, ll. 6-7.)
- „ IV. „ 3, "*Elues*" = elvish, as in Shakespeare, "elvish marked," *i. e.* disfigured by fairies? Or query = young cattle, as in Tusser —used playfully in either case.
- „ IV. „ 5, Read 'of her [he] was' or 'of her was [he].'
- „ IV. „ 6, "*proued*" = tried.
- „ V. „ 1, "*too*" = to. On this entire stanza it may be remarked that while of course Lady Rich was not Guendolen, it is yet possible that the veiled allusion may have been to the loves of Sydney and Lady Rich. It is difficult to account for the stanza otherwise, as it has no bearing on the story.
- „ VI. „ 1, Punctuate "hapned;"
- „ VII. „ 6, "*waft*" = wafted. The 'ed' or 't' of the past participle of verbs in 't' was not unfrequently elided or rejected.
- „ VIII. „ 4, "*amorous*" = full of love, love-charged. So Shakespeare: "his amorous spoil" (Compl. l. 154); "my amorous tale" (Much Ado about Nothing, i. 1).
- „ XI. „ 5, "*more hard than Adamant or steele*." So Barnabe Barnes in Elegie xx. line 34 (Parthenophil and Parthenophe). So Shakespeare (Mids. N. Dream, ii. 2):
 " You draw me, you hard-hearted *adamant*."
- „ XIV. „ 3, "*curse and ban*:" These synonyms are used for emphasis of repetition, which was a common contemporary practice in English. In general one word is a synonym or paronyme of the other, but derived from a different language, "Chop and change" is another example. Ban = to curse.
- „ XV. „ 2, "*sugred*:" frequently. It is often used by Sydney:

- St. xv. line 4, see II. xxv.
- „ xvi. „ 3. The construction is, Then he (That now sight, *i.e.* the writer's sight) and I, &c.
- „ xviii. „ 1, "*wrests*" = wrists. Note the spelling.
- „ xviii. „ 2, "*crownets*" = coronets. So in Shakespeare, *e.g.* "their *crownets* regal" (*Troilus and Cress.* prol. line 6); "in his livery walked crowns and *crownets*" (*Antony and Cleop.* v. 2). But in the text the meaning is rather 'bracelets.'
- „ xix. „ 4, "*play the hunts-up*:" We take the following from Halliwell: "Mr. Collier has printed a very curious song, from which it appears that the *hunts-up* was known as early as 28 Henry VIII. The following extract will show the nature of it:
- "The hunt is up, the hunt is up, &c.
The Masters of Art and Doctors of Divinity
Have brought this name out of good unity.
Three noblemen have this to stay,—
My lord of Norfolk, Lord of Surrey,
And my Lord of Shrewsbury,
The Duke of Suffolk might have made England merry."
- Ibid.* „ 5, "*coote*" = cot. Cf. St. xxix. line 2, of "The Shepherd's Content."
- St. xx. „ 5, "*well*:" = a welling spring.
- „ xxi. „ 6, "*eughes*" = yews.
- „ xxii. „ 5, "*Ladon*:" A river in Arcadia.—HALLIWELL.
- „ xxii. „ 5, "*noyse*" = concert of sweet sounds, as in a "noise of musicians."
This was its earlier and later sense, *i.e.* of a set or company of musicians, *e.g.* Sneak's noise (Shakespeare) or Rupert's noise meant Sneak's or Rupert's set of players or band. Similarly George Herbert, in 106. *The Familie*: line 1:
"What doth this noise of thoughts within my heart
As if they had a part?"
and again, 144. Aaron: line 8, "a noise of passions ringing me for dead" (*Herbert's Works*, in F. W. L. and in *The Aldine Poets*.)
- „ xxiii. „ 6, "*milke*" = a white delicate bait; but used probably by constraint for a rhyme with "silke;" albeit it may be remembered that (milk) white and bright baits are very attractive to some fish. 'Abide' (line 3) is another word used in stress of rhyme.
- „ xxiv. „ 6, "*Syrinx*:" An Arcadian nymph who, flying from Pan, was

- turned into a reed, which was afterwards made into a pipe by the pursuer.—HALLIWELL.
- St. xxv. line 3, "*ceruices*:" The sorb apple, of which Parkinson reckons four kinds, one being the red chesse apple or English wild service. "Chesse" was probably another provincial name for it.
- „ xxvi. „ 2, "*brauer trees*" = handsomer or finer.
- „ xxvii. „ 2-3, "*light*." Cf. Legend of Cassandra for like playing on "light" (p. 125, St. ii. line 6).
- „ xxviii. „ 3, "*prickets*:" Bucks of the second year.—HALLIWELL. Perhaps "haunt" is a misprint for "hunt," although the former gives a good meaning = follow importunately. As Shakespeare, "I do *haunt* thee in the battle thus" (1 Henry IV. v. 3) and "did *haunt* you in the field" (Troilus and Cressida, iv. 1).
- „ xxix. „ 2, "*garden plot*." So Tusser and Herbert frequently: = a space separated for a garden.
- „ xxx. „ 3, "*Spyke*" = Lavender.—HALLIWELL. But "lavender" has been already named in a previous stanza (line 6). Perhaps "of another kind" as in The Second Day's Lament. St. vii. of the "pidgeons."
- Ibid.* „ 4, "*The scarlet-dyed carnation bleeding yet*:" The idea of a bleeding flower gives additional grace to one of the most beautiful passages in Shakespeare:
- "Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound."
- HALLIWELL [Mids. N. Dr. ii. 2.]
- Ibid.* „ 5, "*sauery*," a still used vegetable.
- Ibid.* „ 5, "*margerum*" = marjoram.
- Ibid.* „ 6, "*good for the blinde*:" According to Gerard, p. 537, "eiebright stamped and laid upon the eies, or the juice thereof, mixed with white wine, and dropped into the eies, or the distilled water, taketh awaie the darknesse and dimnesse of the eies, and cleereth the sight."—HALLIWELL.
- St. xxxi. „ 4, "*flour cald sops-in-wine*." Pinks. —HALLIWELL. *Sic*, but "pinks" have been already named in line 1.
- Ibid.* „ 5, "*bootes*." The marsh marigold. According to Gerard, p. 671, this name for the plant was current only "in Cheshire and those parts."—HALLIWELL.

- St. xxxiii. line 2, "*tyce*" = entice. In Marlowe, frequently.
 ,, xxxv. ,, 5, 6, "I loue thee for thy gifts, she for hir pleasure;
 I for thy Vertue, she for Beauties treasure."
 Cf. Shakespeare's 20th Sonnet:
 "—— since she pick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love, and thy loves use their treasure."
 ,, xxxvii. ,, 1, An error here. Transpose and read "But I that lou'd." Cf.
 St. xxxvi. line 5, "Then She."
Ibid. ,, 4, "*their beauties baning*:" Used either substantively = beauties'
 baning, with the baning of their beauties—and this might
 then represent banning (metri gr.); or = that now behold
 me baning (or banning) me with their beauties. Line 5,
 "*Thy bane*," *i. e.* thy ban or curse, (metaphorically) my bale,
i. e. woe, or that cause my woe.

The Second Dayes Lamentation :

- St. i. line 4, "*the christall fountaines*:" "Opening on Neptune with fair
 blessed beams." Mids. N. Dream, iii. 2.—HALLIWELL.
 ,, ii. ,, 5, 6, Cf. The Isham MS. in Answer to Tychborne (pp. 211-12)—
 which is a confirmation of Barnfield's authorship of it.
 ,, iii. ,, 2, "*Receauing cisternes*," &c. Cf. Lucrece—Lucrece and maid
 weeping "Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling" (line 1234).
 ,, vi. ,, 3, Cf. A Remembrance of Some English Poets.
 ,, vii. ,, 3, "*ruff-footed*" = feathered legs.
 ,, viii. ,, 2, "*boult*" = a short blunt-topped arrow.
 ,, ix. ,, 1, "*springes*" = snares: a dissyllable.
Ibid. ,, 4, "*grype*:" A griffin.—HALLIWELL. *Sic.* but query 'a vulture'?
 Cf. Humfrey Gifford's "Posie":
 "Where scorchèd harts dispaire and anguish gnaw,
 Lyke greedy Gripes, that peck Prometheus' maw."
 (*Of the vncontented estate of Louers.*)
Ibid. ,, 5, "*sparrow calls*" = whistles to imitate their "call," and so
 entrap the birds.
 St. x. ,, 3, "*sweake*:" query 'bill-hook?' Both 'prop' and 'sweake' seem
 to refer to things used in snaring.
Ibid. ,, 4, "*Cyparissus selfe*:" a boy of Cea, a son of Telephus, beloved of
 Apollo and Zephyrus or Silvanus. Having by misadventure
 killed a favourite stag, he was overwhelmed with grief and

- was metamorphosed into a cypress.—(Ovid. Met. x. 120, &c.)
Probably this line was meant to be within ().
- St. x. line 5, “*oozels*” = blackbirds. Cf. St. xxxix. line 5.
 ,, XI. ,, 1, “*hare-pypes*” = snares for catching hares.
Ibid. ,, 1, “*a muset hole*” = a hole through which a hare goes to escape when hunted.
Ibid. ,, 4, “*splent*” = a flat thin sliver of wood.
Ibid. ,, 4, “*lythe*.” = soft. The word, like pliant or pliable, supposes a certain amount of rigidity and resiliency.
 St. XII. ,, 5, “*Bunnell*.” a dried hemp-stalk. Cumb. (Wright). Was it infused as tea?
Ibid. ,, 5, “*perry*.” the fermented juice of pears, as cyder from apples.
 St. XIII. ,, 1, read “*pleasant-noted*,” certainly.
 ,, XIII. ,, 3, “*white as whale*.” *i. e.* as whale-bone.
 “ This is the flower that smiles on eneryone
 That show his teeth *as white as whales bone.*”
 Love’s Labour’s Lost, v. 2.
 ,, XIV. ,, 1, “*lardarie*” = a larder.
Ibid. ,, 2, “*cracknell*” = a well-browned or crisp cake: but it seems to be used for any food well browned.
Ibid. ,, 3, “*ill-pleasing eye*” = eye ill or not willing to be pleased or difficult to please. Or, qu. ‘pleasing ill’?
Ibid. ,, 5, “*coate*” = the simple coat of a shepherd.
 St. XVI. ,, 1, “*a race of ginger*.” Cf. Shakespeare in Winter’s Tale (iv. 2), “a race or two of ginger.”
 ,, XVIII. ,, 3, “*mend my misse*.” Does this not elucidate Venus and Adonis, line 53 “blames her miss”? (= misbehaviour?).
 ,, XIX. ,, 2, “*girdle-steed*,” *i. e.* girdle-place, viz. the waist. So home-stead or steed.
 ,, XXI. ,, 3, “*odious*” = hateful or offensive, as “comparisons are *odious*.”
 ,, XXII. ,, 3, “*cloyd*.” strange use of the word. Cf. lvi. HUMFRY GIFFORD in his *Posie of Gilloflowers* (1580) also has it thus:—
 “Haue not thy head so *cloyd* with worldly cares” (*A Lesson for all estates*: our edition, p. 96).
 ,, XXIII. ,, 4, “*my lovely faire*.” compare A Mids. N. Dream, i. 1.
 ——— “O, happy fair!
 Your eyes are lode-stars.”—HALLIWELL.

- St. XXVIII. line 1, "light," *i. e.* lighted.
- „ XXVIII. „ 6, "Lest climbing high thou catch too great a fall." A reminiscence of the well-known anecdote of Elizabeth and Raleigh.
- „ XXIX. „ 4, "steeme" = esteem.
- „ XXXVI. „ 6, "Fame is toombles:" See Complaint of Chastitie, St. IX. line 7 (p. 55).
- „ XL. „ 2, "fell" = skin. So Shakespeare: "their *fells*, you know, are greasy." (As You Like It, iii. 2).
- Ibid.* „ 3, "weather" = wether, sheep.
- Ibid.* „ 5, "fautors," abettors.
- Ibid.* „ 6, "nesh:" soft, delicate. See Notes and Queries (4th Series). The meaning is, white kine are 'nesh' or delicate, black are strong: black coney skins dear, grey ones cheap.
- Ibid.* „ 6, "cheap alway" = altogether or very cheap.
- St. XLI. „ 4, "invented" = discovered (Latin), as the Invention of the Cross.
- „ XLII. „ 2, "dammasin" = damson (plum); in line 3 "Bullas" = bullace (plums). Wheaton = wheat-plum: a variety. (Bailey, *s. v.*)
- „ XLIII. „ 1, 3, "beaver:" Cf. Juvenal, xii. 34:
 ——— "imitatus, castora, qui se
 Eunuchum ipse facit, cupiens evadere, damno
 Testiculorum.—HALLIWELL.
 Humfrey Gifford in his "Posie of Gillowflowers" (1580) has the same odd illustration. See our edition and relative note.
- „ XLIV. „ 1, "crimbling" = crumbling. To "crimme" is to 'crumble' bread.
- „ XLV. „ 1, "Diamonds:" alluding to the more rare and therefore more costly dark or coloured or black diamonds. Similarly the dark grey pearl (line 5) is the more sought for: and this is probably the meaning.
- Ibid.* „ 3, "watchet:" pale azure blue. Cf. a full Note in Barnabe Barnes (page 224: our edition).
- „ XLVIII. „ 2, "dare" = dace?
- Ibid.* „ 4, "little they nourish:" *i. e.* they fill nature and add to her varieties but that is nearly all, they "nourish little," &c.
- Ibid.* „ 5, "loach." Made famous in our generation by Blackmore in his "Lorna Doone" (c. vii.)

- St. LII. line 3, "white" = a white hypocritical covering for "black Vyec's Piller:" so a "whited sepulchre."
- „ LV. „ 4, "clened in their birth" = in baptism.
- „ LVI. „ 4, "cloy'd:" Cf. St. XXII.
- „ LIX. This and succeeding Stanzas recall George Herbert's "Church Porch." See our Introduction § 2.
- „ LX. „ 5, Punctuate "words;". So in St. LXI. line 3, "dayes;": St. LXIII. line 1, "thee:" and line 2, "bearing:" and St. LXIV. "spilt;".
- „ LXV. „ 3, Punctuate "good,": The sense is, Whose bad [will end] thy good. Other corrections of punctuation are easily seen, but this and others noted conceal the meaning.
- Ibid.* „ 4, "knife." Halliwell, copying a MS. correction, prints "swords." But the plural 'swords' is scarcely admissible. It is either an oversight or licence of the Poet himself.
- „ LXVI. „ 2, "glauer" = to flatter.
- „ LXVII. „ 6, "True Age is reuerend worship to thy graue" = True old age is that which receives the reverend worship of all up to the time of death.
- „ LXIX. „ 1, "leare" = lore.
- „ LXXII. „ 1, "misse" = amiss.
- „ LXXIII. „ 5, "conge" = farewell (French). But if so, how did he manage to proceed homeward "by the Moon shine light" when Cynthia had taken 'conge' of the sable Night?"

The Shepherds Content, &c. It may be noted that H. C. in his "Piers Plaines" (1595) commends this poem highly. See Collier's *Bibl. Acc.* ii. 165.

- St. II. line 6-7, "meane:" a play on the music term, as in the "Encomion" on "counter." (Page 138, St. I.-II.)
- „ IV. „ 4, "dumpe." Dr. William Loe in his "Songs of Sion" (1620) often uses the word. See our edition in *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library*. Punctuate 'dumpe;': and in line 5, 'foes,'.
- „ VII. „ 4, "knaps" = hits. So Barnabe Barnes in his *Divine Centurie*, Sonnet lxxiii. line 10.
- Ibid.* „ 5, "gates" = ways or paths (Northern); in Scotland still commonly used = sheep-walks.
- St. V III. „ 1, "fawn's": error for 'fawns' or 'fawnes.'

- St. VIII. line 3, "*glauer*" = to flatter, as before.
- Ibid.* " 4, "*deck*" = pack of cards.
- St IX. " 3, Appears to mean, That they do not merely flatteringly praise his doings but love him and his acts make them their own desire. '*Wealth*' = weal, as in Litany, &c. and Cf. I. xxxviii. line 6.
- " XI. " 5, "*Nothing*:" qu. Nothing's; punctuate, in line 6, '*varietie*,'.
- " XII. " 6, "*Factors*" = Agents.
- " XIII. " 1, "*Merchant-venturer*." There was a Company known by the name of "The Merchant Venturers" without other designation, and there were the Merchant-adventurers of Virginia, Bermuda, &c., later. Here the phrase is general for any merchant-venturing ship in trade.
- " XV. " 4, "*stay*" = supports.
- " XVIII.-XIX. " "*Sydney*." See Introduction on the celebration of SIR PHILIP SIDNEY and THOMAS WATSON.
- " XVIII. line 6, "*obiect*" = stroke ?
- " XXI. " 4, "*beares the bace*" = bass.
- " XXV. " 5, "*bang'd*" = beaten about (Northern).
- " XXVII. " 5, "*rampicke*" = Partially decayed. A term generally applied to a tree which begins to decay at the top through age. —HALLIWELL. [Such an one as SWIFT looked at forebodingly.]
- " XXVIII. " 2, "*girlonds*" = garlands.
- " XXIX. " 2, "*coate*" = cot. Cf. The Affectionate Shepherd, St. xix. line 5. Line 4, qu. 'a' delete ?
- Ibid.* " 5, "*chop or change*" = barter. Cf. note on repetitions on A. S. St. xiv line 3.
- Ibid.* " 7, "*cracknell*." Cf. The Second Day's Lamentation, and relative note, St. xiv. line 2.
- " XXXIII. " See our Introduction, as before, on this.
- " XXXV. " 7, "*rue*," i. e. pity the wrong done to me by Ganimede.
- " XXXVI. " 1, "*pyle*" = head or point (as of an arrow), from Latin *pilum*. See our Barnabe Barnes (p. 226).
- Ibid.* " 6, "*I haue more*," i. e. I have more under that supposition = I will have.
- " XXXVII. " 3, "*(Cruell, vnkind) and wilt thou leaue me so*." Compare Mids. N. Dream, iii. 2, "why unkindly didst thou leave me so?"

Sonnet. Page 51, line 4, "*fresh*:" See our Introduction on Mr. Collier's correction of this line. = *freshet*, or sudden coming of Winter.

The Complaint of Chastitie Michel Drayton (spelled Dreyton). It seems impossible at this day to determine what is true and what false in the stories about Maude or Matilda Fitzwalter. Dugdale, who doubtless investigated the subject thoroughly, came to no settled conclusion, but simply said, "*It is by some thus reported,*" viz. "that this Robert Fitzwalter having a very beautiful daughter called Maude residing at Dunmow, the King frequently solicited her chastity, but, never prevailing, grew so enraged that he caused her to be privately poisoned, and that she was buried at the south side of the quire at Dunmow, between two pillars there." Some accounts say that she was poisoned through her liquors, and others by means of an egg. The whole or most of it seems a monkish invention.

- St. I. line 6, "*tainted*" = tinted. So John Weever: "their *rosie-tainted* features." (Epigrammes, 1599: No. 22.)
- „ II. „ 5, "*cousener*" = cozener.
- „ VII. „ 4, "*ones*" = once.
- „ VIII. „ 7, "*In that pure shrine,*" &c. = the shrine of immortal Virginitie. Cf. Lines to his Mistressse before Cynthia, St. II. line 7: "In that clear Temple of eternal Fame."
- „ IX. „ 1, "*doome*" = judgment or verdict.
- Ibid.* „ 2, "*still-vading*" = fleeting. This may be added to the collections of examples of the distinction between "fading" and "vading" as elsewhere noted by us.
- Ibid.* „ 7, "*toomblesse.*" Cf. The Second Day's Lamentation, St. xxxvi. line 6. In other words—immortal, does not die. See our Introduction on this noticeable phrase.

II. *Cynthia, with certaine Sonnets and the Legend of Cassandra.*

Epistle Dedicatory. William, Earl of Darby. This was the sixth Earl. He married, 26th June 1594, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, and had issue. He died in 1642. In various ways this Epistle recalls Shakespeare's—as elsewhere to be discussed by us.

Epistle to the Readers. The "one name" here spoken of is Elizabeth. *i.e.* Queen Elizabeth, who was flatteringly called Cynthia, Vesta, &c., &c., and his own lady-love, who must have been an Elizabeth. See close of Ode, page 102; also Cassandra, page 115.

T. T. in commendation of the Author. Query: Thomas Tuke, whose curious poem of the "Breaden God" is given in the Fuller Worthies' Library Miscellanies

- Line 1, "that" = he, that rears
 ,, 2 = Where did mask love—or, a change to the passive giving the sense better, Where was masked [his] love—the nonage of his skill. Love is to be taken as his (Barnfield's) love or affection as declared, though in a disguised manner in the poem; and "nonage of his skill" as a descriptive epithet of this written love that depreciated *The Affectionate Shepheard* in favour of these later poems, and also expressed the under-age of the Author.
 ,, 4, "by-clipt" = bi-cleft, two-forked, two-topped Parnassus.
 ,, 7, "lou'd, fea's'd" = loved of gods, feared of men.

To his Mistresse.

- St. 1. line 2, "president" = precedent.
 ,, III. ,, 3, "they:" The reference is to "curious ears" of which "each curious ear" is part.

Cynthia.

- St. 1. ,, 1. A slip—neuer mortall eye was beheld for 'did behold.'
 ,, II. ,, 9, "rout" = a crowd.
Ibid. ,, 3, "for to." So Marlowe and others, Greene especially; Shakespeare rarely, and except as a colloquialism it seems speedily to have gone out of date. Consult Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon, *s. v.*
 St. III. ,, 6, "Wherein Art stroue with nature." An anticipation of Ben Jonson's famous lines on Shakespeare's portrait.
 ,, IV. ,, 9, "il-beseeming grace." Query—grace or beauty ominous of ill or evil? Or is it a misprint for ul[all]-beseeming? Or perhaps the reference is to the after-described vexed appearance of "the rout of heavenly race."
 ,, V. ,, 4, "reale" = reel or turn swiftly.

- St. vi. line 9, "a light" = a-light or lighted, *i.e.* a lamp a-light.
- „ VIII. „ 8, "Laomedon:" Paris.
- „ IX. „ 2, "resolved" = dissolved. Cf. Cassandra, page 106, line 2.
- Ibid.* „ 3, "Pheares" = ferres, *i.e.* companions.
- St. x. „ 5, "trindled" = trundled. So 'crimbling chalk' for 'crumbling'
(Affec. Shep. Sec. Day's Lam. St. XLIV. line 1).
- Ibid.* „ 7, "Pulcherimæ" = for the fairest.
- St. XI. „ 5, "censure" = judgment or verdict, as before. 'Shee' is Pallas.
Juno pointing to Pallas says quoth she—"Nor from . . .
flie . . . though . . . gole."
- „ XIII. „ 6, = and soe doe we quoth Pallas; [quoth] Venus,—nor will I,
&c. A more intelligible punctuation would be:
"And so do we,"
Quoth Pallas,—Venus, "Nor will I
. obey."
- „ XIV. „ 4, Appears to refer 'forme,' to Juno—fame, to Minerva—love,
to Venus—life, *i.e.* future manner of life, to Paris—in
accordance with the promised gift of the winning goddess.
An example all this of the conceitful sentences of the time.
- „ XVI. Note this great praise of Elizabeth.
- „ XVII. „ 2, "pricke" = the mark aimed at by archers (a more difficult one
than the ordinary butt). Thus as praise followed a successful
shot there came the saying, 'the prick and praise.'
- „ XX. It will be observed that 'The Conclusion' differs in form in
every way from the previous stanzas, the rhyming being
couplet, &c.

Sonnets :

- Sonnet I. „ 8, Punctuate 'tearmeth' with. (a period).
- „ III. „ "Two stars," &c. = These stars [his eyes] rail their light when
other [stars] shine [*i. e.* at night]. But, when these others
vanish, then do these star-eyes add glory to the sun.
- Ibid.* „ 4, "Trent." It is pleasing to find Barnfield remembering the
river of his native county.
- Sonnet v. „ 5-8, Cf. Barnabe Barnes, as before.
- „ VI. Close. The conceit seems to be the old belief that one received
the vigour and youth of a young bed-fellow, *e. g.* the example
of David in his old age.

- Sonnet vii. li. 11, *Cyparissus was Silvanus ioy*. See the Second Day's Lamentation, St. x. line 4, and relative note.
- „ ix. „ 2, “*forlorne*,” *i. e.* [being] forlorne.
- „ x. „ This (and indeed the whole of these Sonnets) like “*Cynthia*” likewise illustrates the *form* of Shakespeare's Sonnets, as before. At line 12 I remove the H of It—a printer's error or early Cockneyism.
- „ xiii. „ 11, “*thy imbracing Louer* :” Lily is not the epithet of thy imbracing lover, but thy imbracing lover is the epithet applied to the lily, and his whiteness, lines 13, 14, is the lily. The conceit is the amorous war of the lily and rose, the white and red in his cheeks.
- Ibid.* „ 12, “*the*” = thee.
- Ibid.* „ 14, “*vades*.” See note and reference in Complaint of Chastitie, st. ix. line 2. ‘*Raing'st*’ = rangest.
- Sonnet xv. This appeared in England's Helicon. See onward.
- „ xvi. „ 11, “*fee's*” = fees.
- „ xvii. „ 3, Cf. *The Affec. Shep.* St. xv. lines 3-4.
- Ibid.* „ 12, This explains *Cassandra*, line 6.
- Sonnet xx. „ 10, “*Rowland* :” the poetical name of Drayton.

An Ode. On this see our Introduction (§ 2. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL).

III. *Cassandra.*

- Page 97, line 3, “*Night-Musiques King*.” Here the nightingale is male; in the Complaint of Poetrie (page 163) female, and in “*As it fell*,” &c.
- „ 98, „ 14, “*soften* :” *i. e.* his mistress Eliza.
- „ 99, „ 9-10 The moan of Daphnis and ought to have been within “ ”.
- „ 103, St. i. line 6, See Sonnet xvii. line 6.
- Ibid.* „ ii. „ 1, Cf. *Affec. Shep.* i. St. ii. and iii.
- Ibid.* „ ii. „ 3, “*impalled*” = paled in or surrounded, impaled.
- „ 104, „ ii. „ 6, “*sutes*” = takes the form of
- Ibid.* „ iii. „ 5, “*Tyara* :” = a head-dress, turban, or coronet, and is surely used in error here.
- Page 108, „ ii. „ 4, “*Biss* :” *sic.* Qu. Bess, *i. e.* Elizabeth again—a veiled compliment to the Poet's “*Eliza*” ? albeit not the

happiest. Could 'lass' be intended? So in the Ode
"My flocks feed not"—

Farewell sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was.

where is the same rhyme-word of 'was'.

Page 108, St. II. line 1-2. Cf. Shakespeare :

"And on his neck her yoking arms she throws"
(*Venus and Adonis*, line 592).

So in parallel with "ivory necke" there is Shakespeare's

"Since I haue hemmed thee here,
Within the crescent of this ivory pale"

(*Ibid.* lines 229-230).

Ibid. ,, 5, "*compiles*:" so in *Lady Pecunia*, p. 153, St. III. line 1.
So in *Barnabe Barnes*, *Madr.* xxv. line 8, &c. and
Nicholas Breton in his title-pages, &c.

Ibid. ,, III. ,, 4, "*firmnesse*" = steadfastness.

Page 110, ,, III. ,, 3, "*aluary*" = alveary, a bee-hive, from *alvearium*.

Ibid. at end, "*Muliere*" (*sic*).

,, 111, ,, I. Cf. *Venus and Adonis* (line 815, &c.).

,, 112, ,, I. ,, 1, "*Then*," query 'Him'?

,, 114, ,, III. ,, 6, "*Endymion's loue*," *i.e.* *Cynthia*.

,, 115, ,, III. ,, 2, "*renowmed*" = renowned: the contemporary and later
spelling.

,, 116, ,, I. ,, 6, "*rew*" = pity. See Notes and Illustrations to *Barnabe
Barnes*.

,, 117, ,, I. ,, 3, "*hare-brain'd*:" unsettled, wild, fluttered—as a pursued
hare.

Ibid. ,, III. ,, 6, "*Lemman*" = paramour.

Page 118, St. I. Cf. again *Venus and Adonis*, line 594, and context.

Ibid. ,, III. ,, 4, See a similar line in *Lady Pecunia*, St. XVIII. The
metaphor was a common one about this time.

,, 124, ,, II. ,, 6, "*brennish*" = brinish.

,, 125, ,, II. ,, 5, "*Wight*:" another example of 'wight' as feminine.

Ibid. ,, III. ,, 1-2: "Now silent night drew on ; when all things sleepe,
Saue theeues, and cares"—

Cf. *Rape of Lucrece*, lines 125-6 :

"And every one to rest himself betakes,
Save thieves, and cares"—

,, 127, ,, II. Cf. *Venus and Adonis* and *Rape of Lucrece*, as before.

IV. *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia.*

To the Gentlemen Readers "a Subject both new (as hauing neuer benee written vpon before)" &c. "The Massacre of Money" (1602) followed not preceded.

- Page 136, "Pessenius" = Pescenius Niger.
- „ 137, St. 11. line 6, "angels:" a play on the name of coins so called and the heavenly creatures.
- „ 138, „ 1. „ 6, "counter:" a pun on being put in the 'Counter' or prison for debt. So in next stanza (l. 2.)
- „ 139, „ 111. „ 1. Punctuate 'why,'.
- „ 141, „ 1. „ 4, 6, and St. 11. lines 3, 5, "crosse:" the reference is to the cross of the coinage. Line 3 "linne" = cease.
- „ 142, „ 111. „ 4. See Cassandra, p. 118.
- „ 144, „ „ 2, "Occupation." Cf. Shakespeare on 'occupy.'
- „ 145, „ „ 4. Punctuate "Since, fall,".
- „ 146, „ 1. „ 4, "ragd" = ragged.
- Ibid.* „ 111. „ 4, "slip:" a pun on slip, *i.e.* a base or forged coin.
- „ 147, „ 1. „ 6, "blush" = the copper shines through. Can this use of 'flourish' be paralleled?
- Ibid.* „ 11. „ 4, "Docke:" = pack, as before.
- „ 148, „ 11. Elizabeth did see to the reform and purification of the coinage.
- Ibid.* „ 111. This Stanza shows that Barnfield was a Protestant.
- Page 149, St. 11. „ 1, "pretended" = set forth.
- Ibid.* 1605. The praise of James here is moderate compared with the incense that was offered him contemporaneously.
- Ibid.* „ 111. „ 3, "list:" = if it be her desire or pleasure.
- Ibid.* Quotation from 1605, St. 111. line 5, "his life" is probably a misprint for "her life," for Bounty in the Complaint of Poetrie is feminine (pp. 159, 160, &c.); moreover the feminine is more appropriate when speaking of Bounty as hoping to have been sainted with the Virgin Queen.
- Page 151, St. 1. „ 5, "Then" = than, *i.e.* Than matter would.

- Page 151, St. III. ,, 1. Punctuate with comma after 'more.'
 ,, 152, ,, II. ,, 5, "*clypt*" = clipped—a play on 'embrace' and the crime
 of 'clipping' the coinage.

The Complaint of Poetrie, &c. This may be compared with Breton's Will of Wit (in our Chertsey Worthies' Library edition of his complete Works); where the argument between the Poet and Soldier as to who most merited commendation is well sustained.

- Page 161, St. I. line 4. Punctuate pen : or .
 ,, 163, ,, II. See note on page 97.
 ,, 165, ,, II. ,, 4, "*Beate*:" Qu. bait?
 ,, 168, ,, II. ,, 5, "*wight*." Another example of 'wight' as feminine.
 See also pp. 153, 170.
 ,, 169, ,, I. The construction here is (as elsewhere) The Merchant's wife that leaues her Loue, the Tender-harted Mother, whose sonne warre, &c. In line 3 delete comma and the first;
 ,, 172, ,, I. ,, 4, The construction is—And yet she was be loved of me least, *i. e.* she loved me least.

The Combat betweene Conscience and Covetousnesse, &c.

- Page 179, line 9, "*sober, sad*." See our full note on "sad" in our edition of Marvell, vol. i. Glossarial Index *s. v.*
Ibid. ,, 16, "*fur*:" a play on "fur" (for ladies dress) and "fur" the Latin for thief.
 Page 182, ,, 7, "*Aurice*:" The correct reading as shown by scansion must be "*Auarice*—but A | *uarice* | in Eue |
 ,, 183, ,, 5. Delete comma after 'refraine' = refraine from; but Barnfield's punctuation is very often wrong.
Ibid. ,, 8, "*Woe-man man woe*:" Cf. Barnabe Barnes, Sonnet xi. line 4, "No man but woman would haue sinned so." (Parthenophil and Parthenophe, p. 7.) Breton in his "Praise of Vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen" (1599) thus vindicates woman: "Some will say a woman is a wo to man. Who put in that to, did it of his owne authoritie, and therefore it is not to be allowed. For consider right of the word, and the to is as well left out, as the worde falsely written; for indeede it ought to be written wooman, not

woman, for that she dooth woo man with her vertues, who weddes her with vanitie. For man being of wit sufficient to consider of the vertues of a woman, is (as it were) ravished with the delight of those dainties, which do (after a sort), draw the senses of man to serve them." (Our edition p. 57).

- Page 184, ,, 6. Punctuate comma after yet not hee.
 ,, 185, ,, 3, "let" = hinder.
Ibid. 14, 15. But that this couplet re-appears in 1605 edition, one would suppose it had been an ending which had afterwards been altered.

V. Poems in divers Humors.

On this section see our Introduction § 2 for refutation of Mr. Collier's inferences, &c.

- Page 189, Sonnet I. "R. L." Probably Richard Lynch or Lynch, whose "Diella : certaine Sonnets" (1596) deserves revival.
Ibid. "Dowland," *i. e.* John Dowland, whose "Bookes" of "Songes or Ayres" 1597, onward, are still renowned
Ibid. line 14, "Knight" One longs to know who he was.
 Sonnet II. ,, 13, 14, King James: but Barnfield's references are not very happy. Meres quotes from this sonnet as by "my friend."
 Page 190, "A Remembrance, &c." See our Introduction on this § 1.
Ibid. Ode. See our Introduction § 2 on this, and vindication of Barnfield's authorship. The first part of this Ode was set to music as a Madrigal, for four voices, by the Earl of Mornington, father of the Duke of Wellington; for three voices by W. Knyvett; and as a duet by Mr. Henry R. Bishop, to be sung by Miss Stephens and Miss M. Tree in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*. The words are printed, with slight variations, all for the worse, in Clark's "Glees," &c. (1814, p. 20). See Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xvi. 159, 160. New Series, 1841.
 Page 191, ,, 3, "Shee:" Elsewhere, as noted, Barnfield makes the singing nightingale male.

An Epitaph upon the death of his Aunt, &c. See our Introduction § 1 on this Aunt. Heading, 'Vlising:' *sic*.

From England's Helicon, 1600.

Page 197, line 12. Note the grammar—inconstancie remaine. Inconstancie may here be taken as a collective of women and men, or as sometimes the verb may equal “[doth] remaine.”

Ibid. „ 17, “no deale” = no part, being the opposite of some deale. Cf. our edition of George Herbert, s. v.

Page 197, line 21, “procures to weep:” apparently means, weeps instead of me in the latinate sense of to care for or manage in place of another.

Ibid. „ 26, “die” = parti-colours.

My flocks feed not, &c. This poem appeared originally (with slight variations) in a collection of Madrigals by Thomas Weelkes, accompanied with music. It was transferred to “The Passionate Pilgrim” (1599) again with slight variations. Then finally it appeared in “England’s Helicon” (1600). Excepting orthographical variations, the following are the only noteworthy readings in the “Passionate Pilgrime” text:

St. 1. line 3, “Loue is dying, Faithe’s defying:”

Ibid. „ 4, “Harts nenyng”

St. 11. „ 1, “In blacke morne I.”

„ 111. „ 10, “For a sweet content the cause of all my woe.”

It is clear “England’s Helicon” gives the best text.

VI. From the Isham MS.

See our Introduction § 2 on this section.—

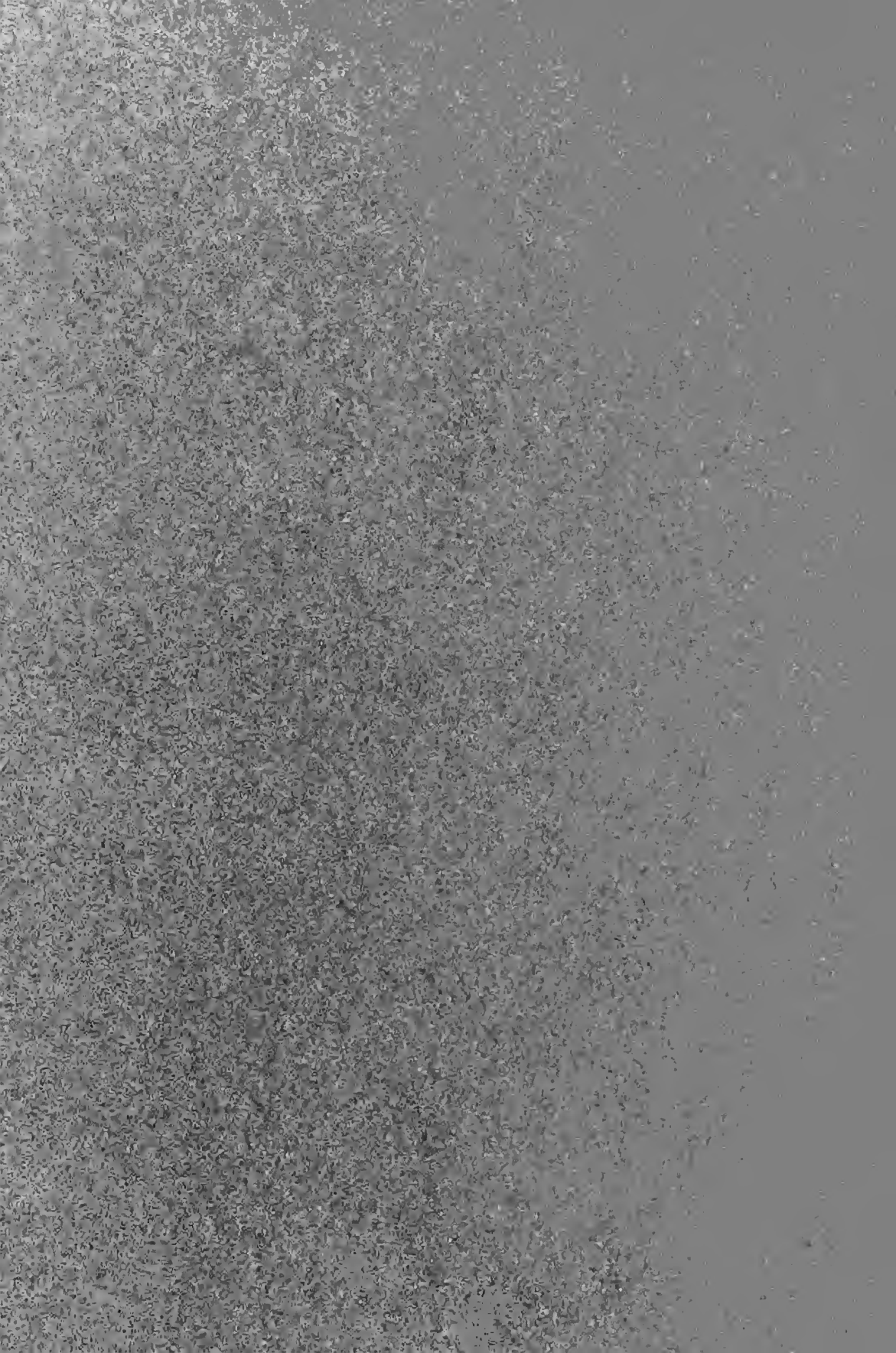
Page 206, line 1, “*pnted*” = presented.

„ 209, „ 9, “*indented*:” an heraldic phrase.

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